

ACTING AND ORATORY

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J. Lillian Howe

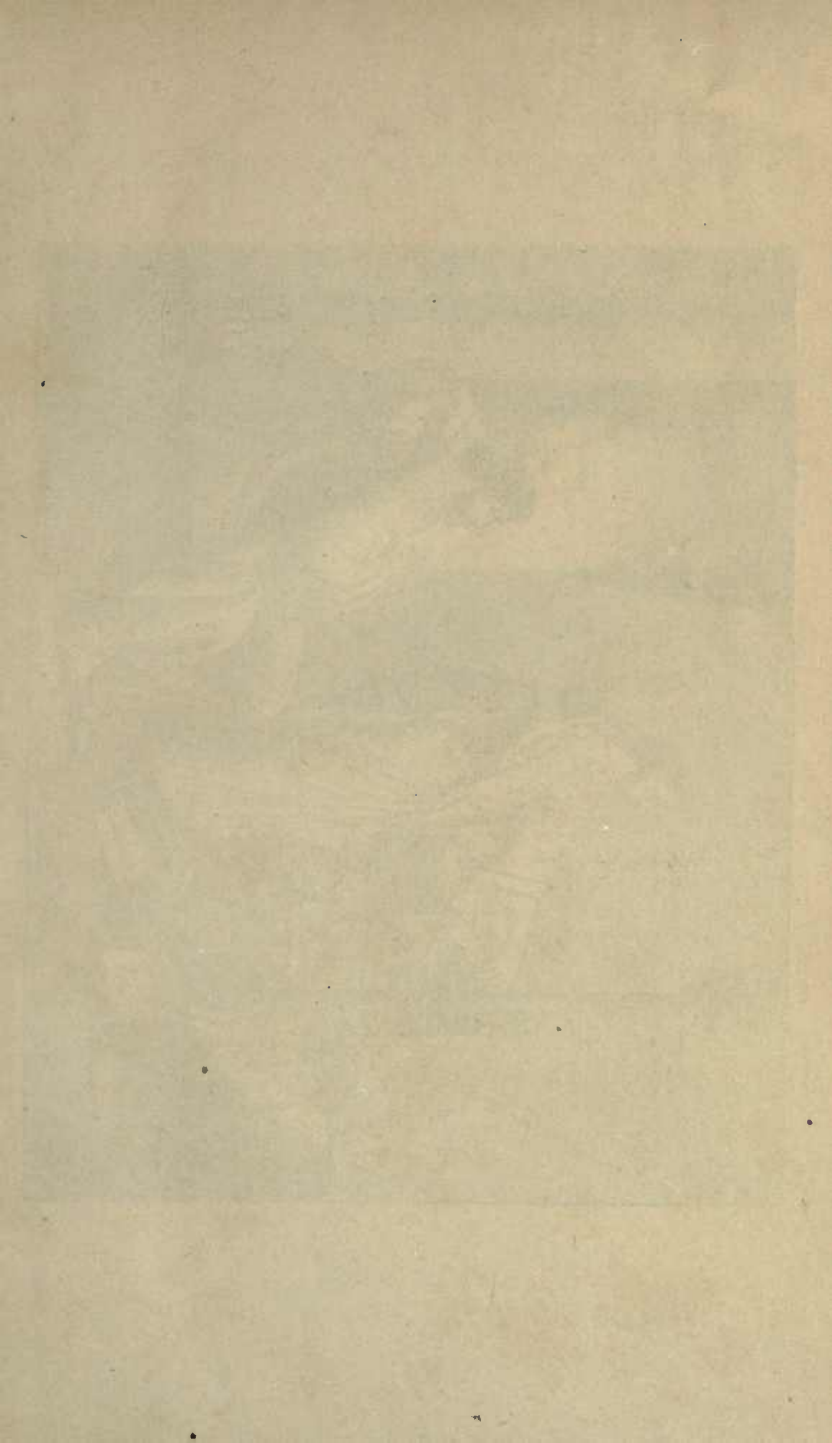
J. Lillian Howe

Mar 28th 1886

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READING — THE POET.

"THE SOURCE OF ART IS THE SENTIMENT OF FORM."

ACTING AND ORATORY;

DESIGNED FOR

PUBLIC SPEAKERS, TEACHERS, ACTORS, ETC.

BY

J. E. FROBISHER,

DIRECTOR OF THE COLLEGE OF ORATORY AND ACTING OF NEW YORK; AUTHOR OF
"VOICE AND ACTION," "BLOOD AND BREATH," "POPULAR RECITALS,"
"SERIAL READINGS," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

"The ORATOR should have—
The VOICE of the TRAGEDIAN,
The GRACE of the POSTURER,
The MIND of the PHILOSOPHER."

NEW YORK:
COLLEGE OF ORATORY AND ACTING.

1879.

PREFACE

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P R E F A C E.

PRIOR to the publication of *Voice and Action*, and several lesser works since issued, the material of the following pages had been accreting in a mass of both original and selected MS. notes. These observations on Acting and Oratory were originally intended more particularly for personal use, but an increasing frequency of reference, by way of assistance to pupils, has seemed to necessitate their arrangement in a more concise and available form.

Considering the present effort as rather eclectic in its character, embracing as it does such variety of purpose and research, one can readily allow for the diversity of styles, even in different sections, and perhaps its sometimes apparently contradictory opinions, and illogical arrangement.

The intention has been to begin with the simpler and more practical ideas of the topics treated, and progressively advance to the higher and more æsthetic of each division.

It is sincerely hoped, with this premise the method may not be too harshly blamed, and the matter none the less enjoyed.

Special acknowledgments are due to Rev. WM. R. ALGER for personal permission to make extracts from his "*Life of Edwin Forrest*," also grateful thanks to Messrs. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co., for hints from *Gould's Tragedian*, Messrs. W. A. POND & Co., for use of SIEBER'S "*Art of Singing*," SCRIBNER,

ARMSTRONG & Co., for extracts from McILVAINE'S "*Elocution*;" and SEILER'S "*Voice in Singing*," by LIPPINCOTT & Co.

In conclusion, it must be remembered that this work, even in its fullness, can, at its best, be merely suggestive; but if it should prove another means of encouraging studious thought in the direction implied by its title, the hope excited by its publication will have been fully answered.

J. E. FROBISHER.

COLLEGE OF ORATORY AND ACTING,
New York, June, 1879.

NOTE.—During the construction of the present work a number have asked why it was not called ORATORY and ACTING and precedence given in its title to *Oratory* instead of *Acting*.

The brief answer to all who might similarly question would be that a *good orator* needs precisely the same requisites that are claimed for a *good actor*, and that *Acting* ought to be considered as really the foundation of *Oratory*.

Without prolonged discussion in a limited preface page it might be added that *Demosthenes*, the *Father of Orators*, was *instructed* by an *actor*; *Garrick* taught *clergymen* the *reading of the Liturgy*; *Mrs. Siddons*, by her wondrous acting, *taught the best Orators* of the age; the *elder Booth* read the *Lord's Prayer* to *clergymen* who declared, while weeping, they had never *heard* it before; *Talma* instructed *Napoleon* in the *manner of giving audience as an emperor*. A whole chapter might be written and not exhaust the claims of *Acting* as the basis of the nobler art of *Oratory*.

J. E. F.

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ACTING AND ORATORY.

PART I.

INSTRUCTION.

THE business of life is to learn ; pride resents the offer to teach, indolence declines it.

The teacher opens the mind, shortens study, gives result, in brief, of years of toil ; shows how to progress more rapidly ; opens the way to recognize nature, and to use the faculties she has given ; to admire and enter into principles that might otherwise prove unpalatable.

Principles save labor and trials to those who might ultimately get along and never use them. To admire on them is the only way to imitate without loss of originality.

The road to art is long, and made so by mistakes and the difficulty of analyzing things addressed to the taste and feelings. Nature uninstructed degenerates. When culture is not under strict, artistic supervision there results a painful, uncertain, unsatisfactory effort. It makes one less sympathizing, less capable of enjoyment from effort of others, and narrows down the art because one-sided.

Vanity comes from false training ; it is empty, loose, negligent, mannered, artificial, fantastic ; a sensual vagueness. Interest and passion beget no fruit ; a monotonous circle ; ineffectual activity. It is the destruction of ideality because not through artistic ideas but through pathological reality. It should be the love of truth, the hate of falsity and pretence ; and to build up by character and force.

It must be mind to have permanent delight, for with a true taste nature returns after culture. We go back to nature through her laws, and power returns with increase.

Forced instruction is ineffectual. Few have been taught to any purpose who have not been, in great part, their own teachers.

Those instructions are best which are given through affection to the instructor, for then, the mind is more open to receive them. Youth desires an overflowing heart, daring thoughts, and speedy deeds. Instruction must be blended with romance, imagination and reality, but not to so great a degree as to disturb the ground tone of truth, for excess stupefies. Younger pupils are oftenest best taught by those who are a degree advanced above them, and in classes.

During the period of transition the voice must be exercised very moderately, or given up entirely. The same caution must be used in singing, which is identical with speaking. It must be perfect control over vocal organs before one can attain to excellence. But method must be flexible, not cast iron rules, or it ceases to be a means to become an end, and is a hindrance. One who forgets its inner meaning becomes its slave, and shows a narrowness of mind unfitted for comprehensive purposes. An intelligent method which remembers what is to be attained is a most powerful instrument; and it matters not how clever or brilliant, but art without system will sooner or later come to grief. Regular habits once attained are alone a fortune, and they grow and widen of themselves. Yet everything executed by *prescribed rules* will at first be formal, stiff, embarrassed and precise. The rule will be perpetually present to the mind of the student, and he will, perhaps, be awkward and confused, and the fear of making constant mistakes will render him more constrained and irresolute than if he were to give way to his habitual actions.

A young man, when he first learns to dance, moves with a solemnity which approaches the ridiculous; but this solemnity in time wears off. The habit of appearing before audiences may make a man bold, but between grace and boldness there is a wide difference. Mere conventionality in any art seems ridiculous contrasted with the vast conceptions of the soul. Instruction

means to first discover the germs of artistic susceptibility, to remove the obstacles to their growth, and then train and foster them. The aptness will be commensurate with the pleasure. It should not be to subject each mind to the same rigid external framework. Such uniformity is neither desirable nor necessary. Yet it is by rule what others do by hazard. Sometimes effects are produced accidentally, from a person's being habituated to that which he attempts. It is to ascertain and methodize the cause of his success so as to insure subsequent efforts, and construct something similar to an art, for in some points chance and art are not unlike. The so-called natural orators have become so by laborious self-culture. Even the natural voice guided only by instinct always gives true intervals, but the desire may be to reproduce them at will. And an artist can attain a much more apparent degree of perfection without theory, than a theorist can without practice. Perception far outruns talent.

Success does not consist of premature, showy feats, to allure and satisfy the mass. It means right direction, with self-trust as its first secret to make sure.

Some crystallize at a certain average condition from want of care and anxiety of development, instead of ripening slowly and awaiting the formation of the intellect and the heart. Ease and speed in the execution seldom give a work any lasting importance or exquisite beauty. Refined is intellectual, spiritual; neat is plain. Elegant is not ridiculously fine; polite is not elaborate, hypercritical refinement; tender is not coaxing.

Some are incapable, from coarseness of material, of real polish.

The voice is an unerring index of mind and character; Fine voice, refinement; coarse, harsh voice, inferior nature. The good-natured person may rebuke; the ill-natured encourage, but the voice remains the same. The voice may be cultivated, but assimilation to another's will prove abortive. The most common defects to be overcome are weakness, roughness, and brokenness. *Weakness*, from organs not powerful enough to send out sufficient volume, disappears as general strength is increased. In old age the organs shrink and the key is raised. The weakness of a shrill voice is a real misfortune and admits

of little remedy. *Coarseness* is a mental fault and improves with the mind. *Thickness* is generally from defect in organs; great care and watchfulness may cure it, but progress is not easy or rapid. *Brokenness*, either high or low, and yet neither, is difficult to remedy. To speak quickly exaggerates all the natural defects of the voice; deliberation rectifies them.

Generally there is too much of the heavy hollow voice, rigid movement, primness of manner, anxious exactness. It should be genial culture, wide intercourse with mankind, frank, generous. With the innate faculties of a dull, unstimulating soul, whatever usefulness she may have latent in her, yet when she puts not these powers into action, when once they stagnate, they lose their vigor and run to decay. Thus it is impossible for a grovelling genius to be guilty of error since he never soars but continues in the same track, while its very height exposes the sublime to falls. If, however, a generous and noble nature be not thoroughly formed by discipline, it will shoot forth many bad qualities along with the good, as the richest soil if not cultivated produces the rankest weeds.

Nothing more prevents a beginner from becoming a true artist, than the excitement produced by premature elevation, which gives one an overweening notion of present acquirements and renders him impatient of criticism.

Sometimes there may be no gleam of sense and feeling, even uncouth manner, and poverty of grace and refinement, and yet wonderful inspiration.

Children and the Young.

Teach children from the first to read as naturally as in familiar talk. Vocal habits are easier caught by children, and unlearned with most difficulty by men. Young people think that declamation is *much different* from conversation; it is truth only that is available. Young orators should be indulged a little to encourage, to embolden; not even correct them. Give genius full scope; discover fertility. Be cautious of discouraging, or being over severe; gentle in correcting or it may create aversion. Consider efforts well for the *present*. Due

praise but not lavish. Have them neither discouraged, nor too secure. Take down their common prattle, or equivalent, and correct it and they will soon learn that reading is speaking at sight; older persons just as if their own sentiments, line by line, keeping the attention constantly to the meaning. The common faults of declamation can often be avoided by encouraging pupils to take the place of the teacher and explain some interesting topic with which they are familiar. Let it be a description in plain, simple language, of something they have seen, or read of. "*Tell us about it,*" should be the form of invitation. Let them not dream they are "speaking pieces." It is better that very simple narratives should be attempted at first. If necessary, let the more timid ones retain their seats; at least avoid being made too conspicuous. A natural manner, the use of original language, the absence of all the accessories of an exhibition, is the best means to a right beginning. Declamation, in the ordinary method, makes the poorest kind of actors—merely elocutionary; but talk, insensibly led, step by step, to assume the dignity of an address to an audience, develops natural oratory.

It is difficult to inculcate rules for self-culture upon one whose character has taken a certain mould of development, for character is slow of growth and cannot be suddenly changed and by mere reflection. Will is like speech, it must be learned. One cannot be taught volition except by practice. You cannot talk philosophy to one whose antecedent life has been without its bound. Time and systematic exercise are necessary to the gradual organization of the structure which shall manifest it in full function. No one can resolve by a mere effort of the will to think or act in a certain way, but he can learn to withdraw his mind from one direction and turn it in another until he grows by degrees to the ideal set before him.

The development of the power of coördinating ideas and feelings for the achievement of a special life-aim is the development of the volitional power to achieve it. Like certain complicated acts by the muscles, which could not be done except by previous training. So can the thoughts and feelings for a

definite purpose in life, be rendered habitually obedient to the dictates of the will in the pursuit of its ideal.

A person can without much real mental activity—almost automatically—carry out instinctively, almost unconsciously, habits well acquired, and the conduct they dictate ; his knowledge and action have become the automatic work of nerve-centres that have been trained. The original labor of acquisition has cost an expenditure of mental effort, but the faculty, acquired, it demands little attention, and should occasion little fatigue. The thoughts of many run in a groove so well worn that their difficulty is to get out of it. Real application to such is severe. Genius may sometimes need the spur, but most times the curb ; to the latter frequent respites from toil are the safety-valves.

Insensibility to what is truly great is the bane of every rising genius. Merely organic pleasures have naturally a short duration ; when prolonged they lose their relish. There are higher pleasures that depend not upon system and yet may not be known without the light of art.

There are some so dull as to need the whip, and there are the fiery, earnest, zealous, nervous ones, tremulous as the aspen ; enthusiasts, who need to economize their nerve-force or they will exhaust themselves. Such need plenty of sleep and recreation. There are some also who cannot do to advantage unless in sacred silence and uninterrupted.

Real progress commences when the inferior *perceives* in the master that superiority which he covets. Copying may help his practice, but it cannot give the æsthetic roundness and juiciness, the breadth, and expansion, that springs alone from within himself. If he have not these, let him cultivate such talent as he has in its natural direction.

A beautiful combination in nature will often *appear* to evade every rule. Pleasure to all, but especially to those producing the same effects, but to others a *sealed book*.

The unpracticed eye cannot distinguish the qualities or defects of a painting, nor the untutored ear the combinations of

harmony. Undoubtedly the habitual use of the eye and the ear is sufficient, in many cases, to enable us to *perceive* the beauties of painting, music or oratory ; but this is in itself an education. There is, however, a great difference between this vague feeling, which has no other origin than mere sensations, and that certainty of judgment which is the result of positive knowledge. Every art has its principles, which we must study, in order to increase our enjoyment, while we are forming our taste. Those of oratory are more complex than those of painting or music, but non-perception of form despises grace in eloquence.

It should not be to *imitate* too closely, but rather suggestively ; not to magnify the manner beyond the just demands of the matter. The voice and features must all be subject to the strictest scrutiny. No second thoughts, no retouches, but the right key at once. No amount of practice will effect this if the inner nature has not been cultivated to the point where grace becomes instinctive, and passion in its wildest moods subordinate to an intuitive controlling taste. But what is easy to one may be awkward to another, and if copied will seem like affectation. It is better to have no art than not enough to conceal it. It is to correct faults—to be no one else—and have own, natural way. It is to excel nature by the symmetrical, and not to imitate effects without investigating causes. *Æsthetic culture*. True genius includes intuitive perception. Copying is delusive industry. Imitative art excites to satisfy, and calls forth the soul to strengthen power. Seek within and find everything. No slavish obedience but vary even from self, if need be ; for, however careful one may be at first, still by frequent repetition he may fall into a mannerism, as is often the case with clergymen.

Practical Hints.

Begin piano, very staccato, long continued. Careful practice will broaden, magnify, make larger vibrations of the voice. It should not be swollen, torn, sharp ; the common fault. It should be the sensation of whole body in low notes. Natural voice at first. A certain quantity. Breathe as you would in

talking, and renew at rests. Hold back, not crowd. Speak lightly until pure tone and then fill more and more. Inflate the lungs imperceptibly, noiselessly, slowly, and quietly. Expand the sides of the body, not raise the chest, except in great passion.

Rules for Breathing.

1.—Beginning of phrase. 2.—Before animated expression. 3.—Before emphatic syllable. 4.—Before antithesis. 5.—Before parentheses. 6.—After radical stress, and at all pauses.

Sometimes special effects are demanded. It is an *advantage* to take breath as rarely as possible for *some* effects. To *over-fill* the lungs fatigues the organs and injures the tones. All the breath intoned, not aspirated. Ereet position, unconstrained, the chest a little projected, the body a little drawn in. But do not aim too soon to have the voice strong. First by all means *pure*. Bring the voice forward and let it rebound and vibrate from the front; speech is more melodious when thus formed. Have the voice far-sounding, penetrative, less strained. Consider the height and distance. Each vowel gives a peculiar resonance to the cavity of the mouth, but one should make sure to avoid the singing tone.

Imperfect breathing impedes all the functions; it is the test. Such exercises as correct this are not to be considered as repulsive drudgery. Even holding the breath is beneficial; it sends the blood to the brain, and gives it vigor. Deep breathing is essential to deep thinking.

Success in this or any art depends upon being consumed with love of it, and restless with intensity of feeling even in its elements.

Expand the lungs and the air will rush into and distend them, holding the chest up to prevent waste. Keep them filled like the bagpipe, till done.

A sharp, quick opening of the voice, as from holding in the breath, begets great beauty, ease and distinctness. "*Coup de la glotte*" is an excellent means of purifying and strengthening the tone. It is to inhale a full breath, and *retain for a second*,

then to give it out in a forceful and abrupt manner, with open mouth, direct from the throat, avoiding any motion of the body.*

The quantity of breath should be greater than for vital wants. No command without breath. It is a rule without exception never to exhaust the lungs. One should fill the lungs quickly, deeply, without the least noise, and be able to economize so as to continue an incredible length of time.

A gradual increase of tone, on such power, gives an alarming, mighty sound—like roaring, raging—and the mind becomes filled and overwhelmed ; too great for soul to bear. Even in decrease it can be made sublimely soft and delicate.

Make the most of the breath ; too large a stream injures the pitch, and quality of tone. Artistically, systematically practice breathing—intone every portion emitted, making the stream as small as possible to produce prolongation with clearness and completeness of perfect vocalization. A practiced reader breathes imperceptibly ; his voice is strong by capacity of lungs, and strong respiratory action ; his words flow with his breath.

Let a moderate breath be taken and then with a small stream commence suddenly as if by the quick opening of a valve without further effort. This prompt "*attack*" will give vibration and the mouth will be *filled* with solid sound. This will produce modulation, breadth, and expansion ; but the effort must be *all tone*. Unnatural force will diminish the brilliancy by destroying the outline.

The sensation of "*laying hold*" should be constantly remembered. The vocal organs being delicate, to obtain the most flexible execution and the nicest intonation, their power must not be forced nor their action oppressed, but free scope given to their *natural* movements. The sound must be fitted, not fixed. The full, open mouth prevents twang. The raising of even the uvula may become *self-acting* and performed at pleasure ; it imparts freedom and beauty to the voice.

Free air outside and around the neck hardens the skin and invigorates the muscles of the throat.

* See Frobisher's Voice and Action.—The Explosives, p. 86.

Articulation.

Good enunciation *seems* to make ideas come from the heart. It should just *fill* the place, not be too loud ; sweet, soft, agreeable. It should not be too rapid, and be remembered as well as heard, and not in a peculiar tone. It should be every word distinct, and the voice sustained to the end of every sentence ; not however to swell every word and make look big : not emphasize small words to the detriment of the more important. Drive the smaller ones together, if need be, to display voice, for they are the mere links of language. A thin pronunciation is inelegant ; to prevent it, lower the tongue, as in the act of swallowing, and enlarge the interior of the mouth.

A deliberate enunciation allows the speaker time to be fuller in tone, more distinct, to give every word and sentence its proper turn and emphasis ; to observe the effects he produces, and to adapt himself to the circumstances ; to reserve his force. He also gives himself and hearer leisure to consider and feel without strain. He can at times be even rapid ; changes can frequently recur. Frequent pauses also afford relief to all, and take off the air of declamation, which makes speech more natural, like waiting to think. Even the silence at pauses is sometimes marvelous.

Powerful articulation isolates, engraves, and chisels a thought, which fills the ear and soul, and brings the nervous system of the orator into full play. But there need not be as much effort as in hurling a club, but rather compression to produce expression.

In articulation it is the consonant which vivifies ; the vowel kills.

Indistinct utterance keeps attention to the words instead of the ideas. Distinct articulation with a weak voice is better than indistinct with a strong one.

Pure Tone.

The sound which rasps the hearer's ear, always rasps the speaker's throat. The tones of the good speaker enter the ear

with the roundness, smoothness, and solidity of a polished marble shaft; the result of the possession of a correct ear and healthy organs, moderation of, and not too much breath, and attention and care in the management of the throat.

Noise, is a confused mixture of sounds; a concussion of non-elastic bodies.

Musical Sounds are the pure, harmonious effects of elastic bodies, like bells. The human voice is the purest. The point of action on the back of throat where the hair terminates on the neck. The least deviation from this is disagreeable.

Depth of voice expresses inmost feelings, from the heart; and fills the mind with an idea of an enormous being.

The Tenor or Middle voice, with elevated pitch, sometimes produces awful effects. Kean, at times, with it, gave the yell and choked utterance of a savage. An example is found in the following; "*Oh! if I catch him once upon the hip!*" rising perhaps an octave on the last words. His tones of furious passion were deeply seated in the chest, like those of a lion or tiger. He had a complete mastery over the instinctive tones which so powerfully move an audience. At times he vomited forth a torrent of words in a breath, yet availed himself of all the advantages of deliberation. His pauses gave a grandeur to his performance and spoke more powerfully than words themselves. He had great compass and celerity of vocality which served him well in villainy. He could hurry, in anger, and dwell, in grief, at pleasure.

Tonics are the pure tones; with slight use of organs.

Sub-tonics are tones modified by organs.

A-tonics are not tones, but breathings, modified by organs.

In the *tonics*, *open* the organs and let the sound pass to the roof of the mouth. In the *sub-tonics*, and *a-tonics*, press the organs firmly, have the lungs full, and throw the breath upon them forcibly to prolong the sound and make a full impression on the air.

Such discipline is the basis, then mere force of the will, and patient practice leads up to the beauties of expression.

Force.

Pupils are generally reluctant to practice with sufficient force to answer the purpose. Students are apt to be languid in their tones, and oftentimes diffident in manner.

Excellence must consist in such a command of the legitimate use of the voice, as to be able to dispense with rant, extravagant inflection or emphasis, and to use the simple melody.

Voice is not expression, but its vehicle. A sweet sonorous voice may please and perhaps charm, but yet not touch the heart. It is only transient in effects. It is bad to be beguiled by the melody of one's own voice. When consistently done, the beauty of a splendid organ, splendidly trained, is far more enjoyed than when in the opposite case it is made a principal rather than an agent.

For the animal economy every particle of air should be turned to account. The *instant* the bow of the violin touches the strings, a sound is produced ; the same with the voice, or loss of power.

Clearness is another name for purity, and implies that a sound should stand out distinct, instead of being choked with confusing ingredients. It should be full, round, soul-ful. The voice must be loud enough to make everybody hear, but clearness, not loudness, is the great requisite. A person's roundest voice is that in which he usually speaks, and then high or low, as occasion requires. A strong voice is the most serviceable, and less liable to suffer from straining.

All excesses and bodily dispositions affect the vocal organs. The vocal organs are capable of tenfold exertion if the voice is formed properly in the mouth, if not, disease is more likely to occur to the throat. A sudden and powerful exertion roughens it, irritates the larynx and induces hoarseness. The organs should be gradually warmed to their work, until the blood circulates, and the secretion of the fluids in the mouth and throat are stimulated, and the whole body is nerved by mental excitement. Then the force may be increased and powerful, and protracted exertions made with marvelous impunity ; but at

no time need they be extravagant. Demosthenes matched his "*feeble*" voice against the ocean. The voice of Lablache was *made* strong enough in its vibrations to break window glass.

The amount of air breathed affects our strength like the eagle. We should never be *fatigued*, but be strengthened by plenty of exercise in the *open* air. Like the singer by ceaseless, painful drudgery, who learns to master all the movements of his throat,—so must the orator or actor by vocal exercises acquire a mastery over the expansion and contraction of his vocal organs. Then will his voice be obedient to his will. Let him master the rules of his art, and his perceptions will be more quick and vigorous.

Actors have the least trouble with their throats because they use them daily ; clergymen seldom use them over once or twice a week. The habit of use strengthens. The method of the actor is studied to better advantage. Vocalists are also in more constant practice, and do not go before audiences at random.

The *management* of the voice is worth more than its nature. Even a weak voice properly managed can produce great effects. A voice ripened by passion, age, or study loses in freshness, but gains in fulness and strength. Let the voice show its strength. Excessive loudness overpowers the soul. A sudden beginning or sudden cessation of sound of any considerable force, has the same power. The single repeated stroke of a drum, the successive firing of cannon produce peculiar effects.

Vocal compass is improved, and sing-song and monotony broken up, by exercises on the inflections and on scales of pitch.

Strength, by explosive exercises.

Flexibility and Quantity, by practicing slides and waves.

Command, by exercises on the passions.

Drawling can be broken up by force, and the stresses.

The pure (head) tone should be given to moderate, subdued sentiments, when not accompanied by solemnity ; like the Psalms. This tone occasions no fatigue. It is the voice of the parlor and can readily be enlarged. The orotund (chest) is used on public oratorical occasions ; it is round, full, with all parts of the mouth and throat well expanded.

To have a magnificent chest and voice one must hold up the head, throw back the shoulders, and breathe deeply, regularly every day. An expanded chest gives courage and a good carriage of the bust. It is the *breath* and *not* the *muscle* that fails *first*.

The sublime effects of the voice are produced by a very puny instrument. For the production of a chest voice a very complete action is necessary, and a very close contact of the two sides of the glottis, and the vocal chords vibrate throughout their whole extent. A true voice passes without hesitation from sound to sound. Those who speak fast and low imply strength and courage. The best orators have invariably cultivated the deeper chest tones, through the development of which the true power and compass of the voice can only be obtained.

The *aspirated voice* (suppressed half-vocal,) is used for awe. The voice should be practiced from the highest whisper to the loudest vocality, if possible in the open air and against the wind, every day, mornings best, until fully felt. Running up ascents without panting, gives retentive breath, and is excellent even for weak children, and will expand even contracted chests. It dilates the nostrils, and shouting at the same time, if not strained, gives compactness, clearness of tone to the utmost extent. The call, at such times, should always be kept musical in a gradual and skilful swell, for sonorous sounds are more penetrative and go farthest. By exercise, so long as we do not weaken we strengthen. The Germans sing much as a nation, have strong lungs and are not consumptive.

The ancients practiced declamation while walking, running, climbing, lying down with weights upon the chest, to have organs under perfect control.

The voice should be forged and shaped and tempered with the same patience and craft as the chieftain's sword.

Pitch.

In the various tumults of passion the voice runs to high acute, or low grave. Excess in either should be avoided, particularly in the latter ; because few can use a very grave accent

without dwindling to a whisper ; and as long sounds are more audible, all syllables should have the full extent of their quantity and nearly uniform strength of voice, and not die away or be interrupted by rests after every syllable, as if sighed out, nor be abruptly spoken. In general, all rapid pronunciation keeps an audience in painful attention, and with no pauses they have no time to reflect and remember.

It is well to practice passages with walking, and then running measure.

These ideas at best are mere helps ; they cannot *make*, they can only assist in developing what is latent. The picture must be *seen* before it can be painted.

Every *accentuated* or *emphatic* syllable has a different stress and change of note or else speech is monotonous.

The mind is constantly agitated not with mere ideas only, but feelings, emotions, and it needs signs besides words, to express its conditions. In oratory, plain ideas are not enough, they must be embellished. The love of variety is natural, but it must be regulated by just laws. In emphatic speech nothing should be used except what results from the meaning and the sentiment. Loudness must be softened, harshness smoothed, the sentiment felt, and the emphases will come.

The ancients even anatomized words into letters, to find their nature, sound, to the finest shade. It was with them exactness—and the utmost art only improved the spirit. It was with them grand, graceful.

Large musical intervals are traversed in impassioned speaking, and it is one of the first requisites to realize this fact and carry it into practice. It needs close attention to appreciate the extent.

For general use the *lowest notes* are too full and make the least impression ; the *highest* are too sharp, and are unpleasant and disagreeable ; the *middle* are the best as a basis to raise and lower from at will ; the tenor, the natural bell-tone. First, *equality* of tone, not steps ; next, *variety*, changing by melody and modulation, and conforming to the subject, neither bawling nor lifeless ; and there is always a great chasm to bridge between the letter and the spirit, the words and ideas.

Intonation is the most difficult to teach.

Tremor—its daily practice is an excellent means of imparting elasticity ; to give contraction and expansion to the vocal muscles.

Time.

Pauses, occasionally, if not too long, and well-placed, are very effective ; they supply breath so as to follow up and overtake the chain of reasoning. They fix ideas in the memory, rest the voice of the speaker, and enable him to begin again in a different key at a new paragraph or period. Indeed it is impossible to speak as distinctly without making some little pause, indefinitely short, between every word. All this suggests a deliberate utterance. Of course some speeches, or passages require rapidity, and the judgment is used. Judgment and good care are also to be observed in pronouncing the end of sentences ; one of the greatest of faults is sinking the last word, and oftentimes the entire meaning depends upon it.

Suspensive Quantity is at the end of a word without pausing and wholly interrupting the progress of sound.

To allow the mind of the hearer to outrun the speaker makes him insipid and fatiguing ; and yet he should be equally cautious of speaking too fast. Employ all pauses in mentally painting the idea conveyed in the coming sentence ; then the expression of the voice will be made deeper, truer.

Slow, deliberate utterance expresses serious, meditative moods ; acceleration gives vivid expression to animated sentiments. A forcible ictus, at such times, is given on the beginning of the syllable. It is effected by the very quick and spasmodic contraction of the muscles of the breast and larynx, and a burst of voice like that of a fire-arm. The sound may continue for a while, long and loud ; it is exceedingly oppressive, and signifies dogmatic certainty ; sudden and determined passion. It is an Olympic thunderbolt to be used discreetly.

Besides timbre and tone, there is a peculiar thrill and tremulousness to which the heart never fails to vibrate ; and nature has furnished to all exquisite nerves which respond to true emo-

tion. Artistic speakers expend boundless labor to attain this feature, for there is a certain *mechanical* dexterity to be acquired before beautiful conceptions can be communicated to others. This is essential to all the fine arts. Luminous, elegant expression comes only by habitual practice. This is the golden key to every excellence, but it can be secured only by intense and unremitting labor. It is by often calling forth the best powers of the soul that prevents languor, and preserves vivacity, and exquisiteness of temperament, and makes every string more intense and tinnient.

Emphasis.

Emphasis is like color in painting ; it has a thousand tints and shades. It should be used with prudent reserve, and not too much. It should be repose, not fatigue. Distress annoys hearers. Expression is the *color* of oratory ; it brings out the purpose from the thought.

The irregular combinations of fanciful inventions may delight for a while by novelty, for which the common satiety of life sends us in quest, but sudden wonders are soon exhausted, for the mind can only repose in the stability of truth. It must be the soul that yearns to speak. The best kind of practice is every day just as before public. It is to discharge waves of air into space by compressing and reducing breath into expressive sounds which at last forms speech.

So nice is the machinery of human discourse, that no small part of the sentiment consists in the very word itself which is employed to express it. Certain words *even*, open the mouth better and are therefore more expressive. The voice itself can express shades which written words do not even suggest ; the words are the bones, the expression the flesh, blood, soul of speech.

Generally each new paragraph requires a change ; but a new, vivid idea also *raises* the *pitch*, and *increases* the *force*. The best of the voice should be used for the *drift*, reserving the extremes for *special* effects. There should be variations, but not chasms, which are painful to audience. Variety relieves the

voice as postures relieve the body. The greatest feature of significant reading is the distinguishing of primary from what is pre-understood ; a new idea from the preceding. Emphasis is not merely pleasing and sensuous, but intellectual and moral ; because it expands to the ear and understanding, the thought. But a mechanical emphasis is the worst of mannerisms. The voice of an animated speaker should always sway like moving waters, with perpetual undulations, as variable as the tides of thought and feeling which gush through it from the soul. A grave error is attempting to be brilliant throughout. Nature does not thunder all the year ; it is sunshine, calm, and storm. Constant intensity is insincerity. It should be flow and ebb.

The hearers read the coming sentiment upon the speaker's countenance, his limbs, and even his fingers, before he speaks a word, as he approaches and wields the loftiest subject with a solemn awe and anxious diffidence, whose palpitations nothing but a heroic will can control. The degree of emphasis is a question of judgment. Emphasis of sense determines the meaning. Emphasis of feeling is in the highest degree expressive of sentiment. Staccato force is peculiar emphasis that can sometimes be used very effectively. A pause on a word gives *it* emphasis, and makes the rest of the sentence prominent. Never fear pauses in public ; but they are to be made as in ordinary sensible conversation, and with the proper tone of voice. Emphasis as from one's own mind is sure to be correct.

The natural, easy, musical quality of voice which marks refined society should be the one *most* used ; but the tone may be more forcible, and yet pleasant.

"He is best who can turn men's ears into eyes." He has an exact idea of what he would express, and then expresses just that.

Even monotony, which misapplied, is a deformity, properly used is an embellishment.

In cold natures taste is satisfied with insipid correctness, hence mediocrity : but ardent natures may be wrong and corrupt others. It should be after a standard to be worth some-

thing. Even the best are sometimes content with faults and do not seek to remove them.

Work may be called excellent, even if there be inferiority in execution, if it suggests noble ideas, or appeals profoundly to the emotions, and is kept in motive within the limits of truth and beauty.

The best means is a slow, syllabic and literal analysis ; to invert sentences ; to even read backwards ; to study columns of a dictionary to get precise meaning. What incredible pains did the ancients cheerfully undergo ! what severe tasks ! and all upon the greatest, firmest, most sensible, and most elegant spirits the world ever saw. They showed great steadiness and consistency, and adhered without any feeling of satiety or craving after novelty, to those models which had been recognized as the most perfect. They laid astonishing stress on the manner of delivery, the observance of rhythm, and the intonation and inflection of the voice ; and previous to public delivery deemed it most important to rehearse and practice the matter prepared for the purpose. Not only did these master minds resort to method, but even the Indians of our own country used to rehearse their speeches in the forests. In many of our colleges not only is no provision made for the study of elocution, but it is discouraged by the absorbing attention demanded by other studies.

The ear for *articulate* melody and emphasis, gratified by a fine elocution, is quite different from a *musical* ear, and is equally the gift of nature. The ear for versification is an offshoot of this. The delicate appreciation of the modes of articulate speech, as shown in the sense of cadence and accent, and in the nice perception of the sounds of the *letters themselves*, is an endowment equal to the taste for music, as evinced in great actors and elocutionists.

The varying tones and emphasis of the voice have something of the same effect upon the listener, as movements upon the spectator ; and both can be adjusted to the most graceful and impressive moods. Those that feel this most, are naturally those that most desire to reproduce this enjoyment.

Gesture.

Gesture is a just and elegant adaptation of every part of the body to the subject. It is deemed greater than words. It is nature and goes to the heart. Propriety must govern voice, gesture, and expression as to subject, place, and circumstances.

Gesture is not mere motion, it is manifestation of the soul which exercises its power over all the muscles. It may come even in silence. The look and actions should corroborate what is uttered by the lips. You may utter much and if not uttered well it is lost. Concentrate action, be penetrated, restrain what is not felt, or the eye is fatigued by insipidity of motion.

Gestures may be either picturesque or expressive; but the countenance is the principal seat of the movements of the soul. The most eloquent parts of it are the eyes and brows, combining infinite varieties and mutations, which are so curiously and finely blended that to distinguish and separate them is a labor frequently approximating to an impossibility.

Literal effects increase the force, for what is spoken to the ears makes not so deep an impression as what is shown to the eyes.

Even standing *motionless*, frequently, for several minutes brings the habit of repose. To stand erect, in a dignified, graceful posture, so as to have complete command over the whole body, is one of the first requisites of oratory; next comes the action of the head and hands; all of which must be purely natural. The great danger is affectation.

What people do in passion depends on their own individuality, education, and experience, and each as different as faces. One man will use *one* hand, another *two* in the same situation, yet either appropriate, and harmonious. Some things for one would be absurd for another.

Action sustains expression. Slow movements in great mental moods.

It should be to conceal the art of gesture so as not to present the least appearance of design.

Sometimes move in curves—sometimes point to point, as more decisive. It is well to observe acrobats.

Bodily motion moderate ; much wearies the speaker, and distracts audience. Sometimes an outburst is well, but generally compress as much as possible to be felt that you possess within much greater than is manifested.

Referential Gesture—is referring to object.

Impassioned—is the effect of natural impulse.

Imitative—generally in comic styles, sometimes in serious.

Pulpit oratory requires the *emphatic*. The Senate and Bar *referential* and *impassioned*. The Stage *all*. The pulpit should have all. The preacher needs to use his powers to fullest extent. Action should generally be decided.

The essence of all Greek dancing is a bodily expression of some inward feeling ; it is mind and body,—the leading thought penetrating the whole body ; each movement a speaking expression ; not senseless evolutions—but an art—the outward representation of an inward idea—all limbs sharing in the expression ;—arms and hands most required.

Gesture is character ; for it is not what we *do*, but what we *are* ; and this appears in every word and gesture. A person entering a room is either formal or natural in his speech and action. Even his dress as to its elegance and manliness forms a part of him.

To acquire good habits of gesture one should have a deep insight into human nature, to be able to observe men under different emotions and circumstances. Noting personal vigor of any kind, great power of performance gives fresh resolution. Many admire what is bad, but none condemn what is good. For practice every day is the best in the year ; God works in moments.

Dr. Rush on Good Reading.

The power of giving indefinite prolongation to syllables is not commonly possessed by speakers. A reader who has not by practice, a facility in executing the long quantities of speech,

will be liable, in extending his syllables, to fall into the protracted radical or protracted vanish of song. To a bad reader, nearly all sentences are alike, however improperly constructed for vocal expression. He who looks abroad for excellence, through all the ways of the voice, must often find the tendencies and demands of his utterance restricted by the unyielding character of an immutable phraseology. A limited discernment, and the common uses of quantity often suffice to set forth the thought of an author ; but an admiring or a passionate expression will in many cases be imperfect or lost, if tried on the immutable time of syllables. Even parts of Milton are difficult to read on this account alone. A rhythmic style is more easily read and more forcibly declaimed than a loose and unjointed construction.

Pauses divide into sections the continued line of words which severally describe these existences, and agencies, with their relationships ; the restricted utterance within these pauses giving a sectional unity to the impression on the ear and a clear perception to the mind by their temporary limitation to a single subject of attention. The division of discourse, by means of this occasional rest, prevents feebleness or confusion of impression resulting from an unbroken movement of speech,—no less remarkable than the skilful disposition of color, and light, and space, significantly distinguish the pictured objects of a canvas, from the unmeaning positions and actions of a chaos and a crowd.

The inversions of style, the intersections of expletives, and the wide separation of antecedents and relatives, may be sufficiently perspicuous, through the circumspection of the mind, and the advancing span of the eye, in the deliberate perusal of a period. But in listening to reading, or to speech, we can employ no scrutinizing hesitation ; and though the instant memory may retrace, to a certain limit, the intricacies of construction, the best discernment cannot always anticipate the meaning of a succeeding member, nor the character and position of its pause. Our higher poetry, in the contriving purpose of its eloquence, gives many instances of extreme involution of style ; and the reader of English is frequently obliged to employ other means

for exhibiting the true relationship of words, besides the simple current of utterance that may be sufficient for the obvious syntax of a more familiar idiom. Some of these means are the division into Clauses, the progress of Melody, Pitch, Force, Punctuation, the emphatic Tie, Grouping, etc. Milton and Shakespeare cannot be read well, without strict attention to the apparent apposition between the purposes of the pause and of the thought, and to the reconciling power of the phrases of melody—parenthesis, monotone, etc.

Very few speakers are able to execute this plain melody, in the beautiful simplicity of its diatonic construction. Some constantly use throughout their current, the simple use of a third, a fifth, or a semitone, and every emphatic syllable in an impressive form of their waves. Ambitious of giving a greater degree of dignified expression, they use wide and exceptional intervals, producing not only false but even monotonous intonation, the effect of which cannot be unduly repeated without offending the well instructed ear. The simple and unobtrusive *second* can be continuously used, with slight changes, so as not to produce a disagreeable uniformity, by rise and fall of the voice, waves, time, pitch, merely sufficient without destroying plainness.

Grandeur is signified by a *Unity* both great and uncommon. Denoted in the voice by a continuation of simple concretes and waves through limited intervals; the melody being varied so far only, as not to destroy the pervading character of a connected whole. *Greatness* of vocal *unity* is denoted by gravity of pitch, extension of quantity, the fulness of an orotund vocality, and by a deliberate and distinct articulation. An *uncommon* vocal *unity* is shown by a general use of an elevated vocal style, whether of grandeur or elegance, but unknown in the habits of the popular mind and ear.

These points of intonation are accomplished by a *Good Reader*—if there can be a *good* or finished reader, without the educative means of science—one to whom nature has given a mental perception to assume the thought and passion of an author, and the vocal power to represent them with propriety—by one who, when he feels the uneasiness of error, will give even painful industry for its correction; and who, in his self-directed

labors, is instinctively following the order, and effecting much of the purpose of scientific analysis and rule. But how shall he find these out, who searches after right, without knowing what is wrong ; and who copies both the faults and merits of an individual example, instead of reaching forth, under the direction of broad-founded precept, to gather excellence by discriminating selection.

The art of reading well consists in having all the constituents of speech, both alphabetic and expressive, under complete control ; to be, through nature's directive instinct, properly applied for the impressive and elegant representation of every state of mind. The organs of speech are capable of a certain range of exertion ; and to fulfil all the demands of a finished elocution, they should be carried to the extent of that capability. An elementary method of instruction points out what is to be desired and attained, and how every vocal purpose of thought and passion should be fulfilled. The best contrived scheme will be of little avail, without the utmost zeal and perseverance on the part of the learner, and the whole to be studied in all its fulness.

GENERAL HINTS.

SPEAK well from *thinking* well. Divide words into little groups, to give time for meaning. It gives method, proportion, and avoids confusion.

Give intelligence to every line ; the smallest touch is expressive of character. Give each part its light and shade ; each idea, yet all as one broad mass. This breadth preserved is better than the most laborious finishing. It is the master-power. You must contemplate and understand your work, or you will produce mere shadow instead of substance, which to the unlearned may perhaps appear excellent, but to the educated is false. It should be dexterity expressed by a few strokes. Michael Angelo elevated the feelings of the learned. To the mass he seemed overcharged.

Before an Audience.

Three Things.—Locality of performance, large place or small, adaptation to the sentiment, and to the public.

A walk in the open air, not too long, for that fatigues, but a brisk walk, when the health is good, and circumstances favorable, will invigorate, and enable one to grasp the whole subject at once and launch right into the heart of it. If however one is necessarily confined to a room, he should pace back and forth and swing the arms until the circulation becomes active and pours a stream of arterial blood to the brain that will supply all its demands. It is also well to fill the lungs, just before speaking, to their extremities, to start them as it were to their work. Especially is this necessary if one is obliged to sit before an audience awaiting the time to speak. It can be done easily, and without exciting the observation of others.

Do not talk to others before speaking. But have perfect repose *just* prior to vocal effort.

If you are giving readings in public, think of each selection before beginning.

Before rising to speak gently expand the chest laterally, not raise it. When before an audience take breath silently at every pause. Do not stand up hurriedly or consequentially, or be in haste to begin, but take position with leisurely grace. Pause, incline the head slightly, and look quietly before commencing. A few deep inspirations, slowly taken, especially through the nostrils, will subdue nervousness. Commence softly to the farthest in the room until it seems to return, not with noisy echo, but with a sensation of its pervading all parts.

Variety of tone is acquired by addressing the nearest auditors and becoming louder and recalling the voice to keep it within reach. These intervals work powerfully on the tones of the voice.

At first, low, deliberate, distinct, clear, and rising when necessary, pausing at times to *begin* again. Look about to see, and to make all listen.

In general commence only loud enough to be distinctly, easily heard. Speaking not loud enough distresses the audience. You should begin so slowly as to even almost appear to hesitate, as if constructing sentences, with the appearance of simplicity and unaffectedness, not promising too much either in words or looks.

In public give more forcible strokes than in private life, but to an audience seem no stronger nor fainter, and just as natural. Be deliberate, *very* slow, holding in, not letting out, with mind intent on sense. The smoothness and ease of tones and pitch must be distinctly audible to most distant, while not disagreeable to nearest. Very careful discrimination at outset. If audience happen to be unquiet they will soon settle if the voice be true. The bored hearer becomes an enemy. Even coughing in an assembly can be stopped by devices of pauses and depression of pitch.

You must, besides, give your audience time to go with you, for they are not exactly in the same condition, as you have prepared what you are to say, and they are to receive it for the first time.

When well started, surround yourself with the imagery of your subject, and take no further thought of your auditors until the close. An audience is not a sea of faces, but expressive countenances upon which to paint emotions consciously, otherwise all is dim, shadowy, and ineffectual. Audiences are moody and habit must dictate the process. After all it is not really so much what our compositions are, as to how they are pronounced. It should be with such spirit as to wind the hearer's attention up to the utmost pitch. It should come as the result of close study in private and yet have much left to nature. It should not be forced heat, nor smooth and studied declamation, and incessant regard to others, but right into the soul of the hearer. The whole feelings of an audience are roused by appealing looks, persuasive tones, and graceful actions. It should be heads and hearts. You should *converse* continually with your hearers. Sink the voice in pathos, infuse tones into nerves of listeners and rivet their attention by talking directly to them, and yet not by extraordinary effects of manner, without reasonable worth of matter.

Some, considered great, cover up but do not eradicate faults. They may become especially, but not generally good.

Orators generally have a public and private delivery ; the one constrained and stiff, the other natural and easy. They should simply change one for the other, to unlearn. Sometimes one's private delivery may be faulty—he must first correct it. Notice how well-bred persons converse and you have the lesson. It is then a simple matter to add gravity, volume and force. You can learn from actors the strongest expression. After quitting rest awhile. By means of intense meditation and communings in the closet and with frequent converse with nature, you can step before audiences breathing an ethereal mien of the very spirit of truth. It should be *thinking* to a sound purpose, instead of dreaming. Acquire the feeling to tell when you have done what you wished. It should be the sublimity of poetic imagination, not the extravagance of wild mannerism.

Few men *think* in perfect sentences, any more than an artist in a first sketch, could throw off a finished picture ; and “*how much learning does it take to make things plain.*”

The effect of keeping back is heightening ; loudness loses command and destroys distinctness. Every sound must be uttered without groping or preparing for it. Suppression is one of the most powerful forms of expression. Have a reason for being moved or expect no sympathy. Pause and gain control. Keep the voice elastic, so as to be able to speak a long time if need. Use moderate breath. Instantaneously and at once is the only way.

In the voice, soul, and eye of the orator there is a something which answers instinctively to the cravings of his hearers, who hang upon his words, with their eyes riveted upon his face, who speak to *him*, in that unspoken but eloquent language, which can never be described. The flash of his eye inflames ; the up-raising of his *hand* is enough to hold them spell-bound. It is not to be agreeable, it is reality.

When language needs it, give a forceful and important

dwelling upon the word in the delivery, as if you would stamp it upon the understanding; as if you parted with it reluctantly, till convinced it would have its effect. Then to prevent such a dwelling on the utterance from appearing affected, you must add that feeling significance, that interest, that gives meaning to the tone.

The orator must *compel* his audience to understand; he must *force* his way into consciousness by the most significant, the most direct manner possible. Adding *force* to this will makes it penetrative. It will inspire and permeate. No man is plain until he sees the truth, and no man sees the truth who does not look beyond the exterior. It is not intuition alone but it must come out. Force is power *manifested*,—power streaming out in all directions, and from every pore of the mind. The intellect may spin with great intensity upon its own axis, and make no other movement. This is incessant motion but not progress. Ideas should not lie in the speaker's mind in the form of congregated atoms, but of living, salient energies. The mind, by long-continued contemplation of a subject, can become steeped and saturated with it. Then force is electrical; it permeates and thrills. A speaker destitute of such energy may please, and we listen complacently and with a quiet satisfaction, but nothing more. He does not cut sharply into the heart of his subject and consequently does not cut sharply into the heart of his hearers. The utterances of an intense and forcible man penetrate to the quick. An audience loathes a lukewarm earnestness, a counterfeit enthusiasm.

The student is often cold, and is apt to shrink from that persistent self-denial of the intellect, which confines it to long and laborious effort upon a single idea instead of allowing it to expatiate amid variety. In his best estate he is too little inclined to that thoroughness to which the ancients accustomed themselves. They *sculptured* their thoughts in brass. They were precise, exact; they carved and embossed with sharp cut edges and devices.

There is neither moral nor mental injury in being excited by truth. The more thoroughly the intellect is roused and kindled

by a living verity, the more intensely it is affected and energized by it, and the better it is for it and the man. Without that glow that comes from the heart, intellectual excitement is of no avail. But it is impossible to rouse the fury of the mind, without a continuous application of its energies. The feelings, however, are shy and delicate, and, addressed too boisterously, they lose tone and sensibility. Yet at times there should be vehemence of the utmost intensity, energy, vividness and emotion. It is the orator who speaks by a method. Elocution makes men less artificial. It represses the proud, selfish, narrow style of the preacher, rectifies depraved tastes, and excites dormant energies. Caution must be taken not to pervert these efforts. Some do not approve of much emotion in the pulpit, but earnestness is the language of sincerity. Some adhere to their *particular* manner because natural to them, but it is very plastic and can be moulded to whatever condition the *will* determines. Some will not easily give up defects while they esteem them as beauties. *Fine*, however, is not beautiful ; *big* is not great.

Civilization enervates and brings down the erect and heroic mien. Formality is ruinous, and begets the marble features. Repeating by rote is false.

Elocution, in its more ample and liberal signification, is not confined to the mere exercise of the organs of speech. It embraces the whole theory and practice of the exterior demonstration of the inward workings of the mind. Eloquence is the soul, or animating principle of discourse ; and is dependent on intellectual energy and intellectual attainment. Elocution is the embodying form, or representative power, dependent on exterior accomplishment, and cultivation of the organs. Oratory is the complicated and vital existence resulting from the perfect harmony and combination of the two.

The palm of oratorical perfection is only to be *grasped*,—it is, in reality, only to be *desired*—by aspiring souls and intellects of unusual energy. It requires a persevering toil which few can be willing to encounter ; a decisive intrepidity of character, and an untamableness of mental ambition which very few can be expected to possess. However this may be, elocutionary

accomplishment is desirable by all. Even in the social intercourses of private life, how great are the benefits of this attainment ! How does it multiply the sources of innocent pleasure ! What a zest does it impart to the highest of our intellectual gratifications !

Elocution does not profess to create a vigorous understanding, feeling, taste, and genius, but only to teach their most effective use. There is a distinction between art and artifice. Art is adaptation ; artifice is false.

Gifted souls only make a quicker and easier intuition of their art, but they ascend the common way, for there is no other. While some climb step by step, they bound up with almost unconscious effort. Those who profess to leave all to nature are always most unnatural ; they have not only art, but artifice and mannerism, and are more in bondage to them than the true artist. There is an infallible intuition in man's heart by which he detects the reality or falsehood of the appearances of emotion, and those whose feelings are least sophisticated by artificial culture, even children and ignorant persons, have this insight only the more fully, perhaps, for that reason. Certain precautions, however, are necessary. Emotion must not too far outrun the temper of the audience, lest it appear, from their cooler position, extravagance.

Only those who are withdrawn, during long seasons, into the brooding imagination, are favored with fine fancies, exquisite and delicate or grand and awful. It is only the few that can wait and brood for a purpose.

It is a capital plan by which to cultivate imagination, to memorize the finest specimens of prose or poetry, so as to be able to repeat them at any moment.

If the poise and self-command of the mind is destroyed, the impression is that of weakness. He is the greatest master of persuasion who seems to have none. That style is best which least attracts the hearer's attention from the thought itself. The finest statue is that which appears like flesh. The finest picture seems to be the living man.

The moment an ornament is introduced needlessly, it becomes a deformity. The rule of architecture is that, while every essential member shall be proportioned, to be ornamental, no ornament shall be admitted which is not essential; no bracket which has nothing to strengthen; no column which has nothing to sustain.

Hints for Young Speakers.

Keep moderately quiet, or walk leisurely, if need be, three or four hours before speaking, but do not get wearied in any manner. It is well to keep in the open air as much as is conveniently possible. Eat substantially at meals, even the last, before speaking. Let the final meal be taken at least two hours before the effort, and touch *nothing* after that time—not even a glass of water. If a sense of thirst, or parched mouth comes on, rinse the mouth several times and perhaps swallow not more than a table-spoonful, but by no means ice water. Be sure and have the teeth brushed and cleanly. *Sit*, not walk about, at least twenty minutes before beginning. Do not talk to people before speaking—but think to self—rub hands to warm them. Before audience, pause—no hurry—easy and definite. Stand still generally—reason the language, modulate gestures to meaning, and warm into subject gradually.

Extract from Cicero de Oratore, 55 B. C.

All the emotions which nature has given to man must be intimately known; for all the force and art of speaking must be employed in allaying or exciting the feelings of those who listen. It requires the utmost labor to form look, voice, gesture.

The better qualified a man is to speak, the more he fears the difficulties, the uncertain success, and the expectations of an audience. I frequently turn pale in the outset of my speech and feel a tremor through my whole *thoughts* and limbs.

One must have the acuteness of the logicians, the wisdom of the philosophers, language almost of poetry, memory of lawyers, voice of tragedians, and the gesture of the best actors. The highest possible excellence.

Energetic oratory is not always desirable ; but often smooth, submissive, gentle.

Affected by the same sensations you wish to produce, First consider whether the cause requires that the minds of the audience should be excited ; do not act tragedy about trifles. The orator should be moderate in imitation, that the audience may conceive more than they can see represented by him. It should be gently at first to husband strength and grace. I constantly declaimed in private with some acquaintance. I attended the instructions of Molo, who came to Rome. My body was exceedingly weak and emaciated ; my neck was long and slender. It gave alarm to my friends, as I used to speak without remission or variation, with the utmost stretch of my voice, and a total agitation of my body. I travelled in Asia, merely for an opportunity of correcting my manner of speaking. I was attended by the principal orators of the country. Not contented with them I went to Rhodes, and applied myself again to Molo. I returned a new man. The vehemence of my voice and action was considerably abated ; the excessive ardor of my language was corrected, my lungs were strengthened, and my whole constitution confirmed and settled.

Extract from Quintillian.

The chief requisite to move is to be moved, not mere assumption of grief. It is ridiculous if not from mind. Give color by having it. Imagination is the means. Seem to *see*. It is readily acquired. It comes from reflection. Actors actually weeping. Depend not on teachers but self. Study early and late. Re-iterate. Grow pale with toil. Exert own powers, own method, not merely principles, but have them to act on ; not as if taught, but born in us. Art can show the way if there is one. It is to know how to use resources. Not merely combination of phrases but all of a piece. It requires the utmost teaching, must be pursued in a manly spirit. The best is the least far-fetched ; simple, as from truth itself. Anxiety for applause one's last concern. Those who listen with pleasure are the most attentive. Some may even please and yet not be un-

derstood. Not too *anxious*. A speaker should carry confidence in his manner, and speak as if he had the greatest assurance of success. Cicero's extraordinary affectation of security was like security itself. One should not attempt tears unless having great capability ; if it fails it is vapid. Measure strength. Gradually rise, for whatever adds nothing, seems even to take away. The whole art presents nothing that requires greater study than the nature of the feelings. The life and soul of eloquence is shown by the effect produced on them. Constant practice is the most efficient mode of learning. There is oratory in an orator even when silent. A perfect orator can be formed only with the aid of art and nature. Nature can do much without learning ; but learning, nothing without nature. When both moderate, nature is best ; but finished orators owe most to art. Nature is the material. Art forms, nature is formed. Art nothing without nature. Nature has a value, but perfection of art is greater than perfection of nature. Nature gave origin to speech, but observation gave origin to art.

Eloquence is not to be paraded. To avoid suspicion of art is the achievement of the highest art.

Some dislike the silence of an attentive auditory, and do not think themselves eloquent unless through noise and vociferation. They consider that to state a matter calmly belongs to every-day conversation, and is in the power of even the most illiterate. Audiences are often disturbed by a multiplicity of other thoughts, which will prevent them from understanding us, unless what we say be so clear that its sense will strike the mind as the rays of the sun strike the eyes, even though our attention is not fixed upon it. We must take care not merely that they may *understand* us, but that they may not be able to *mis-understand* us. Changes of countenance and expressive glances of the eye add effect, but a perpetual moulding into studied configurations or perpetual agitations of forehead and eyes is ridiculous. Nothing attains its full strength without art ; and beauty always accompanies art. The spear hurled with the greatest effect is also hurled with the most grace. The surer the aim of those who direct arrows from a bow, the finer are their attitudes.

Nothing can enter fairly into the mind which gives offence

as it passes into the ear, which is as it were the vestibule of the mind. We are adapted by nature to feel pleasure in harmony. There is a hidden power in mere melody and modulation, and there must surely be the utmost force in the music of eloquence. The greatest judge is the ear, which is sensible of what fills it, misses something in what is defective, is offended with what is harsh, soothed with what is compact, marks what is lame, and dislikes whatever is redundant and superfluous. The learned understand it, the illiterate enjoy it.

The *rhythm* of our language must correspond with our subject; sublime, march majestically; calm, advance leisurely; spirited, run; tender, flow.

Language should be even rough and harsh, rather than excessively delicate. Comedy is not tragedy, yet in all something in common.

General Habits.

Every tone, glance, and gesture should manifest how deeply the speaker is penetrated. He should have a commanding attitude, untiring zeal, an air of authority, and give sudden bursts of eloquence to carry by assault. One acquires such power by reading less and meditating more, and in happy moments when the heart is all on fire, seizing those feelings and turning them to the best account; and when the soul is full to overflowing and seeks to give expression to the sentiments with which it is penetrated, noting them down, for such times are worth hours of labor; but they are sometimes brought on by working at a subject for a long time.

Confidence in one's powers and deliberation in effort will win one by one to listen until all hearts beat in unison. This silent, pulsating interest is most to be desired.

Be simple in beginning or the icy thought will come that you are failing, and this will paralyze. It will be talk to no purpose; command will be lost, and you will long to come to an end. The audience will become restive, for they are also tortured and will rejoice as you finish. As you progress read in the eyes of your audience whether they understand you. Men

of great talent often fail from lack of feeling. The true must be alive to the finger nails.

It must be to keep the one weighty idea in the mind and all the rest subordinate. It must not be merely as reading, but as through a prism, with all the delicate and mingling hues. It should be sensitiveness to the throbbings of the heart, not equidistant cadences, and even in mirth to be reckless. It must be to address the whole audience with as much apparent ease as if but one person. It should all be done with free vibrations in the resonant cavities, and all vocalized ; with great quantities of air, and lungs well expanded ; then speaking is easier for there is less expenditure of vital force. And it is surprising with all the breath utilized how little is needed for pure tone. With such power then the orator must seem to believe what he is saying, to produce the best effects, for nature alone assaults the heart ; force produces emotion ; art plays upon the fancy, grace gives only pleasure. Truth transports, drives all else out of the mind.

The man who is tenderly alive to the beauties of expression, on whose ear an ill-constructed or ill-expressed sentence grates, will be far more annoyed than one who merely hears and has no further thought than knowing what is said.

When the orator appears like an actor his influence is unfelt. But when he has acquired a quick, strong sensibility to the best interests of men he will have tenderness to soften to manly tears and pathos ; and such a one ought never to be ashamed of having a big swollen heart.

Conceit or mean passion for popularity is fatal ; it will leave one desolate when least expected. One should always be true to self.

Expression is like contemplating the waves of the ocean, borne mountain high, or the heavens, spanned with lustrous rainbows. It is of a life-time and every day new difficulties.

Respect your audience by preparation and they will respect you. By no means be unprepared. When the subject is completely in the mind you can afford to remain calm till the moment comes even amid distraction. If possible, you should keep

in solitude prior to effort ; you can by such means acquire the repose of self-conscious power.

Fear, if it does not paralyze, is salutary, but woe to him who experiences none, for it shows him to be unconscious of the greatness of his art. One of the most celebrated French generals was always obliged to dismount *before* going into battle, after which he rushed like a lion into action. This fear must not be that of too *much* self-esteem, but blended with love of truth. A true speaker must have that dread that cannot be analyzed. There is hardly a public speaker of celebrity but what feels nervous every time he rises to speak on a great occasion. Actors feel the same in a new part. The very delicacy of perception, the exquisite sensibility to impressions, and the impulsiveness, which are the soul of eloquence, are almost necessarily accompanied by a certain degree of nervousness. Some so constituted fail, while a mere parrot of a person, with little culture is certain to succeed. To await the moment with calm self-confidence is very difficult, but it can be learned. It is not to be bold, but courageous and swift. It should be fear and love, with openness and reality.

You should engrave your discourse in your memory, and take great care lest you lose the faculty, for it will prove fatal otherwise. Idleness will paralyze talent.

If agitated you lose your force. Calm is sovereignly necessary. Even organic calm should be well understood, for a very little paralyzes.

There are innumerable occasions where it is absolutely necessary to speak on the instant. One should not be unprepared for these sudden calls. He must acquire an ample store of the best language, and perhaps writing much is really the best means to further this end. Habit and exercise will, besides, beget facility.

Then, when actually before an audience, slower, suspensive enunciation, as if choosing the most appropriate and fitting words, gives time for consideration. After starting, one can,

if need be, lash into fury to increase excitement where desired. When well prepared you can readily do so, for what is well in the memory becomes judgment and proves a balance to excitement.

Mastery of the subject beforehand allows the speaker to throw all his power into his delivery. All must be foreseen : Then the orator forgets everything but the subject. When the matter is not perfectly comprehended if not actually committed to memory, and at heart, the faculties are so absorbed in the act of thinking, and recollection, that the manner becomes proportionally defective. It should be command instead of hesitancy.

Even a reader may comprehend, through skill and habit, all the meaning and import of the words, yet the execution may not equal the conception ; and even the best reading must fall short of speaking or memorization. The more familiar the words the better for either reading or speaking. Conception comes from study ; execution from practice.

Expression of the hands is almost equal to the language ; they speak themselves. The gestures and facial movements should speak, as well as the voice, but gestures should never be made unless impelled by the soul and in proportion to that impulse ; movements would then be less frequent, but more effective. They would seem like necessity if one studied from within and moved only when by an absolute demand from pent-up feeling. In conversation the face lights up and expands, the eyes radiate and glance ; public effort should be the same. It should all be with such an awful air of severe simplicity, and unaffected worth as commands belief ; every thought transparent ; every word, look, motion the picture of the mind with influence peculiar to itself. This is difficult to define, difficult to comprehend.

It must be *character*. A known zeal for right and truth as well as magnetism, and voice, and address. Not what is *said*, but what a man *is*. The heartfelt appeals of a man whose life has exemplified his sentiments, and who is willing to give his life, if need be, in defence of them. The more a habit is formed of revolving thoughts and ascertaining truth, the less eager are we to make instant proclamation of feelings and ideas. It is

not the frantic man with his low, crude passion, true as it may be, that appeals fitly to cultivated minds.

The Greeks were never ashamed of nature, yet always secure from being overcome by it. His deeper and correcter intellect permitted him to distinguish the contingent, which a bad taste would magnify, from the necessary. All, in man, that is not humanity is contingent. The sculptor throws aside the vestment, the contingent, and shows us only the naked figure ; not actual life, not princes, but men. The laws of need are not the laws of art. *Men are concealed by garments.*

The eloquent man is not he with a beautiful speech, but he who is inwardly and desperately drunk with a certain belief, agitating and tearing, till it comes from him in torrents of meaning. The possession of his mind is so entire that it is nature itself. Add to it a certain regnant calmness, which, in all the tumult, is never premature, and he stands as a demoniacal power to whose secret no one has the key. It is the grasp of a lion, the will of a king. True love of art is insensible to opinion of others ; is anxious for opportunity ; confident of the result.

A great orator, for a great occasion, may con and learn by rote his ideas and language, and yet he finds it impossible to make them run in the groove he had intended. When he is swept onward in spite of himself, the arguments he had most carefully studied are replaced by others more vivid, and sentiments which he could not have originated in his cooler moments, flash incessantly on his brain, and he is completely transfigured to the hearers. Not so to the speaker who owes *all* his power to art. He is not stung into eloquence by the impulses of his being, yet even he may be considered a great speaker. The one is total oblivion of self, and utter abandon to the subject,—the other self-conscious as to all he utters.

Some clergymen write everything to be spoken ; as if speaking it, at least in feeling, if not in actual sounds, with an audience glaring in their faces. Hence they have all the verve of extempore speech. Others have the chilliness and lukewarmness of persons who are not interested in what they have written.

Education.

The mind demands *variety* of discipline or it becomes contracted. Nothing conduces more to breadth and originality than opposite associations. The more comprehensive the education then, the better. It is the lack of this that has kept down the stage. But emotional expression should be the outcrop of this culture as a whole, and not "*the cut and dried*" product of inelastic rules. In the vast majority of cases where the latter is attempted the consequence is almost invariably fatal to spontaneity. It makes automata of living men.

Acting, as distinct from oratory, is very much an affair of the imagination, and imagination can hardly be drilled into one by rules. Neither an actor nor an orator, perhaps, can be *made*, but a person can be taught, and can acquire *facility* of expression. Imagination with capability may be drilled into facility of expression, but the imagination is the groundwork, the foundation, to rear culture upon. The very purport of outward expression is to teach what passes in the mind.

To make an audience simply *hear* is one thing, but to make people *listen* is quite a different affair. This latter is effected by one's speaking as from a sense of duty. There is no effort to talk or listen with "*the sympathetic voice.*" It seizes and holds. It comes from vividness and benevolence. Its tones are generally lower and seem to come from the heart. It is the voice of affection and has a conversational strain.

Entire spontaneity comes from previous study.

It is preparation, and cannot be too much studied. It is a living comment upon what is uttered.

Petty vanity does not acknowledge the means and conceals the steps by which it rises. One should entirely forget self, and as in good manners please and instruct; not desire to display mere power but rather give the meaning. It should be with a confidence and a doubt also. The bullets are sure to hit the

mark, if they have first been dipped in the huntsman's blood. The feelings of a true actor reach our hearts because they issue from his. He forgets himself and feels only his character. So likewise with the orator, he feels only the truth.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIVE.

All processes of instruction are mechanical, and the more so the better. Due honor must be given to that irksome labor which is inseparable from the highest art. The necessary dexterities have to be acquired up to a professional standard before you can, properly speaking, produce anything at all; and they are learnt by labor which is only not servile by reason of its hopes.

A mind of the highest order does not want a master *continually* at his elbow to explain difficulties. He is receptive at every pore. He learns from passing hints, with a quickness and thoroughness that others cannot comprehend. He is omnivorous of intellectual work, taking in a vast deal more than he can utilize, but extracting a small percentage of nutriment, that makes, in the aggregate, an enormous supply. The best way is to leave such alone in a great measure, just directing a little here and there, checking desultory tendencies, and perhaps slightly exaggerating their faults in order to better remove them.

The greatest thing a human soul can do is to *see* and tell what it *saw* in a plain way. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy. Those who are born with powers that will make them eminent, it is sufficient to have them *see*. They do not want mere instruction, and those that *do* are not *worth* it. Art may be *learned*, but cannot be *taught*. The great art is to *teach* others to *teach* themselves; to let them do the work, but if they cannot acquire keenness and rapidity of judgment to *see* at once the power of an idea, they will only be mechanical.

The most illustrious have frequently broken loose from prescription of forms and followed, careless of cost, the paramount dictation of their own natures; in short they have educated themselves, by their *own* rules.

A celebrated artist was in the habit of reading some work while his pupils painted, being only occasionally corrected.

One by practice of principles may master an art in a *little time* that cost artists their *lives* to develop. But, it is an *art*, and no easy art, to know *how* to choose and select. The highest form is taken from nature but it takes experience to find it out. It is renewed by principles. Art is not ostentatious: it lies hid, and works its effects, itself unseen. One can find out and form its principles for self by continual exertion of the mind. One can learn to invent them by observing the invention of others. Nothing comes by chance, but all by rules. It is the concealing of art, which is one of its best beauties, and this can be best accomplished by discerning it under all its disguises. It must not be too fastidious or it may destroy character. Principles may be felt in the mind if not expressed in words. The mind must be put on the train of the idea to be expressed. Principles are to be as a guide, not model, in a *general* way, and then, each is to be left to his own *individual* tendency.

A great musician once said of a passionless cantatrice, "She sings well, but she wants something, and in that something, everything. If I were single, I would court her; I would marry her; I would maltreat her; I would break her heart; and in six months she would be the greatest singer in Europe." Suffering is our best school.

A pupil must not be *carried* up the Alps of knowledge. He must think *for* himself if he wishes success, and *of* himself if he wishes to be great.

All *freedom*, however, is error. Try to draw a circle with the "*free*" hand. You cannot if your hand trembles, or hesitates, or is unmanageable, or is in the common sense of the term "*free*." It must be under control as absolute as steel; and yet move under this control, with perfect serenity of ease. It is to be right, or—wrong. If right it is not a "*free*" line, but an intensely continent, restrained and considered line. A fine artist's line is measurable in its proposed direction to less than the thousandth of an inch.

The common ideas about freedom are the results of imperfect education. The effort, however, to break through timidity,

or to refine bluntness, may lead to licentious impetuosity, or ostentatious minuteness. In the greatest work there is no manner visible. It is not agony of science. It is work in which the soul is made visible.

It is drill till it is so familiar that it ceases to be a matter of thought. In acting words must be recited many times before expression becomes thoroughly mellowed. One cannot understand the truth of anything until it has sunk so far into him as to almost forget from whence it came.

Intellectual knowledge is to be prized, but practical knowledge is necessary to make it available.

It is passion which is the moving power ; brains fired by a strong will.

One not to be disconcerted has reserve of power even when he has hit the mark. And the least sensation of power is received from the most perfect work. The preference is intellectual perception. There is really greater power in the completion than in the commencement—not so manifest to senses, but in influence on the mind. Not the keenest sensation but the highest estimate. The first merit is that delicate and ceaseless expression of refined truth which is carried out to the last touch and shadow of a touch. It is the difference between common-place and perfectness. The more unpretending, quiet, and retiring the means, the more impressive the effect.

Seemingly, great artists do their best work without labor ; but analyze it, and every detail shows intense thought and mathematical exactness of execution, acquired only by unceasing effort. One cannot read evidence of labor who is not himself laborious, nor the evidence of true passion, if not passionate. It is the patient, indefatigable touch of a mighty master ; the muscular precision of action, and the intellectual force of it by a great artist, every instant governed by direct and new intention. It is muscular force and subtlety ; instantaneously selective, and ordinant energy of the brain, sustained all day long, not only without fatigue, but with a visible joy in the execution, like an eagle, and this all life long, through long life, with even increase of power, requiring such exquisite balance and symmetry of vital powers.

Health is the condition of wisdom, and the sign is cheerfulness, an open and noble temper. All beauty warms the heart. The good mind chooses what is positive, what is advancing, embraces the affirmative. We know the spirit by its victorious tone. A man is a man, only as he makes life and nature happier to others; and in serving others one serves oneself. We should set down nothing that will not help somebody. It is a religious duty to be happy. We should learn what it is to "*sing for joy*," then if given finished expression, it is perfected in itself. The thorough meaning is spirit, deeper than art, and its full charm is possible only to the gentle. It is sympathy, sincerity, kindliness. It comes from opulence of health, a sustained and abounding physical vigor generally.

Men fail of success from early exhaustion, from a lack of accumulated force, physical or mental, from a lack of reserved power, for nothing is sure to happen but the unseen, and for which one must be prepared. This implies the necessity of a thorough training. It should be perfect ease at first and not attempt much power, and even though thin at beginning strength will come. Power exerted, however great, never impresses in the profoundest degree unless is felt a greater power behind. Nobody is thrilled to his being's core by power that is draining itself to the dregs. There must be something behind that is greater. It is not what is *said* but what the power. It is the *play* of the art, whatever it is, not the *labor*.

Generally, the action should not be passionate but affectionate; it should never betray the fire kindled, but be animated by that mild, clear warmth which accompanies all that springs from the inward depths of the soul. If the orator or actor is wanting in this, he is not likely to be animated by an idea; that is, he has no purpose; and he pursues his task like a laborer, or like a fine speaker.

Affection is generated by a stronger activity of the reason, in which there can be no excess, and the calmer thought must ever lead back to its proper limits. Passion may become too strong. Affection need prescribe no limits.

To a thinking mind comes the disagreeable feeling of disapprobation toward a cunning art which understands how to move

men like machines, and to a judgment which upon calm afterthought, it must lose all its worth with them. Oratory, considered as the art of making use of the weaknesses of men, is worthy of no respect at all.

Dilettanti take hold of art on the weak side. With them it is an immediate wish to do. It is passion instead of earnestness. Such do no good, but instead much harm. Art gives laws and commands the time.

The effect the dilettant supposes to be the thing itself, and he tries. He takes the passive for the active. His peculiar want is the architectonic, in the highest sense,—that practical power which creates. Of this he has only a misgiving, and submits to his material instead of commanding it. He runs to neatness, the completion which is formless.

The true artist rests firmly and securely on himself. His is the highest aim of art. In his own estimation he is far from his aim, and therefore he is modest. The dilettant has no aim. It is not the beyond, but near; exalting himself. He shuns principles to come at once to practice; confounds art with material. He is curious in artifice, manner, modes of working and mechanical dexterity, and mere tricks. He would be of consequence. The artist has an unconditional interest in art. It is devotion. The dilettant has only half. It is all pastime; some by-object; some propensity.

There should be an æsthetic significance of movements. The dilettant jumps over and stops at certain steps which he regards as the end. He works by *false* rules, because he must have *some*, and does not understand the true objective rules. It takes its element from art. The loss is greater. It is indifferent, partial, characterless. It brings artists to *their* level. It is mere sentiment; fantastic nullity.

The reigning error is to be free from restraint in æsthetic fancy. Men must have free scope, producing effects with mere outside appearances. Mistaken dilettantic dexterity for true art weakens feeling and perception for the good beyond. It neglects the (indispensable) mechanical, and shows only mind

and feeling, or shows the mechanical, technical dexterity without spirit or significance. The one injures art, the other the subject. Dilettanti enervate and pull to pieces all originality in manner, and imitate, copy and piece out their emptiness with it. All that is true and beautiful is profaned, degraded.

The infallible test of the mere dilettant from the artist is, that he mistakes the *dark* for the *profound*; the *rude* for the *powerful*; the *indefinite* for the *infinite*; the *senseless* for the *supersensuous*; and he plumes himself. Obdurate criticism destroys legerdemain of the heated imagination, and sheds a light down the deep shaft of experience. If, however, nature has stamped him only for a dilettant, difficulty cools his zeal; the laboriousness of the means disgusts him. The great increases only from unseemly trifles. The genuine artist in the most glowing feeling for totality preserves coldness and enduring patience for the partial, and rather sacrifices the delight of consummation, lest it should mar perfection. It is not *exclusively* beauty, but sense and reason, or the end is a depraved heart. Independence from every influence of sensuous impulses ennobles desire and harmonizes with reason.

All great art is didactic in the purest way, indirectly and occultly, so that, first, you shall only be bettered by it if you are already hard at work in bettering yourself; and when you *are* bettered, it shall be partly with a general acceptance of their influence, so constant and subtle that you shall be no more conscious of it than of the healthy digestion of food; and partly by a gift of some unexpected truth, which you shall find only by slow mining for it; which is withheld on purpose, and close-locked, that you may not get it till you have forged the key of it in a furnace of your own heating.

There is intentional reservation in all the great masters—often a meaning which they themselves cannot interpret,—which it may be for others long after them to interpret,—in what they said or did, so far as it recorded true imaginative vision.

The first of requirements, then, for the right reading of such, is the understanding of the nature of all true vision by noble persons; namely, that it is founded on constant laws com-

mon to all human nature ; that it perceives, however darkly, things which are for all ages true ; that we can understand it so far as we have some perception of the same truth ; and that its fulness is developed and manifested more and more by the reverberation of it from minds of the same mirror-temper, in succeeding ages.

The truths of emotion are sometimes so interwoven that they are all the more difficult to read, and to explain in any order.

In proportion to the kingliness and force of any personality, the expression either of its joy or sorrow becomes measured, chastened, calm, and capable of interpretation only by the majesty of ordered, beautiful, and worded sound.

It is possible to exercise the imaginative faculty in an intense and exalted degree and yet lack even partial inspiration. Some seem to be gifted with more of this power than others. When we have it we must obey its dictates, otherwise they will at length cease to move us. Its sources, rules and means of culture are, for the most part, quite distinct from, though not antagonistic to, those of intellectual culture. But after all, of what avail is meditation unless it warms the heart. When musing the fire must burn.

It must be cultivated to such a condition, for great and startling effects, to partake even of the character of insanity, for the insane have the same ideas, the same passions, but the traits are stronger, the colors more vivid, the shades more marked, the effects more startling ; for man is then seen in all his truthfulness ; he does not dissimulate his thoughts ; he does not conceal his defects ; his passions have the charm of reality ; there is no deception, as in case of an attack of a lunatic upon some other person the mind is overwhelmed with such a vast and painful emotion, such an unspeakable feeling of distress, that the deed of violence is, as it were, an explosion of it, an uncontrollable convulsion of energy giving utterance to an indescribable morbid feeling, not knowing what he is doing, not from passion, revenge, but as a discharge which he must have of the

terrible emotion with which he is possessed. The act is as involuntary as the cry of agony or the spasmodic muscular tension produced by intense physical pain. The emotion is unendurable and the burst that follows gives a mighty relief.

The shades of expression are often so delicate, and indistinguishable, that intonation will vary according to the temperament of the person, his appreciation of the sense, and the intensity with which he speaks.

The indescribable minuteness of many sensations and observations makes an impossibility of seizing, expressing and analyzing them. Sometimes they have shades of a hair's breadth, which are scarcely discernible to the inexperienced and it is not possible to render the idea in words with precision. One can feel, but not explain them. It is inward criticism ; essence, invisible power ; mind,—the incomprehensible principle of life.

One must cultivate this delicate, swift, certain, most extensive spirit of observation ; have a clear, profound understanding ; a most lively, strong, comprehensive imagination ; a profound knowledge of the human heart, and manners of men. One must inspect and know self to know others ; must know own heart ; must have intercourse with all manner of men, vicious and virtuous, wise and foolish ; particularly be on good terms with children. He must also have a wide knowledge of literature, painting, art and artists ; must have acute observation, lively fancy, excellent taste ; a strong, benevolent, enthusiastic, innocent heart, ardent in itself, and free from coarse passions. He must have magnanimous, honorable, sublime ideas. Then if such a person can perform even the smallest office with entire circumspection, he is capable of even the highest.

Some are like the modern Italians who paint every leaf without the slightest feeling of their beauty or character, and without showing a spark of intellect or affection from beginning to end. With the *best* the *result* is *divine*, they *do* the same, despising nothing.

To speak freely and accurately is the result of a short time ;

but to speak delicately, and to trace the mysteries of invention and combination, is the peculiar province and faculty of the master-mind.

One should learn rather for a life-time, seriously and well, or not at all. The temper by which the right taste is formed, is characteristically patient. It *dwells* upon what is submitted to it. It may be pearls, though it looks like husks. It is an honest and a good heart; distrustful of self, though ready to try all things. It has great pleasure in all that is good and great. It clasps all that it loves so hard that it crushes it if it be hollow, and it is sure of eventually being right.

True taste is forever growing, learning, worshipping; laying its hand upon its mouth because it is astonished. It sees good in everything.

Details.

There may be as much greatness of mind, nobility of character, in the treatment of the smallest as of the most vast. It is the *specific*; not the special.

All great men have been remarkable for their attention to details. Many are fired with lofty conceptions, they warm with enthusiasm in contemplation of their object attained, but they turn away in disgust from the dry minutiae and drudgery required of them.

The smallest strokes of Raphael are worth entire pictures. It is the instantaneous line, however, that shows the master's hand. The first five touches bring a head into existence. If one atom of thought is destroyed, then all finish and execution is too dear.

Truth is the foundation, imitation the destruction of art. Nothing is beautiful that is not true.

Only the ignorant despise trifles, and yet attention to little things without a purpose, without soul, renders it impossible to do anything that is great. Yet still again, relaxing in the smallest matters breaks down the fences of the greatest. With-

out soul, that *can* work in the smallest effects, *excessive* labor in details has been frequently pernicious to the general effect, even by great ones. Finish sometimes is dangerous and suggests toiling merely.

Distance.

It is foolish, however, to carve what is to be seen somewhat distantly, with the delicacy which the eye demands near by ; not merely because it is lost, but because it has a *worse* effect in the distance than rough work.

In acting everything should be raised and enlarged beyond the natural, that the full effect may come to the hearer. The deliberate, stately step, studied grace, and swelling voice, seem to elevate and increase one's power. This unnaturalness is right and proper in public, but ridiculous in private.

Strong colors give solidity. Light and shade produce relief, harmony, and breadth. Relief is most necessary in large works, seen at greater distance ; prevents seeming harsh or cutting ; gives them sharpness—clearness of effect so necessary to counteract heaviness.

The chief end of speech is to inform the *mind* of the hearer ; that of engaging the *ear* with fanciful modes of sound, or expression, is a subordinate one. Propriety is sometimes untended by elegance, but elegance never without propriety.

The essence of vulgarity is pretension—false sentiment. It is the mock heroic ; it is exaggerated, not grand. You should dare everything to great ends, but never seek to astonish, never be presumptuous.

Nothing can be more ridiculous than the affected airs of dignity and importance with which most persons recite oratorical composition. Others, oftentimes affect ease and simplicity in the loftiest and most dignified language till it falls to absurdity. Where there is warmth of feeling it will come in the most simple as in the most splendid language. By feeling too much the utterance is overcome and the effect lost.

It is not effort, but inward vigor of the soul pushing out-

ward, with strong infusion of nervous energy to electrify souls. It is neither too realistic nor idealistic, but both.

Everything great comes from living *in* and *for* art ; with reverence, and delicacy of sensation ; with large sympathies and fineness of nature. Not with jealousy and self-complacency, for that is second-rate. Withal you must have an ideal. Instances innumerable are there of those intending to be great in art who have labored year after year and yet have failed because they had no ideal, and no self-criticism with regard to it. Even a limited time daily, with a vivid ideal, and self-criticism, would, even in a few months, have given the most astonishing assurances for the future ; but hours a day, with inexhaustible resolution without this ideal, makes a mere mechanician.

It is the right application of one's swiftness or strength that brings success. It is not enough to *do*, but there is a *way* and a *time*.

Earnest men look upon difficulties as opportunities but they must be equal to them by previous training.

Power.

It is he who at every rebuff begins again that reaches the goal. Many die in obscurity that lack the pluck to astonish the world. Crises confound the feeble but arouse the strong. The world is iron and a place must be hammered out by rugged, steady blows. Great enthusiasm above all. There must be great faith in one's mission, rooted belief, and success is almost inevitable.

Nothing is done by great effort, but by great power. The full energies are to be given to the *soul's* work—but the body's and head's are to be done comparatively without effort. Neither brain nor limbs are to be strained ; it is not the way to get the most out of them. Never furiously. Great things if done at all can be done easily ; there is evidence of ease on the front of the greatest works. It is not weariness, but strength, yet genius needs to work ; genius is far more ready to work, and gets so much more good out of it. It is distinguished by its

perpetual, steady, well-directed, happy labor, as well as by its gigantic facility. Not agonies nor heart-rendings are of avail; and conceit may puff, but cannot prop.

Constant but not excessive exercise of power, as easy as walking, running; endurance but not extraordinary, that degrades. Power is not meagre lives, and tortures, but awfulness and quiet. Gigantic powers reaching after repose and finding it, not from choice but truth. It should be the ability of developing greater power to fall back upon.

The arms to the body and the knotting of the whole mass together is infinitely terrible and crushing. Not the impression, but the image. The mere type and suggestion, a certain rudeness and incomplete finish is very noble. Not to be unnatural, but pure and true, with lines few and grand as to appeal to the imagination only, and always short of the realization. A man to *really* even *seem* to kill himself or another upon the stage, or to act so as to *really*, instead of artificially appear intoxicated, would be horrible and disgusting.

The sculptor does not work for the anatomist, but for the common observer. Yet he may thoroughly understand anatomy in detail. But he refines. It is merely his means. To the anatomist it is the end for their sake.

Fortune comes, but goes if one is not ready to receive her. It is not enough, however, to seize when she comes, but to hold her.

When you keep your secret, be assured the world will keep it for you. Be not over-sensitive—but be just to self. Reverence yourself. Look up if you wish to rise. Do not expect the world's patronage without seeking it. In the closet work to deserve success. In the world put yourself forward, if you would be known; the very reputation is priceless. If you do not aspire to admiration you will fall into contempt. You must endeavor to seem more or you will seem nothing. You must set off good qualities with a certain air of plausibility, like fashion to decency.

You must by all means have energy, invincible determination, and then with an honest purpose once fixed it should be like death or victory.

RHYTHM.

RHYTHM governs the universe. A few familiar examples may be cited in the earth, the moon, our pulse, a pendulum. It means regularity, symmetry. In all things the law of numbers is manifest, symmetry is self-evident, and their very movements obey, in their freedom and intentional equilibrium, an inexorable rhythm. This regularity, and this charm proceed from principles, distinct enough, but very few in number. These are inevitable and it is well to have a precise knowledge of them, to distinguish them, and reduce them to their simplest elements. It is such a satisfaction also to unravel what is infinitely complicated, and reduce all to a few points so that they shall stand like an alphabet to be used again in endless combinations.

All measurement by time, even the most scientific, depends upon rhythmic, regularly returning results. In the regular interchange of accented and unaccented sounds in music and poetry we obtain the rhythm. Rhythm is not the external alone, it is the innermost nature of its power of expression, and gives it its distinctive character.

The ear always expects that which is measured and perfect. If maimed it is defrauded of something due. Fair and comely words are more pleasing and graceful. If measures are rough and ill-formed the composition will be debased. It is the rhythm as well as ideas. It may be good or bad, stilting, regular, undecided, or limping, but words of themselves will fall into expressive groups accordingly.

Pauses form their part also. Long pauses make it seem spontaneous, like thinking, and divide sentences into clauses, which makes one seem to define what is said.

The delicacy of the Grecian ear would not excuse, even in an orator, the false quantity of a single syllable.

Shakespeare is full of varieties of rhythm, and it is so perfect that you may be almost sure that you do not understand the real force of a line if it does not run well as you read it. He evidently wrote with all the feelings of the most sensitive mu-

sician. Shakespeare's rhythm is dramatic, Milton's epic, and he also wrote in mathematically perfect measure. When you can scan and read Shakespeare and Milton you can read anything. In contrast to these Schiller's blank verse might be cited as bad. The necessary mental pause after every hemi-stich or imperfect line, is always equal to the time that would have been taken in reading the complete verse.

A cultivated, even a good ear, will find no difficulty in placing the strong expressions in musical order so that they shall fall upon the accented part of the bar. These words, where properly sustained by the voice, invariably convey the sense; and into them, *when* we speak with feeling we infuse the instinctive tone, especially if the vocal organs are healthy. If not so, they can be made strong by breath-training—which should accompany the practice of rhythmus. To the weak it exchanges a painful for an agreeable and strengthening exercise.

Our animal existence is regulated by our pulse, and we seem to have an instinctive sense of rhythmus; all people feel it for it is their nature. The swing of the arm is beating time; cursing, swearing, and many other unmeaning expressions are merely to fill the measure, and to round the rhythmical period. From this when we mean to measure motions or sounds continued or interrupted, we must pre-suppose an exact periodical pulsation, as regular as the pulse or even a pendulum, the velocity of which we can vary at our pleasure as we would choose to quicken or slacken the movement. Not necessarily *loud* and *soft*; mere wafture of the hand is better in music, than with the foot. It is conception in the mind. It is not simply bars of two syllables, but cadences of heavy and light, by rhythmus. It is instinctive not rational. There is a natural propensity in the mind to apply number and measure to everything we hear and see. Through the sense indiscriminately; through the intellect by measure and number which is instinctive. This is the foundation of pulsation. The beating of our pulse, which we feel when we are silent and inactive, prones us to rhythmical divisions even in the series of our thoughts. Our steps succeed in the government of rhythmical pulsation, and the measure may then be, at our option, fast or slow.

A man may walk fast or slow for convenience or pleasure and the causes may be various. If the pulse governs, pace and coincidence must be kept with the systole and diastole of the heart. Quadrupeds have a rhythmus of their own. Listen to the regularity of sound from a horse's hoofs on the pavement, or on a bridge. Quantity does not govern rhythmus but is subservient; but pauses make an essential part. If one stops when not required, or too long or too short, he offends the ear as well as the understanding.

If we listen to our own step we find it equal and irregular. Probably the time in which we walk is governed by the action of the heart. To walk fast gives a sense of hurry—slow, loitering. The same effect is produced in speaking. We are sooner out of breath when we run in a pace not in unison with the pulse or the lungs. The heart seems to be an interior pendulum, and the arms exterior pendulums to the step. The most uncivilized nations step exactly. Soldiers are compelled to an exact pace; and armies to the greatest regularity, in time of a march. Stage-coach men know the time of day with the regularity of a watch by attention to the pace of their horses. Clocks in shops will stop those that beat in irregular time and set a-going those that beat accurately. Watches are differently affected by different persons wearing them. In some instances certain watches carried by persons of a peculiar gait, are absolutely useless as to their keeping time; and it is only when the proper correspondence between the step of the person, and the movement of a watch can be determined that such a person can depend upon the hour noted. This principle also governs the action of the pedometer or walking watch.

Now, notwithstanding the necessity of accurate judgment all this regularity would seem to indicate, yet the less the ear is made sensible of anything mechanical in the giving or keeping the time the more deeply will the mind be penetrated with the feelings intended to be awakened. A regularity of measure is demanded, and whether the suspense be upon the note or the rest, its duration may generally be ascertained to be of a fixed and determinate length. When the pause is upon a rest, an interval of repose is given to the ear, by which it is refreshed

for new impressions. Sometimes its effect is to raise the mind to an idea of vastness. It even gives language to silence itself. The pause should be sparingly used, for a too frequent repetition tortures and destroys the melody. This dead silence for a few seconds followed by a rush of excitement, is sometimes nearly all the senses can bear.

In savage life we find an innate fondness for rhythm, illustrated in part by Indian jugglers with their cups and balls—rhythm of movement. The balls are of different weight, the hollow and jingling being the more easily caught.

In dancing, savages simply clap the hands to keep time. A hammer let fall upon an anvil rebounds and dances in rhythmic triplets. In language it regulates the flow of words; in dancing the movements of the feet and body.

Sentiment and passion are expressed by measured steps, by regulated motions of the body, and graceful gestures; all of which can be successfully produced by that law—rhythm. Poetry is regular rhythm, prose irregular. Long and short syllables in poetry is termed metre; in prose, number. Metre, although adapted to the idea, yet appears as something independent, and seeks to attract attention to itself, aside from the thoughts and feelings expressed through it. It not merely determines with the greatest exactness the number and succession of long and short syllables, but it also separates them into individual metrical members. If this difference is not duly marked, it is made by limiting the number of syllables to the line and by rhyme. Number, on the contrary, remains subordinate to the thought, and prose is considered faulty, if by a succession of tones too striking, the attention is attracted from the matter to the form. Rhythm and metre give to poetry a higher accent, a calm sublimity, a broad, sustained tone, which elevates the spirit above common life.

Some syllables take more time, some words are less important, and some sentences are to be said slower or quicker. Observe the difference of time even in these words, bit, bet, bat, bot, but.

A sentence should possess rhythm, though not metre; for then it will become verse; and its very rhythm should be with-

out preciseness. This will be the case if, up to a certain point, it be preserved.

All speech falls naturally under emphatical divisions, which may be marked by bars as in music.

Our breathing, the beating of the pulse, and our walking, make the divisions of time by pointed and regular cadences, both familiar and natural. It consists mainly of two movements, light and heavy, or, action and reaction like pulsation. The light is like lifting the foot; the heavy, like putting it down.

If we count on the fingers every step in walking we find that this light and heavy action of every other step is a pace. This division of the *step* by two, and the *pace* by four, naturally arises from the walk of a sound man.

The halting of a lame man makes a pace of *six*; one foot resting longer on the ground by that difference. The voice halts in the same manner.

The Greeks used the term from the action of walking. Fast time, fast walking; slow time, slow motions. Three syllables to a second or even two and a half, taking the necessary pauses. Pause is as much an element as sound. As a general rule the *weight* and percussion of the voice falls on the heavy syllables of nouns and verbs to a greater extent than on the other words. The verb is the soul of the sentence. To prevent sing-song in poetry, in whatever time, we give the down beat only on the heavy syllables.

The succession of words as a whole melody should express the sense and sentiment. It is artificial and yet defeated if it appear so. It should be done without apparent effort, and it is spoiled if it be done otherwise. The rhetorical *form* must be subservient to the spirit which dictates its use. In figures, and imagery the spirit should be kept constantly in view, which is the precise object of emphasis. Some, however, are more *correct* than fervent.

You should watch every tone and quantity even to elements, so that due preponderacy of quantity and inflection may be

given where needed, as the only efficient preservative against a timeless chattering, or drawling, or sing-song.

True rhythm is by persuasive impulses, protracted or accelerated quantities, but with great skill. One should be cautious of reading careless, crude or dissonant writers, unless to know what to avoid.

One of the simplest pieces of perfect art is the stroke of an oar in true time. The perfectness of the stroke implies an accurate knowledge of power and the having met resistance repeatedly with greater and greater rightness of adaptation to the end. To row in a *beautiful manner* implies practice under resolved discipline—submission to system, and signifies a moral and intellectual purpose.

From the very structure and action of the vocal organs we see this alternation is inherent in all spoken language. Action and re-action are constantly going on which regulates our speech. Stammering proceeds from irregularity.

Many persons naturally carry out this poise without instruction, especially those possessed of strong feelings, lively imaginations, and warm temperaments; those of cold, lethargic, unimpassioned temperaments, or languid health, have but little action and reaction, and hence poise is inadequately maintained and the delivery tame and feeble, void of expression.

Rhythm constitutes one of the most interesting features. Experience has shown that it can be correctly taught. It is as natural as breathing. It is the abuse and not the just application. It is not a fanciful contrivance, but the necessary result of our physical economy; the written exponent of what takes place beyond our control; the accommodating to the necessities of respiration and pulsation the best possible utterance of written language. It is founded in nature. It will not mislead but correct the ear.

The ancient orators bestowed incredible pains not alone upon the choice of words, but upon their metrical arrangement. Cicero quoted a few words from a speech which were so exquisitely selected and collocated that they almost brought his hearers to their feet.

It is the melody of a sentence which makes it cut into the mind, causes it to penetrate deeply, and ring in the ears.

Let one brood over the finest parts of Shakespeare, Milton, the poets and prose writers, until his mind is filled with them and he can recite from them at will, and he will insensibly adopt their style and language, and imitate them. Pitt read and re-read Barrow's sermons to get copiousness of language. Burke abounds with gems from Virgil and Milton. The discipline and customs of social life tend to crush emotion. Literature alone is brimful of feeling. Webster read not many books. Shakespeare, Milton and Burke he seems to have read till their ideas were held in his own mind in constant solution. He always prepared his speeches as if mentally facing his audience.

There is a general neglect of the study, even to total ignorance. Yet all persons who speak with an agreeable smoothness and facility, speak in metrical measure on genuine principles ; and this comes from simple perceptions of nature and feeling, and is not a jargon of mere erroneous theory.

Improper measure, or scanning, is what gives the harsh and labored elocution of artificial speakers, which so offends the ear of taste and sensibility. The indication of such a division comes from an absolute organic action in the man. Natural instinct ought to dictate, but it is not always done because of ill-directed effort when primarily learning. It is unconsciously done by good speakers ; a measure, and slight interruptive rests. Where there is no measure, there is no smoothness, or harmony, and this produces hesitancy. The finest verse is often ostentatiously mis-delivered. It is from abstract, to rhetorical rhythmus, by sentiment, pause, emphasis, and quantity ; but all is on the simple, original principle. One should read and speak language as it is scanned, for rhythmus is given even to conversation, but in proportion, grace and harmony. One should comprehend and cultivate the highest graces of utterance. To this end it is best for beginners to study verse at first, of the simplest, most perfect, fixed and determinate character ; but even prose is good if not too varied. Prose is most likely to continually vary. The meaning should *appear* to be the only object, and the harmony, even when most perfect, seem incidental, unsought.

The reader is not to *make the verse*, but to take care not to *mar* it. Do not humor it. The manner should be a comment on the matter. There should be a true perception of its character and an adaptation to its qualities. Different authors have different qualities, different measure, and their meaning will be marred if the tune is not attended to. Rhythm is of the utmost simplicity, and has an universality of application.

Rhythm—Versification—Scanning.

EXAMPLES IN VERSE AND PROSE.

“It is a mystery which we firmly believe the truth of, and humbly adore the depth of.” The language here is expressive but not harmonious, not only because each clause ends with the sign of the genitive case, deemed inaccurate, but because it is composed of base and feeble numbers, pyrrhics and trochees, which by a small transposition of the words, might easily be avoided, as thus : “It is a mystery the truth whereof we firmly believe, and the depth of which we humbly adore.” According to this disposition of the words, the sentence is composed altogether of strong and generous feet, viz., iambics and anapæsts. Long and liquid monosyllables make a good cadence, as *ease*, *same*, *shine*, and the preceding word *adore*.

1. *Monometer* ; 2. *Dimeter* ; 3. *Trimeter* ; 4. *Tetrameter* ; 5. *Pentameter* ; 6. *Hexameter* ; 7. *Heptameter*.

TWO SYLLABLES.

IAMBUS, (plain) *Betráy, cónsist, wát pláce, thee nó.*

TROCHEE, (tripping) *Hatefú, pèttish, ín the, ón the.*

SPONDEE, *Bold yóuth, weak wíngs, dark níght.*

PYRRHIC, *Thát ón, (hap)-píly, ón the, (beau)-ties óf.*

THREE SYLLABLES.

ANAPÆST, *Contravéne, acquiesce, bú in váin, may I còme.*

DACTYLE, *Laborer, pòssible, fróm the hígh, pleásures óf.*

AMPHIBRACH, *Delíghtfú, dómestic, there ís a, the seáson.*

THE CÆSURAL PAUSE.

{ And, | to their proper operation || still
 { Ascribe all good, || to their improper, | ill.

BRISK, (after 4th syl.) On her white breast, || a sparkling cross.

SMOOTH, (after 5th syl.) Eternal sunshine || of the spotless mind.

{ GRAVE, (after 6th syl.) Of all the Grecian woes, || O goddess, sing!
 { ALEXANDRINE, (7th syl.) And in the smooth description || murmur still.

Trochaic verse is in reality only defective *Iambic*; that is, *Iambic* wanting the first syllable.

Thou)	$\overline{V}i$	$\overline{t}a\overline{l}$ $\overline{s}p\overline{a}r\overline{k}$	$\overline{o}f$ $\overline{h}e\overline{a}v\overline{e}n$	$\overline{l}y$ $\overline{f}l\overline{a}m\overline{e}$.
	$\overline{V}i\overline{t}a\overline{l}$	$\overline{s}p\overline{a}r\overline{k}$ $\overline{o}f$	$\overline{h}e\overline{a}v\overline{e}n\overline{l}y$	$\overline{f}l\overline{a}m\overline{e}$.

1	7	2	6	3	5	4	4	5	3	6	2	7	1	
The	$\overline{m}a\overline{i}d,$	$\overline{e}n$	And	$\overline{w}i\overline{n}$	To	$\overline{w}o\overline{o}$	I	$\overline{c}a\overline{m}e$	from	$\overline{f}a\overline{r}$	When	$\overline{f}i\overline{r}st$	How	$\overline{b}l\overline{i}t\overline{h}e$.

1	7	2	6	3	5	4	4	5	3	6	2	7	1	
How	$\overline{b}l\overline{i}t\overline{h}e$	When	$\overline{f}i\overline{r}st$	from	$\overline{f}a\overline{r}$	I	$\overline{c}a\overline{m}e$	to	$\overline{w}o\overline{o}$	and	$\overline{w}i\overline{n}$	the	$\overline{m}a\overline{i}d,$	$\overline{e}n$

HEROICS, (Stately.) FIVE IAMBICS.

How $\overline{l}o\overline{v}e\overline{d}$, | how $\overline{v}a\overline{l}$ | ued $\overline{o}n\overline{c}e$ || $\overline{a}v\overline{a}i\overline{l}s$ | thee $\overline{n}o\overline{t}$.

DACTYLE is only the Anapæst with the omission of the first two unaccented syllables.

$\overline{A}s$ $\overline{t}h\overline{e}y're$) | $\overline{D}r\overline{a}w\overline{n}$ from the | $\overline{f}o\overline{u}n\overline{t}a\overline{i}n$ of | $\overline{m}e\overline{r}c\overline{y}$ and | $\overline{l}o\overline{v}e$.

ANAPÆST, At the $\overline{c}l\overline{o}se$ | of the $\overline{d}a\overline{y}$ | when the $\overline{h}a\overline{m}$ | let is $\overline{s}t\overline{i}ll$.

AMPHIBRACH, { With $\overline{s}t\overline{o}r\overline{m}$ - $\overline{d}a\overline{r}$ | $\overline{i}n\overline{g}$ $\overline{p}i\overline{n}i\overline{o}n$ | and $\overline{s}u\overline{n}$ - $\overline{g}a\overline{z}$ | $\overline{i}n\overline{g}$ $\overline{e}y\overline{e}$.
 { There is a | bleak $\overline{d}e\overline{s}e\overline{r}t$ | where $\overline{d}a\overline{y}l\overline{i}g\overline{h}t$ | grows $\overline{w}e\overline{a}r\overline{y}$.

IAMBIC MEASURES.

MONOMETER—One *Iambus*.

$\overline{H}i\overline{s}$ $\overline{w}i\overline{t}$,		<i>Extra syllable hypercatalectic meter.</i>
With $\overline{s}m\overline{a}r\overline{t}$,		\overline{I} $\overline{s}a\overline{i}d$, (while,
Has $\overline{h}i\overline{t}$,		The $\overline{m}o\overline{o}n's$ (smile.
My $\overline{h}e\overline{a}r\overline{t}$.		$\overline{C}o\overline{m}p\overline{l}a\overline{i}n$ (ing.

DIMETER—two Iambuses, (acatalectic.)

Our ai ry feet,	Assumes the god,
So light and fleet.	Affects to nod.
The soul refined	A joy— a fear;
Is most inclined.	A smile— a tear.

DIMETER—Hyp. cat. met.

Could love forev(er	Upon a moun(tain
Run like a riv(er	Beside a foun(tain
To halls of splen(dor	No oth er pleas(ure
Through light more ten(der	With this could meas(ure.

TRIMETER, a. m.

Go rust | ling on | their way.
 The pres | ent is | our own.
 Unfail | ing, gen | tle pure.

TRIMETER, h. c. m.

'Twas when | the seas | were roar | ing.
 And how | can man | die bet(ter.
 Our hearts | no long | er lan(guish.

TETRAMETER.

Born like | the lil | y where | the dew.
 And Vir | tue is | the child | of sense.
 Find out | the peace | ful her | mitage.

TETRAMETER, h. c. m.

Her heart | is like | a fad | ed flow(er.
 The Turk | man lay | beside | the riv(er.

PENTAMETER, *a. m.* *Heroic and Composite.* *Milton, Shakespeare, Pope, Byron, etc.* *Blank verse and Epic poems.*

Ō ūn | expec | ed strok | worse than | of death!
 Be wise | to-day, | 'tis mad | ness to | defer.
 Honor | and shame | from no | condi | tion rise.

PENTAMETER, *h. c. m.*

Day-stars, | that ope | your eyes | with morn | to twink(le.
 Con | sumed | my brain | to ash | es as | it won | (me.

HEXAMETER—*Alexandrine.*

The praise | of Bac | chus then | the sweet | musi | cian sung.
 The seas | shall waste | the skies | in smoke | decay.

HEPTAMETER.

The Lord | descend | ed from | above, | and bowed | the heav | 'ns high.
 { When all | thy mer | cies O, | my God, |
 { My rising soul | surveys.

HEPTAMETER, *h. c. m.*

So gen | tle El | len now | no more | could make | the sad | house cheer(y.

TROCHAIC—MONOMETER, *a. and h. c. m.* (*no dignity.*)

Turn ing.		Tu mult (cease.		Shrieks of (woe.
Chang ing.		Sink to (peace.		Hol low (groans.

DIMETER, *a. and h. c. m.*

Hope is banished.		In the days of (old.
Are but trials.		Stars that shine and (fade.

TRIMETER, *a. and h. c. m.*

All the | soul of | feeling. | Heaving | upwards | to the (sight.

TETRAMETER (*uncommon.*)

Round us | wars the | tempest | louder.
Sat a | farmer, | ruddy, | fat and (fair.

PENTAMETER—*a. and h. c. m.*

Narrowing | into | where they | sat as | seemed
Low, vo | luptuous | music | winding | trembled.

HEXAMETER.

Up the | dewy | mountain | health is | sounding | lightly.

HEPTAMETER.

When the | centu | ries be | hind me | like a | fruitful | land reposed.

ANAPÆSTIC—(MONOMETER AND DIMETER.)

In a sweet	In my rage, shall be seen
Resonance	The revenge of a queen.
All their feet	And the riv er how deep.
In the dance.	

TRIMETER (*a. and h. c. m.*)

(Very pleasing for cheerful, or solemn subjects.)

How the night | ingales war | ble their loves!
Though the day | of my des | tiny over.

TETRAMETER, *a. and h. c. m.*

+) The plen | tiful mois | ture encum | bered the flower.
If they rule | it shall be | o'er our ash | es and graves
When a prince | to the fate | of a peas | ant has yielded.

DACTYLIC (MONOMETER AND DIMETER, *uncommon.*)

Think of it.	Rash and un dutiful
Drink of it,	Come as the winds come, when
Fearfully.	Free from sa tiety.

TRIMETER, *a. and h. c. m.*

Brighter than | summer green's | carpeting.
 Earth has no | sorrows that | Heaven can not (heal.

TETRAMETER.

From the low | pleasures of | this fallen | nature +
 Cold is thy | heart and as | frozen as | charity.
 Boys will an | ticipate | lavish and | dissipate.

PENTAMETER.

Land of the | beautiful, | land of the | generous, | hail to thee.

HEXAMETER.

Land of the | beautiful, | land of the | generous, | hail to thee, | heartily.

HEPTAMETER.

All that of | fendeth, that | lieth, that | faileth to | honor him | glorious.

AMPHIBRACH, MONOMETER AND DIMETER.

Hearts beating	The black bands came over
At meeting ;	The Bourbon forever.
Tears starting.	
At parting.	

TRIMETER.

A conquest | how hard and | how glorious.

TETRAMETER.

With storm dar | ing pinion | and sun gaz | ing eye +
 There is a | bleak desert | where daylight | grows weary.

Accent on short syllables is inelegant if not incorrect.

Ex.—As a | friend thank | him, and | with joy | see him.

Most melodious when long and short syllables.

Ex.—At the close | of the day | when the ham | let is still.

FAULTY MEASURE.

And the mountains will echo industry's glad song.

FAULTY RHYME.

And now, where shade and fountain (*meet*,
Herds of horses and cattle (*feed*.

Reject words if accent falls wrongly.

Perh  ps like *m  * he *flounders out* a *line*,

And *begins* another—there stops—(*wrong*.)

Long syllable next to accent, is made short and has no accent.

West(ward) the *c  urse* of *em*(pire) *takes* its *way*

Word accent need not receive poetic accent, if it is harsh.

Whilst our *maidens* shall *dance* with their *white* (waving) *arms*,

(Singing) *joy* to the *brave* that delivered their *charms*.

COMBINATION OF MEASURES.

COMPOSITE VERSE.

Changes of accent allowable at the chief pauses—(apparent irregularities.)

ANAPÆST.

or

TROCHAIC.

But in vain

But in vain

They complain

They complain.

SPONDEE.

There soon | the sufferer sinks to rest.

SPONDEE.

IAMBUS.

Hail long | lost Peace! | hail, dove | -eyed maid | divine.

PYRRHIC.

If aught be wel | come to | our sylvan shed,

Be it the trav'l | er who | has lost his way.

The flowers I often wa | tered with | my tears.

SPONDEE. IAMBUS. PYRRHIC. IAMBUS. IAMBUS.

Go pi | ous off- | spring and | restrain | those tears.

DACTYLE. IAMBUSES.

Murmuring, | and with | him fled | the shades | of night.

AMPHIBRACH. IAMBUS.

IAMBUSES.

O'er many | a froz | en, many a | fier | y Alp (?)

SPONDEE. TRIBRACH.

IAMBUSES.

Innu | merable | before | th' Almigh | ty throne.

IAMBICS AND ANAPÆSTS.

*We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning.*

*'Twas the battle-field; and the cold, pale moon
Looked down on the dead and dying;*

*It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea.*

ALL THE FEET.

<i>Go where glory waits thee,</i>	<i>Of in the still night,</i>
<i>But when fame elates thee</i>	<i>'Ere slumber's chain has bound me,</i>
<i>Oh! still remember me.</i>	<i>Fond Memory brings the light.</i>

*Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime.*

Robert of Lincoln is telling his name

Nearly all the feet in the stanzas from which this is taken.

Sometimes last syllable, first in first foot of next line.

*On the cold | cheek of death | smiles and ro | ses are blend(ing,
+ And beau- | ty immor- | tal awakes | from the tomb.*

The *Heroic* measure is sometimes mixed for variety with others (even with Alexandrines, but sparingly), An., Tr., Dac., etc., etc.

Bŭt *fix'd* | his *wórd*, | his *sáv* | ing *pów'r* | *remai'ns*

Tŷ *réalm* | *forev* | er *lasts*, | tŷ *own* | *Messí* | aŷ *reígn*s.

Vowels make the accent equal to *quantity* (or *pause*.)

O'er *héaps* | of *ru'*- | ins *stalk'd* | the *státe*- | lŷ *hínd*.

Consonants need quantity as compensation for the short syllables.

Then *rúst* | ling, *cráck*- | ling, *crásh* | ing, *thún*- | dër *dówn* (except the last syllable.

Blank verse free from rhyme (in Hexameter) bold, forcible. Tragedy (or even an epic poem) is degraded by rhyme.

FINE VERSIFICATION.

Pope's Rape of the Lock, Eloisa to Abelard—Fine, elegant rhyme, etc.

PASTORAL.

Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd—Taste, genius. Shenstone.

LYRIC.

Pindar, Sappho, Anacreon, (Horace immortal.)

(MEASURE) INCORRECT BLANK VERSE.

And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

SPENSERIAN STANZA.

Byron's Childe Harold (9 lines Iambic pentameter, the last hexameter.)

IAMBIC TETRAMETER.

Lady of the Lake, Marmion, Mazeppa.

IAMBIC (PENTAMETER.)

Gray's Elegy in Church-yard, Pope's Essay on Man, and his Iliad and Odyssey.

For exercises to change sentences into measure, to find rhyming words, etc., consult Quackenbos' Rhetoric, Parker's Aids, etc.

Poetry.

It is not to be read exactly like prose ; poetry without song is a body without a soul. It is to be made beautiful, elevated ; but it is exceedingly hard, in so doing, to avoid canting tones. There must be a compromise between sense and sound. If doubtful change it to prose and read it, then back to verse. Do not be too natural, do not lose the verse entirely. Too familiar becomes prosy and dull ; easy and natural, almost concealing the *blank verse*, but not losing the fine rhythmical effect. It is to move the soul, to charm the ear. Were there no *cæsura*, verse would be merely simple melody. It is difficult to read on account of the pause of melody and the pause of sense ; it must be from ear and understanding.

Poetry is thought, feeling, expression, imagination, action, character, continuity, all in the largest sense. It must be visible to the *mind's* eye, like music without sound. It is suggestiveness, range, intellectual wealth, combination of images, a triumph over space and time.

Regular sounds in poetry are apt to pall, without well-judged variety in reading them. One weighty, significant touch when seasonably introduced may produce a shiver of awful delight. Some want of pains and run into the wildest irregularities. It should *sometimes* be even like a thunderbolt, but yet be decorous.

Poetry to one who conceives it falsehood, is expressionless. Even in prose, to be fittingly rendered, one must dwell on the spirit, if not the letter of poetry. It is by the process of assimilation to the moods that one becomes poetical and imaginative in expression.

The Bible.

The Scriptures should be read as inspired prophecies ; as if face to face with the invisible. You should have the mind intent on the meaning and utter accordingly. The Bible has the choicest specimens, and he who knows no other book and enters into its inspiration must be eloquent.

In religious rites have the natural voice and not a style to extinguish germ.

PART II.

EXERCISE — HEALTH.

INACTION generates disorders ; all parts of the body fall into relaxation, disabling the members, and taking away the vigorous tone of fibre requisite for carrying on the necessary secretions. In this state the nerves are liable to become unbraced ; and melancholy and dejection follow. The best remedy is labor, exercise. Labor preserves the coarser organs, and by them are sustained the finer and more delicate and, still further, on them is upheld the imagination. A man speaks ill when suffering. He may speak by *will* at such a time, but the after-effect, to the body, is injurious. One should have a sound constitution, good digestion, robust chest and limbs, and have them kept in good condition, by rigorous discipline, like the old athletes.

Favorable moods depend on vitality, and can be commanded by attention to regimen, food, sleep and exercise. Athena desired to make Penelope bright and beautiful, and to do away with the signs of waiting and grief. She laid her into a deep sleep, loosed all her limbs, made her taller, smoother, fatter, and whiter than sawn ivory, and breathed ambrosial brightness over her face. This comes of fresh air, and sound sleep at night.

Vitality gives keenness and brilliancy even to tips of fingers. Its want makes one dry, mechanical, insincere, powerless.

It is best at times to be robust and radiant with great volumes of warmth and animal heat. Mental excitement wears down the body faster than muscular labor. Whatever agitates and disturbs the mind embarrasses the nervous system. Vexation hurries the action of the heart, but lessens its powers.—

impairs the appetite, and impedes digestion ; interferes with the lungs and creates difficult respiration. A good preventive is to cultivate joy rationally. This with proper exercise increases the action of the respiratory functions and tends to a removal of low and desponding states, by making a more general distribution of the blood, from its more heightened *oxydation*, by which all the vital functions acquire increased energy.

Food—Condition.

One should have regular habits, be prudent as to health, and eat *substantially* of *wholesome food*. *Oily food, fat meat* is *especially, positively* necessary for actors and singers, to *counteract* the rapid *oxygenation* of the blood that ensues upon unusual vocal effort. Children are *pale* and *chilly* that do *not* eat fat meat, and they *must* be *taught* to *relish* and not be allowed to go without it, or premature death from phthisis may be the result. This insufficient use of oily food is a common and most *injurious* and *dangerous* error of diet. Consider health and a good constitution above all. Have all in tune ; body, heart, muscles and emotions. Energy is the soul and it depends on health. Teachers need to dissipate “fatigue blood” by plenty of open air exercise, and deep breathing.

Out-door life is action, expression ; in-door is repose, reflection. The change from one to the other is grateful. It should be alternate relaxation. The playful are the most vivacious, and manly ; uniting sweetness to gravity. It should not be effeminacy with unnatural softness.

Wilberforce battling all day long for God and humanity, then home to amuse his children with play and stories, happy as a swallow. Buxton hunting abuses in parliament, then on the heath with his dog and gun. Granville playing on human sympathies, then on the flute.

There is a time to weep and to weep long, and a time to laugh and to laugh exuberantly. We work our souls down and then build them up again. We must unbend to be elastic ; we must not always drudge. There is absolute need of recreation. It must be had.

A Greek was not satisfied with doing the right thing; he must enjoy doing it; and to be certain of this, he kept his vital organs in a healthful condition. His artistic training was a help to him.

It is almost impossible to kill a man by honest hard work, but you can worry him to death in a very short time. It is the nervous, not the muscular system that gives out. Some people sing at their work and live long; others fret at their work and soon wear out. One song is better than many tears.

A mental shock, a mechanical injury, an exposure to cold, a strain, a deprivation of food beyond the usual time of taking food—any of these causes, and others similar, are sufficient to cause an organic wreck, which, left to its own fate, would soon break up from progressive internal failure of vital power. Another cause for the undue shortening of life is the intense mental strain prevalent among literary men, artists, and other classes. If not a new feature in society, this mental strain is at least more conspicuous than formerly, because the struggle to attain rewards is greater and more dependent on individual exertion than it seems to have been in past and less exacting times. In short, the derangement of the nervous system leads to no end of functional derangements in the heart, stomach, and so on, in all which are found reasons why so many of our most eminent notabilities are removed ere they reach fourscore. They fall victims to a heedless, certainly unfortunate, overtasking of the brain. Medical men in high practice, though well aware of the dangers of professional exhaustion, are not always exempt from the charge of being careless of their own health. The wiser among them endeavor to limit their hours of work, and at the proper season retreat to the country for the sake of invigorating rural sports. The practice among people in business of taking a month's holiday at the seaside, or some inland healthful resort, has the same beneficial tendency.

It is wonderful how much may be done to protract existence by the restorative of sound sleep. Late hours, under mental strain, are, of course, incompatible with this solacement. It is painful to trace the beginnings of pulmonary consumption to late hours at "unearthly balls and evening parties," by which

rest is broken and encroachments made on the constitution. If in middle age the habit of taking deficient and irregular sleep be still maintained, every source of depression, every latent form of disease, is quickened and intensified. The sleepless exhaustion allies itself with all other processes of exhaustion, or it kills imperceptibly, by a rapid introduction of premature old age, which leads directly to premature dissolution. Many people die earlier than they ought. They violate the primary principle of taking a regular night's rest. If they sleep, it is disturbed. They dream; they do not sleep soundly; wild imaginative notions pass through the brain while half-sleeping or dozing. In dreaming there is no proper or restorative rest.

Day-time Sleep.

One should not sleep in the day-time to make up lost hours, but rather always if possible, retire early. Use a hair mattress, spare bed-clothing, bathe often, make free use of cold water. Do not eat beyond requirements, every particle is an incumbrance. The digestive organs will not convert all into blood. The improvement of the general health tends to improve the voice. Generally, use nothing for the vocal organs; they will take care of themselves. Acids, and astringents, also muffling up the throat and chest, all are bad. It should be daily exercise and rest when tired. Deep breathing induces sleep at night.

Sunlight.

The total exclusion of the sun's beams induces an impoverished state of the blood, muscular debility, dropsical effusion, softening of the bones, nervous excitability, irritability of the heart, loss of appetite, consumption, physical deformity, stunted growth, mental impairment, premature old age.

Many persons keep themselves pale and sickly by means of parasols, umbrellas, shaded rooms, and in-door life generally. Parasols should be dispensed with excepting in the hottest weather.

Those who are ever in the pure air and sunlight, and chil-

dren who play much out of doors, generally present a ruddy, healthy appearance. Where there is sun there is thought. All physiology goes to confirm this. Where there is shade there is degeneracy and weakness. The sun is the dispenser of power and beauty.

Massage.

The "massage" treatment, which is little understood in this country, is the vigorous manipulation, or kneading, pinching, rolling, and pulling of the skin and muscles, until the whole surface of the body, except the face, has been submitted to a process of "terrible tractoration." The effect of massage is to stimulate the skin, and to give tension and firmness to the flabby muscles. After a short course of treatment, the nails become pink, the veins show where before none were to be seen, the larger vessels grow fuller, and the whole tint of the limbs clear and transparent.

We move our active members merely for the sake of moving them, prompted by an inward power. When refreshed and in high health this spontaneous force is at its height; feeble health and exhaustion reduce it to zero. Every day much of this overflow runs to waste or may be turned to good account. Our wants, pains, or pleasures determine its direction, and by their stimulation increase its amount. One rises to his utmost when the fund of natural power is high, and when he is under a powerful emotion; such as the energy of a race, of acting, or of an adventure of great moment. Men of large muscles are likely to display a great amount of muscular movement, useful or athletic.

Muscle is not the chief source of natural energy. Even in the man of giant powers, the brain counts for something. Besides the muscles, a certain share of power is due to cerebral currents flowing to them, and derivable in their physical source from the nutrition supplied to the nervous substance. In many cases the activity may be more owing to the quality of the brain than the muscles, or indolence might be the characteristic. It may be after all owing to the quality of the brain that comes

the activity, but the co-operation of a good muscular system will bring about a much greater result, more sustained and vigorous in enduring power.

The last and most irresistible charm of genius is the easy curbing of expenditure which is the divine girdle of art. The bewitchment of the fairest of the goddesses lay in her cestus. The enchanting cestus of art is continence around strength. Human nature flung back on its elemental experiences, in their extremest energy, breaks loose from such restrictions.

Vitality—Exercise, Bodily.

Mental physiology shows an agreement of functional action between the cerebro-spinal and ganglionic systems, constituting *nervous unity*, which is essential to mental health and which is manifested by correct senses. If the cerebral functions are in *excess*, the functions of organic life, circulation, respiration, digestion, assimilation, and secretion, become impaired; during which visions, mania, and delusions may occur, with irritability; if the animal and vital functions are in excess, the cerebral and intellectual faculties may become weakened. Excessive mental action withdraws and diverts the nervous power from other parts to the brain, and thereby exhausts the organic and vital system, induces indigestion and sleeplessness, which are common precursors to insanity. The same with a large brain and small, weak animal powers; but, if there are large vital and physical organs with the circulating, respiratory and digestive functions vigorous, the nervous *equilibrium*, if exhausted by cerebral action, is easily restored, having so much vitality to afford recuperation.

The ganglionic, sympathetic, and cerebro-spinal systems, like the cerebral, are characterized, in their organical structure, by medullary fascicoli, fibrous bundles, and coils; and also by a grey cineritious matter and nucleated cells; but *more especially by the ganglionic globules*. The ganglia, coils, and plexuses, form nervous magazines, or batteries, to generate and accumulate *nerve force*; and the grey organic fibres are found to ac-

company the sentient fibres, which intermix with and constitute the sympathetic ganglia and subserve to their concentric and peripheral distribution, perhaps as well as to their organic functions.

The whole strength and subtlety of the body is health. It is the force of a strong arm from the shoulder, as well as the most delicate touch of the fingers. It must be full, fine strength, to have art executively noble. It should be delicate restraint, with vigorous impulse ; not ineffectual sensibility. Fine art is not essentially athletic.

The appearances that most decisively indicate degrees of quality are chiefly *quickness* and vigor of the movements generally. When a vehement, bustling activity accompanies a lively demonstrative manner in all that regards the expression of feeling, and a rapidity of thought and conception, as seen in quick utterance, ready comprehension, and instantaneous responses, the quality of the brain is doubtless of a better kind, or the temperament is the nervous. The nutrition flows to the nervous substance, placing the muscular system, digestion or other parts below the average, and presenting a feeble frame. In such persons, everything that can rouse a feeling or volition yields a greater return than in others. Their habitual demeanor corresponds to the moments of excitement of other persons. And so great may be the tendency of the system to derive nutriment for its own aggrandizement, that this high pitch of the mental manifestations generally, may be sustained through life; although it too often happens that the drain is in excess of what the general system can bear and leads to fits of exhaustion or even decay of some vital organ. Hence the double meaning '*nervous*.' In one it is a mind of energy in all ways, and is identical with one of the most important modes of human power and superiority; in the other, it bears reference to the impoverishment of the general system, and that is feebleness. Then is the difference in the force of the blow, as well as the whole amount of the spontaneous energy, marking out the persistent type from the more excitable. Such a one will work longer, harder and be more devoted to his pursuit. Whatever he finds to do he will do it with might. This has nothing, how-

ever, to do with the quality. He may do bad work, but he will not be idle. This depends as to undue prominence of the system, and an increase at the expense of the feelings and the intelligence. It is the mere venting of the activity without control for one's best interest and of others. Good is chance, it may be mischief. Mere abundance of natural energy is no security for the profitable employment of it. Much indifferent work, but finishes nothing well. A victim to unbalanced force. Wild rampant, because lacking. No far-sightedness, no concentration of a high order. The desultory will prevail over *distant* considerations. It is, however, one foundation for endurance, patience, courage, and self-reliance, to assist and to resist, to sustain. A feeble endowment succumbs, while it throws off or does not take on fear, which paralyzes. The full swing of action carries conviction; it is only to the sensitive mind that doubts are suggested. Action by itself is blind, and therefore confident. So irresistible are the promptings of the genuinely energetic temperament that a man cannot lie still even in pain.

The active man manifests power, the passive luxuriates in the sentiment. It is the essence of the pure energetic temperament, still to energize, and not to enjoy even the fruits of energy. He is the procuring cause of emotion to others more than to himself.

Mere exercise is straggling, broken, fitful, but drill is regular, symmetric, rhythmical, and has an influence to refine and exalt by economizing and directing the forces, while enhancing them. It is a discipline of art. In its final completeness, corporeal and mental, it gives one an easy confidence, a feeling of competency. It enables one to stand up with a free chest and an alert spirit, and look straight into men's eyes and perform tasks without flurry.

Æsthetic Gymnastics.

A perfected system of æsthetic gymnastics, regulated by the exactest rhythm and fitted to liberate every articulation, to

develop every muscle, and harmonize and exalt every nerve, applied even from childhood, for perfecting men and women for the completest fulfilment, is the great need of the age. Coordinating all our bodily organs and spiritual faculties, unifying the outward organism and the inward consciousness, it would open to men and women the highest conditions of health and inspiration, and raise them towards a loftier estate. The simultaneous education of bodies and souls would make them strong and beautiful, and free and happy in every limb and faculty. The harmonious development of all portions of our being would raise the whole higher than any fragment could be lifted alone. Plato and Sophocles were both crowned victors in the Olympic games.

The ancient Greeks paid the same attention to physical as to mental training. We pay tribute to their excellence, but ignore the *means*. We praise and copy their statuary, but the models were furnished by their system of physical training.

It is not enough to take exercise ; we must gain something and distinguish between the essential and not so. One should persevere in a few wisely directed movements rather than in a large number of vague ones. With such even the weak and debilitated can actually become sturdy. You should have every one of them tend to ease, dignity, and grace, to satisfy the æsthetic sense and have them tell habitually upon the bearing.

It is those whose equilibrium is most unstable who are the most irritable and resentful. It is weakness and insecurity that makes one fretful and quarrelsome. The more gigantic the resources of a man the less tempted he is to put them forth. It is the weakling who is waspish. Whining debility, dyspeptic pallor, and fidgety activity, need a thorough physical regimen to replenish their blood, soothe their nerves, and give a solid equilibrium to their energies. Excessive brain-work cloyes the memory, impoverishes the heart, wearies the soul, destroys the capacity for simple enjoyment. A full force of vitality trans-fuses the elastic frame with an electric consciousness of pleasure and wealth. There is nothing so inexhaustibly fascinating as an exuberant vigor of life in the senses, easily shedding annoy-ances, and readily transmuting everything to good.

Unhappy temper may sometimes be caused by indigestion. A walk of an hour or more in the open air will likely effect a change.

Under morbid states of digestion the memory is impaired, the thoughts wander, and all mental exertion is unsatisfactory.

The memory seems especially affected by physical conditions. Fatigue and exhaustion at times greatly diminish its power.

Health is a large ingredient of talent. A man without it may be a giant in intellect, but his deeds are those of a dwarf. Peel, Brougham, Bright, Gladstone, all prodigious workers at the bar and in the senate, yet have trained their bodies with their intellects.

Without bodily strength and agility all mental culture is but a preparation for disappointment. There is nothing which so taxes, and exhausts the life-force as mental effort. Instead of being pale and delicate, the thinker needs to be stalwart and hardy. It should be health rather than strength. It is a sound constitution with vital power that gives comfort.

THE ATTENTION.

FEW have the power of fixing the mind upon an unattractive subject, and of keeping it fixed till the end is gained.

No truth *can be seen*, no subject understood, unless the mind be *fixed steadily* upon it. Long continued thoughtfulness—meditation—which consists mainly in fixing the attention upon one's work, is absolutely necessary. The first efforts are, however, not always successful. One may begin with vigorous purpose, but yet the mind will wander in another direction. The words may be read even aloud, but no ideas perhaps will come of the thoughts, for while the mind aims at one object, the heart may insensibly be drawn to another. After a *number* of trials, one may be able to keep his attention fixed. A faithful perseverance will ultimately prove successful.

Read first with the purpose of seizing the outline—the framework. Fix attention on the successive thoughts which consti-

tute the train, noting the relation of each one to that which follows. Endeavor to remember each thought by its relation to that which preceded it, and not by the place on the page. Let the successive steps be mentally reviewed by a statement of each point, and then by a statement of the relations they sustain to each other. Perfect thoroughness can be thus secured, and the habit of seizing and retaining trains of thought formed. A person of any power will improve precisely in proportion to his application. We have more power than will. It is mere excuse, generally, that we fancy things impossible. Profound investigation is little more than concentrated, long-continued attention.

Not one in a thousand has enough force and tenacity of character to achieve his purpose. Yet the mere influence of a strong iron will amounts to almost fascination.

With will also, you must have a generous confiding spirit, they are generally allied, if you wish to have the same from others. Insight nor affection is not will. Perception is cold, and goodness dies in wishes. It is often the misfortune of worthy people that they are cowards. There must be a fusion of these two to generate the energy of will. There can be no driving force, except through the conversion of the man into his will, and the will into him. One should be wise to know and bold to perform. What a man works for with downright and persevering honesty, that and the satisfaction of it he shall at last have.

There is only one thing of which no artist can ever tire, merit. The passion for mere popularity grows weak and cold, and dies out in disgust.

Relief or its prospect, is oftentimes the stimulant to labor. In a depressed tone of mind, or with exhausted strength, we are indisposed to activity. Effort begins with conscious amelioration, and is increased as that increases.

Brain Power.

Great mental exertion cannot be safely carried on at the same time with severe bodily exertion, with most persons. The

double tax upon the system is too great. But it is infinitely more injurious to worry, and waste nerve-power in useless vexation. Such feelings consume force and deteriorate nerve-fibre. Yet the mind needs employment, not only for its own sake, but also for that of the organism with which it is intricately involved. Mental inactivity is the occasion of an amount of moral and physical suffering which seems almost incredible. From this proceeds that dreadful irksomeness among the opulent.

But there are not a few who cultivate their intellect in the most eminent degree and neglect needful physical exercise ; they eat and drink as they ought not ; sleep irregularly, and in many ways abuse their bodies, and heedless of admonition they continue on to ruined health and premature decay.

As pure air not only invigorates the body, but likewise animates the mind, man should study in large airy rooms. To some persons mental application is always irksome ; the task of thinking is the most unwelcome to them. To such comes fatigue and exhaustion much sooner ; and the efforts are more injurious than to those of opposite inclinations.

A temperate exercise of the intellect, united with habitual muscular activity, is most favorable to the general health. Close and undivided attention to any one object is apt to be followed by pains and dizziness of the head, palpitations of the heart, general lassitude and prostration, diminished appetite, emaciation, a care-worn countenance ; or, if too long engrossed one may lose the power of seeing it aright or even becoming insane on it.

When the senses have been clogged the person pines for novelty, and a healthful excitement depends on variety. Sameness begets ennui. Even change of scene begets renewed power and susceptibility. Mutation is stamped upon all the works of creation.

There is but one cure for suffering, and that is in extension and variety of action ; and a healthy mind, like a healthy body, should lose consciousness of self in the energy of purpose. Increase of knowledge gives an increased power of gaining knowledge. The will is sometimes reluctant ; but held persistently to its work will do its best every day. If, however, you modify

or methodize, to exhibit self and dexterity, work will in that precise degree be abortive, for at the bottom of all great mistakes lies pride; but with hearty love, and a faithful heart, open to every fancy, in that precise degree, work will be great and good.

The principles of truth, in art, are often involved in doubt and perplexity; and though as fixed and immutable as those of science, they are not impressed with those genuine signatures of demonstrative certainty that force consent.

In works of science, innumerable truths can be demonstrated from a few principles; but in taste, principles are eternally varying with circumstances, so that inattention to the slightest feature will often render a passage absurd, which otherwise would be sublime.

Rules, therefore, are infallible only to those having that discriminating perception which detects the slightest variation. To others, they are mere landmarks, which show nothing.

When art assumes to teach, it is intelligible only as the level of its pupil approaches to its own standard of knowledge. It is sympathetic thought by sympathetic capacity and the innate power of mind is to comprehend.

Before full justice can be done there must be a mental equilibrium. It requires perceptive faculties which look directly to the inner sense; and keen spiritual appreciation, with a peculiarly gifted organization. With such the eye is the window of the soul, and study and experience increase their subtlety and depth of vision. How much more, then, do the faculties of obtuse and indifferent persons need education to enable them to appreciate the entire meaning of art.

It takes years to learn, not genius, for that is not acquired, but clearness, sequence, and precision. To learn to weigh, and investigate; to note filiation, relationship, and to rebuild. Without such aids one gropes, and stumbles; gets entangled in vagueness, and sonorous common-places. It should be single-purposed, straight-forward, and a free play of the faculties; a healthy conception of life; less disturbed, jaded; less deformed spirit; these make the capital traits. The beautiful comes only after long and careful preparatory culture.

Selfishness has founded its system in the lap of the most refined sociality, and we experience all its ills without its affections.

We submit our free judgment to its despotic opinion, our feelings to its fantastic customs, our wills to its seductions; and maintain only our caprice against its solemn rites. Proud self-sufficiency controls the heart of its sympathy; and only in a complete abjuration of sensibility can one find protection against its abuses. With the bonds of civilization the fear of losing smothered even the earnest desire for improvement.

Progression is only a mode of setting the mind in motion and carrying it, in spite of itself, to a point where it will receive a strong impression which would not have struck it unawares or without preparation.

One should never become intoxicated by success to neglect study. Labor is not pleasant to many, but habit makes it a source of high enjoyment. Right habits increase our power to do right and lessen difficulties.

The Memory.—The power of the memory is susceptible of rapid and great improvement. The law of its growth is exercise; the only difficulty is indolence. It is a power that grows strong by the work it does. The more one remembers accurately, the more he can remember. The mind should be exercised in early life in committing to memory. It is not as a substitute for other powers, but for the *exercise* of those powers.

A *retentive* mind is shown in its rapidity in making acquisitions. The *identifying* by the stroke of recall too faint or obscure for men in general.

There are some that make literary work the sport of an enormously active intelligence in other regions of the mind, yet who fall below the average in the emotional sensibilities and those that give character.

The negative of intellect is expressed by the term stupidity. One may be stupid in discrimination of difference, in not retaining impressions, in not seeing agreement among things.

Some begin *everything* and finish nothing. This is mere natural or spontaneous activity; but *mere* feeling, or *mere* in-

tellec exhausts the mind. Great energy, however acute the susceptibility, is nothing unless highly intellectualized. There may be dashes, but nothing persistent and steady.

Examples of the Races.—English and Roman—moderate and continued. French—vehement; soon exhausted. Italians—excitable, continuous.

Accurate observation of our mental operations is difficult. He who becomes acute must train his mind to habits of mental analysis. He must become a *seer*. Some things however are unexplainable, and *one* may *see* what is *unseen* by others. Beauty, for instance, cannot be analyzed. It is useless to say what beauty and truth are, except they are beauty and truth. There is the law of obscurity in everything, without which the highest excellence cannot exist. If it be distinct it is bad; nothing is correct until unintelligible.

Study.—Meditation.

Over-much study, and continual meditation without relaxing dulls the spirits, abates strength and courage; good scholars are never good soldiers, for study consumes their vigor. Contemplation dries the brain, extinguishes the natural heat; for while the spirits are intent in the head, the stomach and liver are left destitute, and thence impurities and crudities of blood by defects of concoction, and the lack of insensible exhalations that arise from exercise.

Hard students are troubled with catarrh, rheum, weak eyes, consumption and such diseases as come from their inactive habits of life.

Enterprise and Conceit.

Under youthful inspiration, that feels a power in such immature confidence, is there to be seen only conceit? Or, if it be conceit that nerves young creatures to enterprises of a Hercules, in which they fail, and leave them to try, try, try, till they fail to rise again, or with final gasps rise and triumph, then, if this be conceit, let us be thankful for conceit and be a

little lenient even to the simple. Conceit in the young means the possibility of immortal success, or failure. Without conceit there would be but decent respectability. If without it there need be no bathos of presumption in the dust, there could be no ascension of low-born greatness to the heights.

Everything is good which takes away one trifle and delusion more, and drives us home to add one stroke of faithful work. Friends, society and lower duties, flatteries and hopes, are all distractions. Society must be treated as a child and not allowed to dictate.

The step from *knowing* to *doing* is rarely taken. Against the spasm of energy offset the continuity of drill. The crime which bankrupts is the declining from your main design, to turn here or there.

Pottering about in a few square yards of a garden is dispiriting and drivelling; the smell of plants and drugs robs one of energy; but, long, free walks free the brain, and serve the body.

The mind, if not mere plodding, is capricious in its workings, and sometimes will not be consulted as to what it will or will not do. It is not a mere machine. It must go its own way, and be left alone sometimes, even when it stoops to trifles. Many of its processes go on unbidden, without our control. In its very highest effort it abhors task-work, and utterly refuses to be a drudge. The happiest thoughts are those sudden illuminations, those flashes, which come to us in hours of relaxation, of play, when the mind roams at will.

No one should be discouraged because he does not get on rapidly from the start. His education has been of little use to him if it has not taught him to check his fretful impatience, the eager haste to succeed. The great secret is to know how to *wait*. Almost without exception the greatest have been the hardest workers, toiling more laboriously than smiths. They have taken more pains than other men. They who have spread light through the world, had often scarcely oil for the lamp by which they worked. Genius will *study*. Genius is nothing but patience. Michael Angelo said it was all study.

Great works pass beyond the ordinary limits of time and

space ; they are understood by every thinking mind ; their popularity is indestructible and their duration infinite.

We admire the firm resolve, which maintains itself against suffering, and sudden shocks, tempting seductions, and every diversity of violence or weakness of mind or body attempted to overcome it. Men have even cured themselves of painful diseases by a herculean effort of the volition.

The chances seem infinite against success, and yet it is continually attained.

The eye.—Out-door life, hunting, and labor, give vigor to the eye. The eye obeys the action of the mind. When a thought strikes us, the eyes fix, and remain gazing at a distance ; in enumeration the eyes wink at each stroke of the voice. The eyes converse as much as the tongue. When the eyes say one thing, and the tongue another, a practiced man relies on the first. If a man is off his centre, the eye shows it. You can read a man in his eyes. Even hospitality is seen in the eye. Each man carries his exact rank in his eye. There is a peculiar controlling power, especially in men of great vital energy, in the eye, and is applied even to animals. What refinement and limitations the teeth betray. If one laughs he shows all his faults.

The look, the voice, the respiration, the attitude, the walk are identical. Watch the one that speaks out the truth, and you know the whole man.

THE LUNGS AND MENTAL MOODS.

THE unimpeded function of the lungs excites an open, cheerful temper, the impeded, a feeling of depression, sometimes expressed as a “*free*” or an “*oppressed*” chest.

The inspiration of a free, clear atmosphere, by promoting the circulation, gives a feeling of heightened vitality both on the receptive and reactive side. The inspiration of vitiated air, as of a close room which impedes breathing, especially in a sitting posture, produces a peevish, timid, gloomy temper.

The inhabitants of mountains are noted for their courageous and cheerful disposition, while those of low lands and of the towns are less likely to be so.

Dyspepsia creates peevish, irritable, hypochondriacal, egotistical moods. Long repose disposes to melancholy; motion to cheerfulness.

The *young man* is powerfully impelled in the direction of the will; the *maiden*, of feeling. Images of undefined delight float before their minds; soothing and rapturous emotions alternate in a constant tumult of ecstasy; and love with flattering but despotic hands seizes the sceptre. When happily controlled, love becomes the source of the most beautiful physical developments; and he who has never loved, is, or will become, egotistical, mean, narrow-minded, covetous, timid, gross. If ill-directed, this terrible passion becomes a source of most deplorable sufferings.

Even the beauty of the human countenance depends much upon the condition of the mind. One can change the condition of the mind and it will change the expression of the countenance and person. One may be educated to a keener sense of beauty by instruction or by circumstances.

Our cognitions are always of particulars,—but by classification we condense our knowledge and make it manageable.

Circumstances compel men to perceive truth more readily, and this power is more fully developed.

In some, the perceptive, and in others the emotive element predominates as to beauty. It is cultivated by exercise; by studying the choicest specimens of nature and art. Such studies heighten the sense of the beautiful; improve the power of perceiving beauty; and by this forming of higher conceptions, they raise and refine the mind.

The emotion of sublimity is more intense and transient than that of beauty.

Beauty should be studied in subordination to truth and goodness. The effect unmixed is enervation. Even when there is much genius and originality, an excess of art, a too deep suffusion, a too fine flush, are defective.

Beauty in Milton is in pristine purity. A more absolute beauty, and delicate, aerial grace are not to be found than in the Fourth Book of “Paradise Lost.”

The contemplation of a fine building unconsciously elevates a susceptible mind, and maintains it in a fit frame for appreciating beauty. A taste for architecture seems to form the basis of an artistic taste.

APOTHEGMS.

Do not live for *self* alone. Think *less* of self, and the world will think *more* of you. Too much of ourselves, too little of art. Sacrifice self-interest for noble purpose.

In order to be applauded, we must not too much applaud ourselves.

The first test of greatness is humility ; yet one must have knowledge of self and all he can do.

God never gave fine talents to be used for selfish ends. The greater our gifts, the greater should be our yield to the world.

Overawe spite and meanness, teach others to stifle the base, and choose the generous expression, and thus be the happier.

A calm and just estimate of one's powers may be well regulated esteem, but not pride.

Thousands impair their reasoning powers through an extravagant and mistaken estimate of themselves. Undue praise may endanger the soundness of a conceited mind ; even the most vigorous may be turned.

A desire for fame is just ; but vanity and undue display detestable.

The desire of appearing clever often prevents being so considered.

It is a great ability to be able to conceal one's ability.

Gentleness of greatness in the heart, and power of thought in the brain.

The compassion and the joy that are woven into the innermost fabric of every great imaginative spirit.

The joy of the spirit indicates its strength. Health is sweet tempered.

Genius works in sport, and goodness smiles to the last. He who desponds betrays that he has not *seen* the law.

People of little minds are not happy in art for its own sake ;

while at work they always have before their eyes what they shall get by what they are doing. Such tendencies never yet produced greatness.

The mark of the man is the absence of pretension.

No act is great when not the result of a great design.

Great names debase those who cannot sustain them.

Great souls are not of less passion and more virtue, but of great designs.

'Tis fine souls, not what is called fine society. Fine society has neither ideas nor aims. It is unprincipled decorum : clean linen, gloves, cards, elegance in trifles. There are other measures of self-respect.

Weak persons cannot be sincere. Firmness is real gentleness ; the appearance is generally weakness. Indolence attaches itself to ease. It suspends our most ardent pursuits and firmest resolves.

Have the courage to be independent, to be excused when one interferes with duty.

The child is torn asunder with the difficulty of fixing attention for a length of time upon one thing.

If a man has failed you will find that he has dreamed instead of working. There is no way to success but to take off your coat and work like a digger, all day and every day.

Rough water can teach us lessons. Don't be so tender at making an enemy now and then. He who aims high must expect steep and craggy paths. Nature is no sentimentalist ; she does not cosset and pamper us.

Great power slow or rapid to overcome obstacles, is sublime ; gentle power inspires tenderness.

Intellect raises man above the brute ; feeling above himself to God.

In every child there lies a wondrous depth.

Would that the silver threads of imagination ever entwined themselves amid the fetters of discipline.

The tint of the flower begins at its root.

What is in act to reach beyond is not bounded, it streams with life.

Perfection seems to be, but never is, within our grasp.

Rude and invincible except by themselves are the elements. So let man be. Let him empty his breast of conceits and show by manners and deeds on the scale of nature.

The race is great, but men are unsure. The hero is immovably centered. Nothing is grand which is not calm.

In a full function husbanded force has the prerogative of continuous renovation, and even augmentation.

The general idea—not minuteness—constitutes excellence.

The greatest *overcome* circumstances to which others *submit*. It should be a high standard and looking steadily up to it ; like a person on a narrow plank over an abyss, looking not to it, but steadily to some point beyond ; and never hesitating but straight across. It is the motive, not the means.

The ancients not only had great intentions, but produced great effects. The moderns also have great intentions but are *lacking in skill* and power of fulfilment. They can indeed *feel* the beauty of a natural, and *naïve* design, but they cannot make such ; the *understanding*, not the imagination, is always uppermost, and will not permit that unconscious and enchanting grace.

No other art can rival the Greek in highly intellectual development, and the external sensual beauty of form and style. Yet even they were ignorant of that principle of *light*, which is the purest of all merely natural elements, recognizing nature as nature only, and not by those higher spiritual qualities as endowed by the Persian and German theology, so different from that rude materialism.

Men have capacities for immensities of greatness if they would dare to employ them.

There are none but men of strong passions capable of going to greatness. Passion, though a bad regulator, is a powerful spring. Great art is the expression, by an art-gift, of a great soul. You can read characters of men in their works. Art is the work of the whole spirit of man, not of his hands alone. The feelings were in his soul ; he put them into shapes and the world was at his feet.

Mere manual execution may be excellent, still vivid imagination is the *attribute* of attributes, which renders art preëminently beautiful.

In the quivering or vibration of the air, first in power, and most intense, is the throat of the bird ; which is the air incarnate. All that in the wind itself is weak, useless in sweetness, is knit together in its song, which is the spirit of life.

Power acquired is security for that which is unacquired.

The heir of eternity, scorning to be the slave of time, lets his dreams go by ungrasped, his magnificent promises unrealized.

Struggle again and yet again, before you call upon Hercules.

Life is according to the man and not the work or place. A man's fortunes are the fruits of his character. If the wall remain adamant, it accuses the want of thought. To a subtler force, it will stream into new forms, expressive of the character of the mind.

Truth is in the air, and the most impressionable brain will announce it first. His mind is greater because it yields to a current so feeble as can be felt only by a needle delicately poised.

Strip off habit and let the soul utter itself in whatever mood nature prompts. It is not a good thing to have acquired too much facility. Women do the most through the imagination and temperament.

Not affected elegance or sublimity, but so natural that every one would *think* they could do so.

If the air comes to our lungs, we *live*. If the light comes to our eyes, we *see*. And if truth comes to our mind, we suddenly expand to its dimensions which are limitless.

Ideas and emotions once received into the soul are a part of it forever. From admiration to imitation is but a step.

Nothing is impossible ; there are ways, and if we had the *will*, we should have the *means*.

Generally the temper which would make an admirable artist is humble and observant ; capable of taking much interest in little things, and of interesting itself under dull circumstances.

Delicacy of taste tends to invigorate the affections. The in-dwelling light of the soul should be recognized in every art, expressive as a spoken word.

Veracity first of all and forever. Not too much noise to rep-

resent noise, nor too much grief for sorrow. It requires the happiest balance to be able to seize a great passion without being carried away by it.

He who best wishes to learn how to express his feelings must learn according to the rules of art. One must learn how far the *real* must be avoided so as not to mar the effect of art.

Let not talent rely on its own natural resources, but devote itself to art, and seek those who can show him what to do with what he has.

Leonardo da Vinci said, "If he knows not how to bring out his drawings by deep shades, so round, that one can take hold of the forms, he has no talent." Do not judge by one's good qualities, but by the use made of them.

It is better to know thoroughly, than to know a great deal. Science well digested is only good sense.

It is not for the spirit to give *way* to the letter.

The most valiant believe in the tension of the laws. Such perform vast achievements by conforming to the rules of art. Michael Angelo drew his figures first in skeleton, then fleshed them, and lastly draped them.

What the artist does is sure to excite in us the self-same mood. A free mood in the artist makes us free; a restrained one restrains us. We usually find this freedom in the artist who is fully grown up to his work.

No matter what the *natural*, a man without a plan will be squared to those lines that make him *un-natural*.

It is often the fate of talent, undirected, although it labors more steadily and perseveringly than genius, it does not reach a goal.

To some we dare no longer apply the measuring scale of age, but only that of fulfilment.

Contraries meet, and extremes touch.

A man may balance on the tight-rope, but consciously or unconsciously he must conform to the laws of nature. A fine disorder even is often the effect of art. Confusion is only a method of rendering order invisible in a happy disorder.

Always give in the best manner the best.

By obeying each thought frankly, by harping, by pounding on each string, we learn at last its power.

Art lies in making your object prominent, but the prior art is to choose prominent objects. We never think of the foundation when the fabric is reared, nor is it necessary to see it, but yet it is there. Fancy prices are paid for position, and for the culture of talent, but to the grand interests, superficial success is of no account. It is all name, not powers ; feats, not forces.

It is not simple elevation, but with an object. The imagination does not move by instinctive impulse without being preceded by knowledge.

Not through material, but spiritual. That which we seek will be found when the time shall have arrived ; not in the chance, which, enriching one, brings ruin to others, but by looking steadily to a higher object.

Praise stimulates, honor delights ; non-success brings tears.

Cultivate powers under a sense of ambition ; reproach stings such as honor incites.

He only who has enjoyed immortal moments can reproduce them. Whatever a man absolutely loves, that he worships or esteems dearest to his soul.

Culture corrects the theory of success.

Greek battle-pieces are calm ; the heroes, in whatever violent action, retain a serene aspect, and a cheerful, intelligent face is the end of culture.

The sovereign ability consists in knowing values. Get the spirit of aids and dispense with their forms.

Beauty, unlit by soul, soon becomes tiresome ; mere prettiness much sooner. Greek slave, polished, dainty. Theseus, truth, power, life.

Too great refinement, is false delicacy ; and true delicacy is solid refinement.

Coarseness is sometimes necessary to protect us from artful men.

Nature creates merit, art cultivates it, and fortune brings it into action. Some are mean with great merit. Faults sit well on some, good qualities awkwardly on others. You cannot make a genius, but you can refine him, and make him into

something ; but not one grain of him can you originally produce.

Good use of *moderate* abilities wins esteem, and often confers more than real merit.

The greatest ambition has not the slightest appearance of it when it fails to reach its aspirations.

One may easily lift the armor he cannot wear.

The art of pleasing consists in being pleased. To be amiable is to be satisfied with one's self and others.

In society, good temper and amiability with animal spirits are nearly everything.

Civility is the best of clothing, or the finest jewels ever worn. One well-bred makes a whole society of such.

Those accustomed to high position are easy and unconstrained in manners and demeanor, while those newly advanced from a lower condition or aspiring to such an advance, are slaves to etiquette and ceremony.

Refined feelings must always be correct, though correct feelings may not always be refined.

The man of taste readily extricates himself from the uncouth yoke of instinct. He subdues impulse to reason. It should be *love* rather than mere *duty*. Taste demands decency and abhors what is hard, angular and violent.

Affectation of refinement is detected even by a boor ; while gentle grace, with strength and dignity he honors.

Bad habits diminish a man's habits for doing right.

The Arcadians being compelled to study music in order to soften their manners, changed from the most morose and worst behaved, to the most honest and urbane of the Greeks.

The voice of one person exercises an influence which the same words uttered by another would not possess.

Life expresses. A statue has no need of a tongue. In man she tells the secret all the time, by form, attitude, gesture, mien, and all the parts of the face. His manners are thought entering the hands and feet, and controlling the actions, the speech and behavior. Manners are the happy ways of doing things : each, once, a stroke of genius, or of love, now, repeated and hardened into usage.

Wise men read sharply, all in your look, and gait, and behavior. The whole economy of nature is bent on expression. The tell-tale body is all *tongues*. The tone that flatters the ear does not always enter the heart. Pearls do not float on the surface ; they must be sought for in the deep, often with danger. We forgive the diamond its sharp edges ; it is a costly labor to round them.

The artist should be as cheerful as a Grecian god, in his intercourse with life and men ; but when they dare approach too near, he should disappear, leaving nothing but clouds behind him.

He who courts solitude alone is soon alone. A too long-continued absence from the world affects the artist injuriously ; he accustoms himself to certain forms and mannerisms, until he becomes an exception—a visionary. Yet frequent solitude is to genius the stern friend, the cold, obscure shelter, where moult the wings which will bear it further than the sun. Art and science are illimitable ; their study never terminates ; and solitude is imperatively necessary for prolonged attention, for profound meditation in one's labors ; it is the source of great thoughts. Meditation is the great lack of to-day.

The same infinity, unity and perfection is manifest in the casting of the clay as in the scattering of the cloud, the mouldering of the dust, or the kindling of the day-star.

Choice checks progress, blasts power ; universality is the only way. All great art is delicate ; all coarse art is bad. Great art encompasses the *entire* human spirit. Small art is partial.

Glorious beauties at last, at some late day, in the fulness of reflective sensibility and matured taste, which the limited mind is incapable of grasping. It lies so deep but yet comes forth so involuntarily, and unconscious. It is for those only who have a life within to *see*. And yet at best only partial, for neither memory nor *sight* can cope with the infinite and ever-changing life. The *unseen* far exceeds the seen.

Cold affections, sluggish imaginations, and non-habits of observation cannot discern beauty in anything, while those fine sensibilities feel it in almost everything. And yet, the rough and uncultivated can be elevated to higher perceptions.

Art will take root in any ingenuous nature with a mind that has no aversion to labor and discipline.

It requires uncommon boldness to resist the rushing tide of Gothicism. Refinement makes the least show to ordinary minds.

Touch is sight of the body ; sight is touch of the soul.

True eloquence is needles in the heart.

Single talents belong to extraordinary men ; happy, and perfect, and uniform. They dare to be wise ; and to look *upward to dignity*, and not *downward to prosperity*.

No man can be really appreciated but by his equal or superior. His inferior may over-estimate him, in his enthusiasm, or degrade him, in his ignorance. It must be an estimate by absolute truth, not prepossession.

Some *seem* to know more than they really do. *Real*, not fictional, art, is low but excellent in itself.

Men *think*, women *feel* ; men are profound, women sublime ; man erect, woman shrinks amid danger ; man *smiles*, woman *laughs* ; man is *imagination*, woman *heart* ; man firm, woman flexible.

Knowledge in the head and wisdom in the heart, are sure to be wrong if we do not feel right.

The uncultivated taste is at first novel and surprising ; it is extravagant, bizarre, vehement, and avoiding calm simplicity. It delights in grotesque shapes, harsh transitions, dazzling contrasts, glaring lights, pathetic cant. A luxuriant fancy should be subjected to a thorough discipline of taste.

The appreciation of art spiritually, ends in adoration ; a repose of mind that passeth description.

We should cultivate the emotional faculties of the soul systematically. The æsthetic and moral affections, sensibility to beauty, sympathy, truth, justice, and duty are highly susceptible of culture. The laws are subtle but immutable, and to learn well we should listen even to the unsophisticated.

The world of art is devoted to the gratification and improvement of intelligent mind only, and therefore narrowed in its scope by the exclusion of low degrees of beauty.

In one sense all truth comes of suggestion ; so, too, all false-

hood. One is called inspiration, the other temptation. Great truths amid rank errors ; noble aspiration chained to vehement passion ; beauty in bondage to matter.

The art of life is to know how to enjoy a little and to endure much. Liberty is the only true riches ; all else is slavery. Progress pets no one.

Not a truth has to art and science been given,
But brows have acted for it, and souls toiled and striven.

When our higher faculties are in activity, awkwardness gives place to natural and agreeable movements. Stiff people become sensibly improved under a high dome ; in the expansive interior of a cathedral ; in spacious halls. Sculpture and painting teach men manners and abolish hurry. There is as much in the voice, the eye, and the air of a person as in the words. Grandeur and goodness do not consist in ornament and dress.

Men have spent their lives in doing good for the least lovable of their race ; but these even, are not always men of great warmth of natural affection. The upward action of the dramatic art is its benign aspect. The egotist in such looks down to learn how great he is, and up to learn how little. The generous man looks up to feel how rich he is, and down to feel how poor. The former sees himself in contrast with others, the latter in unison. In pursuit of fame one feels no little wants, like compliments, dress, or the figure he makes in society. One who has great plans to pursue must keep a cool head and a warm heart.

There is a blissful tranquillity, after many toils and tedious expectations, in finally seeing one's dearest wishes gratified.

Prosperity arises not from a haste to do. The truest success is often for many years slow and imperceptible ; then all at once—when the time comes—then is the crisis.

Life in efforts of genius is the same as of nature. It penetrates down to the infinitely small ; no analysis can reach the end—the innumerable and profound ; uniting all in the harmonies of the ensemble.

Have unity ; not rays from the centre. The characteristic of the extraordinary is, that it cannot always be understood—the majority understand best the superficial virtuoso.

It is a principle of art, founded in the nature of the feelings, to leave something to desire. To leave something to the imagination is better than to express the whole. Something to be filled up by the minds of others.

First accumulate knowledge, then elaborate it for the good of others.

Knowledge uncommunicated, is like remorse unconfessed. The mind turns back upon itself, and becomes morbidly self-reflecting and self-conscious, and loses strength if unused. It should *communicate* as well as *absorb*. Genuine culture is enthusiasm. But, say all that is necessary and nothing more.

Many things may be made known, for a long time, without producing any effect; or the effect may be wrought without being observed, and yet not take hold. Sometimes to make even the *same* impression, the blow must be doubled because prepared for it.

Sometimes people do not appreciate the true, but demand clap-trap. Genius speaks only to genius.

With some, confidence gives even a fool the advantage. Sometimes training fails of effects; all success is hazardous and rare; a large part of one's pains is thrown away. Nature takes the matter into her own hands, and though we may omit nothing we may not be sure that good would not have accrued from a different system. Nature is reality; art ideality. Acting is not to reflect all the direct and unrelieved facts of nature, but to present a selective and softened, or intensified reflection of them. Art plays the tune of nature, but with variations.

The would-be genius hates and criticises; true genius loves and creates. The former enviously despises those who succeed; the latter generously admires *all true merit*.

One's enemies come nearest the truth of one.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.

The artist may secede from his age and elevate himself above it.

He who once enters at a tyrant's door,
Becomes a slave though he were free before.

A temporary smart quickens the energies, a continued agony crushes them.

The wounded *Mars* cries for pain as loud as ten thousand *men*, and *Venus* scathed by a lance mounts weeping to Olympus, and forswears all fights.

Pain is not art, but feeling. Art is progressive. It must be blended with amusement, and yet look beyond it.

Intellectual sympathy must be without effort.

Genuineness in art is not imitation but impulsive genius ; it has the same characteristics as nature ; *formally* but *not materially*. The ultimate end is beauty ; not philosophy merely, but both.

The best actors are the most natural, and the least theatrical.

By hearing what is bad in acting, one is penetrated with a hatred for the bad, which gives the clearest insight for the good. The ear and voice make the elocutionist and actor.

Art is a *created* as well as a *creative* power, and under either aspect constitutes perfect organism.

The study of details is the foundation upon which rest all great achievements. All artists are bound by what seems the insignificant. But development comes step by step, patient and persevering.

An artistic temperament may be susceptible and skilled in the *fine arts*, and yet be deficient in science. Then there are those who combine taste and executive power.

One must hold his art in an easy, disengaged way ; so that when laid aside, the one so accomplished gives no hint of it.

A colossal statue is only a representation on a large scale, not necessarily an exaggeration.

Preserving the health by too strict a regimen is a wearisome malady.

Shakespeare leaves nothing for the actor but to comprehend him ; but he has given him sufficient work.

ORDER.—*Repetition* is *Consonance*—*Alteration* is *Contrast*—*Symmetry* is *Radiation*—*Progression* is *Gradation*—*Confusion* is *Complication*.

In all objects in nature there is something predominant and

which alone has struck the observation of every one. If the artist gives that, he brings out his object at once.

Such is the perfect harmony that exists between the sensitive and intellectual faculties, that whatever displeases the one cannot please the other. Language, therefore, which is not musical to the ear, cannot be rendered agreeable to the understanding by any effort of genius.

Every false or weak man that is allowed to come forward crowds out a true one.

The nerve that can surmount popular prejudice is of genuine stuff.

It should not be diversity without unity, nor unity without diversity, but unity and diversity combined, like rays from the sun.

Mere *physical* effort is like rocks, trees, the earth.

Mere *vocal* effort is like gases, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen.

Mere *mental* effort is like electricity, light, magnetism.

But all of these combined with *spiritual* effort or *psychic force* make the great artist.

Two true poems are enough to make the fame of a poet.

Dwarfs creep into their holes as soon as the truth looks them steadfastly in the eyes.

It is praiseworthy to preserve art pure from error instead of dragging it down to base purposes.

As flint sand on a plate of glass forms geometric figures under influence of musical vibrations, or a violin upon the wall, "in tune" with another played upon, emits the same notes and both make fuller, richer music, so minds and souls attuned, respond to and re-act upon the soulful artist.

TASTE.

TASTE belongs only to those who possess that exquisite discrimination which distinguishes, in all the works of nature, whatever qualities are most pleasing and agreeable to man.

Those who have the greatest natural sensibility, have ultimately the most correct ideas of natural beauty, the most refined and elegant taste if they will but cultivate it.

Compared to the pleasing and agreeable tumult spread over a man's nature in his indiscriminate inexperience, the chaste, manly and elevated feelings which a man experiences after his taste is formed is not unlike the difference of the richness and luxuriance of Autumn compared to the enchanting loveliness of Spring.

Where exquisite sensibility exists without cultivation, false perceptions may be imbibed. Taste is inherent, but needs culture to develop it.

The man of grosser feelings cannot be moved by influences of beauty ; but he whose sensations are exquisitely attuned to all the harmonies of nature, yields to the slightest influence, and can discern qualities invisible to others, and is therefore better qualified to judge. The best taste differs from the worst only through understanding.

Our senses can never become the source of unhappiness to us from their extreme delicacy, nor is extreme sensibility hurtful to taste, as some imagine, through their affection.

Mere exquisite delicacy of feeling, to be easily affected by joy or sorrow, does not qualify one to be a judge in matters of taste ; does not supply the absence of knowledge, unless perhaps gifted by inspiration.

Cultivation would temper their exquisite poignancy and natural delicacy and give them rational habits of thinking and of acting ; and place them on that proud eminence whence they could view with indifference those trifles which formerly moved them. Such go beyond all bounds and are tumid and exaggerated in style, with the unmeaning rapture of a rhapsodist, who, without understanding the principles of art, fumes like a madman, and transports himself, and astonishes those who hear him. But the more bountiful nature has been, in the faculty of feeling, the more capable can become the judgment.

Taste is the exercise of such a faculty rather than a faculty of itself. It is the acquired power of discrimination of beauty. Genius is a mere faculty that enables one to become great and learned if he will, or if circumstances permit him to cultivate and improve his powers.

How many instances are there of men who never evidenced genius, from reason of iron circumstance, who afterwards, when a change of life brought new feelings, arose to greatness. All being the result of that quick perception of the slightest impulse, which is the parent of sensibility and imagination.

He who is destitute of sensibility and imagination can never hope to aspire ; for *of these* is the basis on which genius rears her colossean form.

A man of talent differs from a man of genius only in not feeling so exquisitely, and not perceiving so distinctly. Whatever, then, can sharpen the feelings of a man of talent, and make him as susceptible of every impulse must give him equal power. It is the continual bending and twisting of all the organs which gives ease, elegance and refinement to mind and body.

A healthy and cultivated state of mind instinctively derives pleasure from whatever things are illustrative of nature. On these primary principles education and accident operate to an unlimited extent. It is either acute and faultless ; or, erratic and diseased. By aversion and desire, by constant obedience to these natural laws and deriving pleasure from sources intended to give pleasure, one acquires taste. Little pleasure, evinces a lack of taste. Pleasure from other sources is false taste.

It is the moral interwoven with the intellectual ; and much of the pleasure depends on delicate and untraceable perceptions of fitness, propriety and relation. Yet one cannot give a distinct reason why. It gratifies, fills, hallows, and exalts his mind, but how he cannot tell.

No man of taste is taken in by names, for ugliness does not become beauty by the addition of a lie.

There are many artificers who boast themselves artists ; they pass current in virtue of prodigious self-assertion: But they *create* nothing. Appreciation is of slow growth. Art demands a nice discipline of the senses even to learn its alphabet. To pass beyond vague sensation the physical organs must be trained. Art discloses the soul of the artist and listener, and expands both if they but consent. Our instincts may be radically good, but taste is the result of the culture of the æsthetic faculties. Intellect rises to the dignity of a judge only by severe study.

Taste is a subject on which it might naturally be supposed that all mankind would naturally agree, but this is far from being the case. Fashion seems at times to control it, but the pure and faultless is always recognized even by those who obstinately follow the false. It must be reality alone.

Reflection and Intuition.

The reflection does not create anything ; does not produce, but labors on the materials furnished by the intuition. Its power is exercised on the form, not on the matter of the thought. To know, is to think of some object, and to know that we think of it. Without the last element knowledge would be only initial, incomplete.

The intuition is not susceptible of perfection or deterioration. The reflection is progressive ; it depends on the power of the soul, which depends on the organization, and varies with it.

The intuition is necessary and fatal; the reflection free. The intuition is confused, the reflection distinct. The reflection cannot find any new element of knowledge which is not in the intuition ; its object is to render clear and distinct the intuitive knowledge ; the latter contains the germ of everything that we may know ; the former develops that germ, and produces, by that elaboration, the prodigious variety of knowledge which distinguishes the different ages of the same man, or different men among themselves.

The intuition seizes immediately its object, without the intermedia of any sign ; whereas the reflection being the thought of the thought, it cannot exercise itself without a sensible sign, without a word to translate the intuitive thought.

We may seem to differ in reasoning but there is a standard of taste. Delicate, aerial, too volatile to endure even the chains of *definition* seemingly, but yet fixed. This arises from lack of knowledge in art, and inexperience. Critical taste comes not from superior principle, but knowledge ; not casual, but certain, natural, uniform principles. Some have blunt feelings, and consequently little taste. Business dulls imagination by

preventing its delicate and refined play. The cause of wrong taste is defective judgment. This comes from weak understanding or want of exercise to make it strong.

The end of art is expression. Genius, the name we commonly give to the artistic nature, is the nature which not only feels more intensely and thrillingly than others impressions and sentiments, but which is able to awaken them in others. Endowed with senses so exquisite that they tremble like the strings of an *Æolian* harp in the mere atmosphere of beauty, with an intellect so keen that it discerns the primal harmonies in the mere show of things, with a love so sympathetic and universal that nothing in life is alien to it, genius has the further faculty of unfolding all these in a consentaneous whole. The sights, the sounds, the proportions, the characters which fill it with delight it reproduces in shapes that rekindle that delight. All the deepest feelings, the largest thoughts, the subtlest fancies, the playfulest conceits, the sweetest affections, the most terrible rages and agonies of which human nature is capable, come to it as art. It has a method that cannot be explained. It comes from our inner being—ourself—the solitude of self, which no eye has ever pierced. Spirit cannot continue with spirit nor soul grasp soul, save as they open the primal and colorless abyss.

A note on the organ, on its material side, is a pulsation of air ; on its spiritual side, is a sigh, a wail, a moan, or a throb of divine joy.

The pleasure peculiar to art is integral or complete, one that involves the whole man, his senses, intellect, emotions and moral judgment. It is a combination in which the titillations of sense, the swell of emotion, the keen approval of the understanding, the subtle relish of fancy, the calm satisfaction of reason, the rapture and glow of passion, are fused into one concurrent wave of delight. Really great works of art address us simultaneously through every pore and inlet of feeling. Some are more sensuous, some more intellectual, some more emotional or spiritual ; but they all arouse the sense, the intellect, the imagination, the heart. When they fail in this, they are to that extent imperfect or spurious. On the contrary when really

great, it is difficult to separate the predominating quality from the general fulness of delight excited. All is so compact and superlative in excellence, so luscious in sensuous beauty, so admirable in their intellectual proportions, so exalted in sentiment, so absolute in moral weight, and withal so suggestive of a spiritual mystery that runs up into the infinite.

Art—Æsthetic.

What is the use of art? What is the use of the flower, of a perfume, of a glorious sunset, of the light and shade of a distant mountain? God might have made the world blank and grey; but how then would the spirit be fed? But there is no heart so dead that it does not sometimes thrill, no soul so arid that tears do not sometimes come to the eyes. Art requires the severest training of work—work which is the demigod of this world. Art is a jealous mistress. She gives her votary black days, and to win her favors one must strain his powers to the utmost. Michael Angelo, in his old age, after having for seventy years never been faithless to art, drew the figure of an old man in a child's cart, and on this he put the legend: "I am still learning." He knew that art is inexhaustible.

The true artist must ever feel his shortcomings. Even if he succeeds, success is a relative term. It is not the victory, but the battle that delights. To have finished is always a disappointment.

The beginning of art is easy. There is little difficulty in achieving results not altogether bad. But as the artist advances, the horizon becomes larger at every step, and high success seems constantly further from his reach. It is hard to keep up that sustained enthusiasm which alone holds the keys to success.

No man ever did his best, without putting into his work all there was in him. Again, nothing is so dangerous as facility. Early facility is often mistaken for genius, but it generally ends in mediocrity. Indomitable will constitutes four-fifths of genius. Michael Angelo had not the natural facility of Raphael, but he climbed to higher places by his unconquerable determination.

If no taste, you cannot force what has no roots. The vulgar

mind cannot enjoy delicacy. You should help elevate public taste, and the people will acquire a love for the beautiful. No art can advance unless understood and appreciated. The uncultivated taste is gratified by broad and dazzling effects so distasteful to the cultivated, which in its refinement relishes the subdued and mellow and that excites a dreamy pleasure. Correct expression is the highest attainment. It adds completion to the work and demands greater abilities. Every passion is an expression, but every expression is not a passion. Joy of the sanguine is not joy of the phlegmatic.

Order—Emotion.

Order is the first step toward beauty ; is the first, simplest product of taste. But this is the result of thought. It is mere form imposed by utility. It needs the combination of feeling and the mind taking delight in the work. It is not complete until thoroughly emotional, and in its scope betrays a mind alike active and earnest. It must be beyond the mere routine of labor ; it must unite the skillful, or affectionate, or grand. It is labor performed with infinite love and faithfulness. It is a perfect finish and relation of parts united in one whole, by slow gradations, with a thousand steps of varied progress to the highest possible condition.

In each advance there is more expression, because more perfect labor. Calm, intellectual apprehension does not exhaust or destroy. Such perception is additional incentive to high attainment. It is the thirst of spirit for that which is beyond, above ; for that which it knows it can grasp and enjoy. Men breathe desire through intellectual effort and fire with the zeal of pursuit.

Nobility, magnanimity, the symmetry and proportion of robust, healthy virtue, can hardly be reached without a large infusion of this æsthetic insight which delicately and completely discerns the formal, as well as the intrinsic bearing.

Sensibility, when highly cultivated, is quickly and deeply affected with pleasure or pain, by exhibitions of the beauties and deformities of nature and art, and of right and wrong.

A susceptible soul easily vibrates at the touch of emotion. While attempting to cultivate this power for acting and oratory, hardly anything is more blighting to genuine sensibility than to assume its tones and badge, where it does not exist. The heart must prompt emotion, and everything be simple, ingenuous, true to soul, and in tones of truth and nature.

The sensibilities are the peculiar domain of the fine arts; and by a transcendent preëminence, of the greatest poetry; and if by a premature analysis the sensibilities are not allowed their requisite play, the leading purpose of a work of the imagination is defeated.

Every true poem is a piece of articulate music which requires long practice to play it spontaneously and unconsciously. The highest truths are uttered under the influence of genuine imagination, and the only instructor is the artist; one wrought up to the intensest life, acting from the full force of his being.

Man intellectually great, without sensibility, that has never dreamed, or had his soul filled with luxurious sadness, or never experienced a wild and strange delight in desolation, or had divine and rapturous joys through music, or stood rapt before a figure of ideal loveliness, is a very one-sided creature. But, an unintellectual person, if emotional, is not as one-sided.

Allied to sensibility is delicacy, that constant attention to small, and often indescribable things, which is quite removed from fastidiousness. It regards every suggestion of true elegance, but extends its influence far beyond them, to a point which the most explicit rules cannot reach. It is seldom found in other than generous and capacious souls. It is not the mark as is supposed, of a narrow and trifling spirit. And he who lacks the nice perceptions requisite to examine details, cannot form an accurate judgment. It is a characteristic of great minds that they readily perceive those small, yet important facts, which common minds are slow to observe. It is contraction as well as dilation of mind.

Greatness is only rightly estimated when minuteness is justly revered. It is the aggregation of minuteness. Its sublimity is not truthfully felt by a mind unaccustomed to affectionate watching of what is least. Yet it should be a regard for noth-

ing shallow or pretty. Mere cleverness, or a special gift, never made an artist. It is perfectness of mind, unity, depth, decision, and the highest qualities, which form imagination. The false at heart may seize a stray truth here and there, but the relations—its wholeness—it never can perceive. It is rather a constant desire and submission to truth, humble and helpful.

In order to properly apprehend and appreciate high art, it is necessary first to engender a severe taste. The pupil must be disciplined by a high theory to have an indifference towards second-rate art, and a positive disrelish for those more showy qualities that are only for a day, and not for all time. He must acquire such an intellectual temper, such a tone of culture, as can find pleasure only in those grander and loftier efforts which do not so much strike and startle by brilliancy, as stir the soul by depth and power. Taste will not combine with the imagination if it works separately from the other faculties of the soul.

Minds untrained are taken captive by dazzling and superficial efforts, and such become copyists and mannerists, which never are, and never can be eloquent. But a pure taste, and a genuine relish for great excellencies, is an excellent preservative against this pernicious influence. There is a strength and reserve in intellect formed by high theories, and contemplation of grand ideals which no storm of popularity or fashion can overcome. Such a mind is self-possessed, self-reliant, eagle-eyed and critical, and calmly stands the glare, while the weak and uneducated is dazzled and blinks. This austere judgment, this clear, calm criticism looks beyond gaudy products that temporarily bewitch the popular taste; to those serene, grand, and absolutely beautiful forms, and upon them alone expends its enthusiasm.

Human nature is hypercritical. Its tendency is to the form rather than the substance ; to show than reality.

Unreality in art is inconsistent and may be compared to Indian idols. *Reality* to Grecian statues.

A spirit of egotism, a dim and narrow individuality, is a hindrance to a large and clear intelligence of life. Few give their faculties expansion, or conceive of existence in its amplitude, but criticise life from their horizon. The passions which

egotism stimulates are those which confuse the intellect and disturb the heart most. Not through narrow dogmatism but only through sympathy can we understand life and man. And we all have the elements of the worst as well as the best of humanity. It is easy to admire the brave and god-like but we ought to be moved with a touch of brotherhood with the basest and not be insensible to the misery near us.

Some emotions may be so subtle that we cannot analyze, we cannot define, but we *feel* them. They may evade logic and defy statement, but they are not the less absolute.

It is to fill the spirit, as well as impress the senses and the mind. It is not merely triumph of excitement, but victory of soul. Declamation which deals in extremes is as empty as the wind, and yet a single touch can open the heart and enlarge it to conception of enormous woe, strength or grandeur.

Smallness tortures; size enriches. There is music in the thunder; in *such fear* there is joyousness, a sense of majesty. Wild grief appalls but is awful in beauty. The ocean-sized musings of Macbeth.

Camoens carried the poetic art in the Portuguese language to the highest perfection. Such grace, deep feeling, childlike tenderness and sweet earnestness of emotion, with the saddest and most desolating melancholy, simply expressed, yet with such purity and pathos. Their beauty of diction could scarcely be more perfect or their glowing bloom more vivid. Such should be acting at times.

Studious intellect and impassioned sentiment, guided by truth and taste, in dramatic art gives moderating restraint, puts the calm girdle of beauty about the throbbing loins of power. Imagination cannot create, but it can idealize, order and unify, unravel the tangled snarl of details, and wind the intricacies in one unbroken thread, making nature more natural by abstraction of the accidental and arrangement of the essential.

Expression.—An indispensable condition of æsthetic appreciation of high poetry is, that it receive an adequate expression. That indefiniteness which attaches itself to all the productions of the imagination can alone be fully appreciated when acted

and vocalized. Without such aids all the charms and subtle effects which are beyond the reach of analysis must be lost in a great measure, to silent readers. A *reader* can study silently and imagine the elocution.

The fullest appreciation of a poem, and the most searching sense of all its subtlest elements of effect, are totally inadequate to a proper vocal expression of it, where the organs of speech are not in perfect obedience to the will and feelings. This obedience can only be secured by long and careful culture. The conscious observance of principles and rules must become unconscious and spontaneous. No degree of imagination and feeling will render the organs of speech flexible without special culture. An education of the voice is a removal of the shackles of bad artificial habits. It is a development of the natural powers.

The art of manners precisely fitted to the character and rank of the person is the study of the theatre. In such the gentry carefully ape royalty, the mechanic painfully apes the gentleman. The bearing of the first is composed, easy, dignified; the second a lowered copy with curious differences; the third a travesty. The king, disguised, sits down at a table with a plebeian. The king eats and drinks slowly, quietly, with a silent refinement in every motion; the plebeian is hurried, flustered, confused. The true actor, who is master of his whole business, teaches in a thousand indescribably subtle ways, a thousand indescribably valuable lessons for all who have eyes to see, and intelligence to interpret what they see. The stage illustrates a cheap way to wealth of consciousness.

IMAGINATION.

THE means of *cultivating* this precious faculty is to speak of things just as if we saw or had seen them, all governed by good taste, wisely, not too lavishly, simple, and apparently not attentive to the manner. You must have all properly sustained, not too prolonged, and not too brief and undeveloped in all its bearings and energy, yet remembering the stronger the emotion the *more* brief should be the expression. Wring it out and make it

true ; especially should this be the case with *pathos*, which if not successful, is sure to be ridiculous. These things cannot be imitated ; all great masters *create* what is certain and imaginative for themselves ; it lies between the practical and the abstract. It is not either, necessarily, finished ; but like a spirited sketch, it should have the main intention, with skill, taste, and dexterity ; for the imagination can overlook or supply the rest.

This is far from imitation, which only brings realities to mind that are not mistaken for the ideal, which is art. In the cultivation of the imagination one should be familiar with all that is awfully vast, or elegantly little ; omitting at last, all that is unessential, and only developing what is ennobling, the mind being too active and capacious to be satisfied with the mere practical. The true artist often feels how far short of his ideal his best performances fall.

Greatness inhabits a higher sphere of thought, into which other men rise with difficulty ; he opens his eyes and *sees* things in a true light, and in large relations. He is great from nature. He has the planet ; the adventurer, after years, has nothing but his shoes.

He who cannot form a conception of high excellence will remain only an imitator, but the power of imagination can be increased by exercise, and the mind also grows by intimate communion with superior minds, such as Milton and Shakespeare. It weakens again by association with feeble ones. Biography and history also enable us to form models of excellence, whereon by meditating of their good qualities, we improve ourselves. We must not only *read* the sublime and beautiful, but *meditate* on all, until we *feel*, and enter into its spirit. It is by diligent *study*, and not by mere reading, that we derive the greatest benefit. We cognize truth in the concrete not in the abstract. We arrive at general by individual truths. The dramatist has, perhaps, power to communicate truth more effectively than the philosopher, for imagination, far from being an enemy to truth, brings it forward more than any other faculty of the mind.

It belongs to the general philosophical theory of poetry, and the other fine arts, to establish the fundamental laws of the beautiful ; and every art has its own special theory, designed

to teach the limits, the difficulties, and the means, by which it must be regulated in its attempt to realize those laws. For this purpose certain scientific investigations are indispensable.

The sense of the beautiful calls art into existence. Theory teaches what ought to be accomplished and gives light to conditions of originality. Internal excellence alone is decisive. External alone will not thrive. Michael Angelo studied the antique but yet he was original. What is borrowed must be born again. Genius is the almost unconscious choice of the highest degree of excellence. Beauty is the aim of sculpture, and repose is the most advantageous for its display.

To say that beauty must be produced by rule seems a contradiction. Ideal beauty is the soul of art. Beauty of art is not truth of nature. The charm of art is the *fiction* of nature, not the *reality*. Copy is its repetition. Ideal beauty is the mysterious charm by which to captivate the senses. Not alone application and study, and power, and truth, but this essential requisite. This is not attained till rules are so mastered as to conceal all evidence of labor.

Nothing comes in sleep; so do not depend either upon inspiration, or pander to a foreign taste. The growth and energy of the mind depends greatly upon self-reliance. It should be the leading direction of one's own spirit, or the effort will be tame and ineffective.

The imagination can only be exercised in reviving past images, or in giving them new modifications of its own; but the matter of the modifications is always the same. It has no power of *creating* except by suggestion of sensation.

Notwithstanding the necessity of vigorous exercise, a too steady and too continuous application wears and exhausts the power of the imagination.

The fine spirit may be dulled, its perceptions blunted by the heavy external pressure of daily cares, and the chilling, mechanical routine of actual life.

Fancy with her gushing feelings, her sympathies, is an element of the soul ever ready to vibrate at the faintest touch and start into life. Beyond is inborn perception—the mysterious depths of organism. Innate, but when thus primarily existing

in the soul, the feeling awakens and unfolds itself at the sight of beauty; but must be contemplated continually to perfect comprehension.

One must call up before the mind ideal heroic and god-like forms and muse for hours on grandeur and majesty. It must be with a deep, spiritual love-sense. One must learn to seize and depict such in expressions till they seem like such starting into life. One should expand the mind to receive, and not be content to remain like a narrow-necked vessel that rejects too great a stream poured on it.

When the imagination has been too much indulged in, it is a struggle to descend to the elements of imitation, but so is all duty. It is infinitely easier to indulge in evil propensities than to exert the opposite, because the same chance is never given to resistance as to gratification. If a man is ignorant of anything he ought never to be ashamed to study even by means of laborious imitation. If a man is not willing to descend that he may rise, he plunges at once to the highest effort and his deficiency of elementary knowledge harasses him all his life. Sometimes it is an effort, with a fancy bordering on frenzy, to become a child; it is struggle of philosophy, a mortification of pride, a humility of spirit, and an acknowledgment of error. Common sense, however, must come to the aid of such as would become them, and teach them to bear the suffering, as the only corrective to error.

To the outrageous, nature seems tame, and her simplicity is an evidence of their extravagance, and they shrink from her with apprehension; and pride, not conviction, defends their exaggeration; sophistry and helplessness is the result. With them it is merely invention — change — not perfecting; not dwelling for years on one superb thought to carry it to its highest excellence. It suits them, and that is sufficient. It should be essential, settled on principles, or it is superficial, accidental, vague. It cannot be fine except by foresight.

The mere language in high art is abstractive. To clear the accidental from the essential requires perspicuity of the reasoning powers, and the capacity to go back to principles. This is the language of the epic, and, though in the dramatic and his-

toric the great artist descends to the individual, yet even here, knowing the essence of the specific, he retains only the abstract of the set to which the individual belongs, and rejects, with a keen, unerring and decided conviction, the useless and superabundant.

Even with the aid of elements one should never be led astray from loyal duty to high art, but endeavor upon them to be great in his own way. Simple perception alone, of the sublime or beautiful, does not constitute taste. It must be a cultivated imagination and fancy combined with thought.

The *sensibility* of the mind depends for its *degree*, upon the *vivacity*; for its *extent*, upon the richness of the imagination. An *overbalance*, a *preponderance* of the analytical faculty deprives the fancy of fire and power; and a limited sphere of objects, of its richness. To *calculatingly* analyze the impressions which affect the soul as a *whole*, often gives a *cold* heart. The business man has a *narrow* heart owing to his uniform routine; his imagination is inactive and unenlarged.

The imagination accustomed to *reflect* will represent without difficulty all that is most impressive and beautiful in nature. It is only by reflection, law, analysis and synthesis; for nothing is permitted to feeling until sanctioned by reason. There must be no haste, or shirking; it must be by deep scrutiny, study, meditation, acute observation, even to minutiae; yet after all retain only the absolutely needful, and even when in absolute truth of detail, still at the same time, broad and masterly. It must be intellectual and technical, scrupulous and conscientious; not impulse or chance effort. The law of perfection is imperative labor. The imagination as the highest fundamental principle, merely determines how mechanical skill and knowledge may be applied; study and practice determine in what degree. The end is the development of the ethical impulse itself. It is to *feel* and *utter* with the whole soul. But with this ability, with a high tone of the animal spirits, and a quick sensibility of heart, one needs the aid of a cultivated, plastic and powerfully active imagination.

Right ethics are central, and go from the inward outward. Education is the unfolding; the aid is mechanical. Gift is

absolutely contrary to the law of nature. The great artist is slow and solicitous, and is never weary of adding his finishing touches.

The discoveries of ultimate truth are instinctive, rather than philosophical ; the work of penetrative imagination, under the influence of strong affection.

Imagination is the source of histrionic power. Without it all acting, however skillful, becomes only so much cold calculation ; and no sublimity in the most elaborated personations. Eloquence is the *thought* of the word. The elder Booth had the most imaginative intellect on the stage. Fechter has a magnetic, poetic fancy. It must come deep from the heart.

By stretching the mind to take in ideas of perfection, it will of necessity swell, amplify, and become elevated.

In grasping at infinity there is no end to the expansion and exaltation of the mind.

It is in ideals of action and character, which are always distinctly present in noble minds, that the most constant function of the imagination is seen. It is through a conception of what is more desirable in ends, more skillful in means, more wise in action, more graceful and winning in method, more grand in purpose, more beautiful in presentation. It runs before to guide and encourage. To be destitute of it, is to want the best motive of effort ; is to lack momentum—to be dead. It is an essential to all high resolve and cheerful effort.

Its strength, aside from original gift, depends on exercise. Persons characterized by ungoverned action of this faculty, are visionary. The most perfect and exclusive training of it is found in art. Here it is put to its boldest, yet restrained efforts. The sense of the beautiful calls it forth and guides it, and the combined vigor and poise of its action yield the highest works of art. The energetic exercise of our intellectual power especially elicits this faculty. All forms of expression seek its lustre.

When the imagination rises to that sphere where it appears as creative, where we call it fancy, and in its spontaneity poetic power, it is here that the wonders of the intimate blending of mind and matter are brought to light. Beneath this magic circle lies the material world, revealed to the senses ; above it the

intellectual, revealed to the mind ; and within it, the dark, shadowy world of conjecture.

Fancy harmonizing all the higher energies, thought and will, with sensation, may with peculiar propriety be called the soul of life.

Harmonizing all the inferior energies, admiration and sensation, with thought, is the budding flower of the sensual organization for the use of the thinking powers.

She is the nurse of the intellect, for "Every one is mentally consumptive whose powers of imagination are weak, for fancy is the lungs of the mind."

In her operations, images previously excited and preserved by the memory stimulated from within (subjective) instead of from without (objective), are contemplated, and in the higher degrees of this operation, are propagated by innervation to the external structures.

Thus the processes of the inmost sanctuary of the mind agitated by the images which sweep before it, come to the surface, and betray themselves in the look, features, and attitude. These organic motions, excited by lively conceptions, are particularly observed only when they occur in a higher degree. And still more noticeable in the female sex whose organization on the whole, is sensitive rather than intellectual.

The mind, however, does not manifest itself in direct proportion to the body, as some assume, for the greatest talents often appear in the weakest bodies, and reversely great intellects are often found in the most vigorous frames. But so far as its action depends on physical conditions, it will be in direct proportion to the energy of cerebral and nervous life. Further, the physical reflex functions of intellectual life will be most lively in sensitive natures, with delicate organism, and weakest in its opposite. The psychical reflex functions of corporeal life, on the contrary, will be strongest where the material predominates, whereas the intellect is least developed and weakest where reversed.

Even the intellect would languish were it not for fancy. Thought presupposes reproduction. This is regulated by the ever definite character of conception. We presuppose for solid

thinking a sufficiently precise determination of the given conception that is presented to the intellect, and on the other hand, richness and suitable combination of that which is to be reproduced. This is mostly founded in thought. He who has nothing in store will produce nothing; he whose reproductions are poor betrays poverty of intellect; he whose reproductions are disorderly will think confusedly.

To extra-sensual susceptibility and capability within us corresponds the extra-sensual ideal above us, the divine nature, the true (*thought*), the beautiful (*feeling*), and the good (*will*).

These intellectual feelings are very delicate, almost imperceptible, not weak, in their sensible effects, because the operations of thought are only indirectly connected with the organs on their material side. They may, however, become very intense if the individual be of an intellectual turn of mind.

The feelings are called emotions, when through violent and sudden excitement, they rise to such a degree that they alone engage the action of the nerves.

Self-feeling may be vehemently affected with emotion; cheerfulness rising to rapture, melancholy sinking to despondency.

Things are pretty, graceful, rich, elegant, handsome; but, until they speak to the imagination, they are not beautiful, which is the sovereign attribute. This is why beauty is still escaping out of all analysis. It is not yet *possessed*, it cannot be handled. It swims *on* the *light* of forms. It is properly, not *in* the *form*, but in the mind. It instantly deserts possession, and flies to an object in the horizon.

The feat of the imagination is in showing the convertibility of everything into every other thing. Facts which had never before left their stark, common sense, suddenly figure as Eleusinian mysteries. Through this subtle sense every word can be made to have a double, triple or centuple use and meaning.

The laws of this translation we do not know, or why one feature or gesture enchants; why one word or syllable intoxicates, but the fact is familiar that the fine touch of the eye, or a grace of manners, or a phrase of poetry, plants wings at our shoulders. There are no days in life so memorable as those which vibrate to some stroke of the imagination. This is that

haughty force of beauty, "*vis superba formæ*," which the poets praise — under calm and precise outline, the immeasurable and divine. Beauty hiding all wisdom and power in its calm sky.

BEAUTY.

THE true artist feels at each step a new sense of beauty dawn upon his heart, and his mind awakens to higher and more glorious ideas of art; while its costliest treasures are judged by a better standard.

The lofty intention of art can only be fully realized when soul and sense, the lofty spirituality of feeling and expression, and the more earthly beauty are kept in equipoise; in other words, that harmony and a carefully balanced proportion of nature and spirituality form the perfection of art.

Even men of genius have been beguiled by confining themselves to one particular attribute of either nature or spirituality, or in becoming copyists. True art consists in a combination of soul and sense.

In art there is but one true path. Perfection consists in the union of the idea and vitality; everything that breaks this union—every deficiency on either side—is a fault, and if further developed, or adopted as a principle, will lead to mannerism. The *idea*, if suffered to predominate, produces works that are cold and inanimate, or, at least in some measure, deserve the reproach of hardness. The attempt, on the other hand, merely to copy nature and life, may in cases produce strong effects, as many of the naturalists have done; but, with the loss of ideality is famished all deep meaning, and even that internal character which forms a most essential condition of art.

The true object of art should be, instead of resting in externals, to lead the mind upward into a more exalted region and a spiritual world; while false and mannered artists, content with imitation, soar no higher, nor even seek to reach that lofty sphere in which genuine beauty is portrayed according to certain defined ideas of natural characteristics. They limit themselves to the most vivid development of sensible form, the

fascination of grace, endowed with sensual attractions, rather than the inspired loneliness of the soul.

It does not depend upon organization alone ; a person may be endowed with visual organs of more than ordinary acuteness, and yet no perception of beauty be associated.

This faculty of eye and ear to perception, and to the spirit of sound and delicate magic, lies in the mysterious depths and special qualities of the soul in its unseen spiritual life ; in a combination of the senses and imagination, scarcely explicable even to the gifted one.

Even genius is often deficient in perception of beauty in the imitative arts, and even after a life amid its themes will still remain insensible to its powers. It is innate ; but when primarily existing in the soul, the feeling unfolds, and continual contemplation gives the more perfect comprehension.

Beauty exists in every finely strung soul as a necessity, where demeanor is formed not by imitation of lifeless social habits but by the intrinsic beauty of nature. Mere exercise of one's sense of beauty is superficial observation ; nothing is gained ; but to be great, one must penetrate deeply, accurately. The true will have study.

Some are ever bent on imitating, or counterfeiting the very qualities in which they are the most deficient, and which they have the least power to attain, and are perpetually mistaking childishness for simplicity, and confounding the popular with the vulgar.

No art can break entirely loose from tradition and enter at once on a new and untrodden path. Such an object has never been accomplished without the study, and perhaps even the adaptation of an earlier style. It is a peculiar characteristic of a new style, that it is emulative and aspiring, absorbed in the pursuit of those lofty ideas which are frequently crowned with glorious fruition. Hence, errors of manner and treatment are found bordering closely on the delicate line of the highest spiritual beauty, so closely, indeed, as often to destroy its effect, at least in the opinion of the world. Yet all mannerism, whether practiced on a greater or a lesser scale, is gradually giving way to truth and nature.

Sympathy of feeling will quicken our perception of higher things, for the soul alone can comprehend the truly beautiful ; the eye of sense may gaze on the material veil of external grace, but it penetrates not to that severe and lofty meaning which reveals itself to the intelligence alone. That radiant light of the soul, in which, as in the magic mirror of creative fancy, the beautiful is vividly portrayed and recognized, is true, unfeigned and spiritual. It is the eternal impulse of the struggling soul from within and the unchangeable decrees of nature from without.

The man who luxuriates only in soft strains of music, will find his power of perception at last melt away into shadowy indistinctness ; the mind that dwells only on marble will in time find its softer properties harden into stone ; whoever makes poetry the sole object of life, loses vigor, till existence becomes a drama.

There is in the human breast a fearful unsatisfied desire to soar into infinity—a feverish longing to break through the narrow bondage of individuality—and man is often so utterly subdued by this wild longing, that his very thirst for freedom makes him a prey to the overwhelming force of nature.

Sensitiveness of soul is the most glorious, yet dangerous gift of heaven. Imagine a character in which the susceptibility of *mind* is trifling, but the sensitiveness of *soul* so great that the slightest emotion thrills through every nerve of the spiritual being ; united, besides, with a determination of the will so powerful, that it divides with the soul the entire guidance of the moral feelings. The life of such a one would be a perpetual agitation, like the storm-tossed wave between earth and heaven, now rising as if to scale the stars, then sinking to the most fearful abysses of the ocean. To such destiny assigns the loftiest or the most degrading fate ; close as is their inward union, they are entirely divided, and even in their overflow of harmony, shattered and broken into countless fragments. Such may have been the temperament of Sappho.

The sensation of beauty is neither sensual nor intellectual,

but is dependent on a pure, right, and open state of the heart both for its truth and its intensity. Some have naturally acute perceptions of the beautiful, yet do not receive it with a pure heart, but make it a mere minister to their desires, to lower sensual pleasures, until all their emotions, perhaps, take the same earthy stamp, and the sense of beauty sinks into the servant of lust.

True beauty is ideal—is a reflection of the end which is higher than nature—it is to the infinite. It is one of the grandest of mysteries. There is nothing beautiful that imagination will not surpass. To succeed you must exaggerate the higher excellencies.

When men are left to the sole guidance of artificial laws they become reduced to mere empty shadows and soulless forms; while the undivided sway of nature leaves them savage and loveless.

The soul needs a certain amount of intellectual enjoyment to give it strength. The energies of the mind are as completely shattered and destroyed by constant restraint, as they are relaxed and enfeebled by perpetual enjoyments. To make pleasure the sole object of life is to defeat our own intention.

As all energy demands for its development a free unrestrained power of action, so the sense of beauty and its creative faculty are kindled in the soul only by the free enjoyment and habitual contemplation of its creations.

Beauty reigns supreme in art, nature, mankind, and love.

The most prominent characteristic of nature is an ever-flowing and exhaustless vital energy; that of art is spiritual unity, harmony, and symmetry.

Art is bounded on every side, nature is vast, illimitable.

The drama and the stage alone actually unite art and nature; yet even here one isolated feature is forcibly severed from her overflowing abundance; and although nature is necessarily presented to our view under two aspects which in other arts are usually divided—as, for instance, a certain fixed and regular

form combined with the varying features of actual life—still this union is highly defective, and we feel the elements of which it is composed to be incongruous and imperfect. The representative portion of this plastic music is peculiarly incomplete. The ancients by their ideal masks, sacrificed the life and illusion of beauty and truth; the moderns sacrifice all beauty and truth, both of life and of the illusion.

Beauty is a mystery which only faith and earnestness can penetrate. It is a principle of mind. Every one is a creator of beauty for himself. The Greeks understood the nature of beauty, and accurately and with nicety defined it. The world is not made up of dreams but of labor and struggle. Energy is preferable to apathy. Whatever relaxes duty or exertion, is an enemy to art. Every form is perfected by the perfection of an idea. Interfusion of form and idea affects our whole life. Ideal images govern literal existences. The loftier the idea, so much loftier the execution, transcending as it were sensation. The purest pleasure is not of the senses, but of the intellect; and no pleasure can be strictly vivid and vital unless it is perfected by the perfection of an idea. If we preserve this idea the more ennobling the effects.

Not always denounce the bad—but discover and encourage the good. There is more to praise than blame, more to build up than strike down. Amid a multitude of faults we ought not to overlook a solitary virtue. This comes from the *idea* of beauty when considered in its *completeness*. “*When one star breaks through the gloom of the midnight, it is for us to welcome and cherish it the more, because that ONE star prevents the spread of universal darkness.*”

The modern mind is limited and local. Burning ecstasies, bounding activities of thought exact harassing remorse for time wasted unless utilized. The soul-love of Dante or Tasso leaves a sense of incompleteness; that greater strength and ideality of mind have been given meets with but little sympathy. But did not Greece choose the highest mission—and her workings be felt, perhaps into the Beyond, when she made every man mightily feel “*I am an I,*” and taught him the greatness of his

individuality; isolated his relations to nature and himself. Not sociality, but the soul and its activities, are the absolute; and around them cluster all power of and faith in thought and emotion. He could be inspired with such an intense sentiment of Beauty, as to feel it as much a duty to pass the day in feeling the poetry of sky and air as in study. These feelings we have not. We have science and law. These things are great, but there are still greater—the elevation of soul. We live by candle-light and laugh at those upon whom has shone the sun which we have never seen. To be like the Greek, thrilled with a power of beauty that left truth unsought for—because it was truth. Aglaë trembled in the stars; she sailed upon the blue Ægean waters; she possessed the boundless heavens, more deep than the abyss, unfathomed and unfathomable. There in the silence of vast and lonely places, Plato sat breathless and felt his own *soul*. There by the grey bleakness of Cithæron, Æschylus saw the perches of the Fates and shook with the conception of Titanic power and agony. There his *mother* Thetis caressed her hero son, as youthful as himself. She with the young world has grown old also.

The aspect of boundless distance, immeasurable height, the wide ocean, high mountains, the sky, rescue the spirit from narrowness and the oppressiveness of the actualities of life which might otherwise be stunted. We must add the sublime to the beautiful to complete æsthetic culture; but with all this, not neglect our *humanity* to satisfy our *spirituality*. Vigor of character is marred by uninterrupted enjoyment, even of beauty.

Expression, however terrific—action, however powerful—gesture, however violent—must always be under the guidance of beauty. True delight in art depends on its fidelity. Art external, without soul, is wanton and capricious. A keen appreciation of the beautiful predisposes to the beautiful in action. Such a mind craves grace, symmetry, and adaptation in all things. It wages continual war against whatever offends the eye, or suggests wrong, ugliness or artifice.

The best work is not readiest recognized by the uninformed mind. It requires the full sympathy of the soul for true appreciation.

Taste like conscience is subject to law ; there is a right and a wrong in beauty as in morals. It is the higher qualities, not the common ; it is the ideal. A susceptible temperament, or lively fancy will be spontaneously moved by every artistic affinity. This is *instinct* of taste refined or rude according to constitutional bias. By association it may grow nobler or baser. Morally it is of the highest value in pointing out the proclivities of the soul. But as a guide, it is dubious and liable to lead to error unless disciplined by the intellect.

Just feelings will always direct us to adopt just principles if we are previously acquainted with them ; but if not it is better to decide in favor of our feelings. Our feelings, or common sense will often save us from error, when our ignorance of principles would lead us astray.

There should be no compromise with error for the sake of beauty. It should be method by the severest propriety. Expression may be even extreme, but not allow distortion ; not sacrifice execution out of subject, nor subject out of execution. It should be learning, not pedantry. Sensibility, imagination, and quick perception are not enough ; the mind must be trained to habitual sympathy with the beautiful and the good. It is knowledge and comprehension, not sensuous sympathy, to charm without a reason.

Beauty is the loftiest mark and the central point of art. True love of the beautiful is unsensual. The highest beauty is divine, it is unity and simplicity. Whatever is great is elevated when executed with simplicity. It is not *limited*, nor *lessened*, because the mind can survey and measure at a glance, and comprehend it in a single idea, but is truly great and enlarges the mind.

Separation weakens ; it should be simple, long-drawn ; not bits. A large palace ornamented, appears small ; and a house larger when plain. Beauty is individual. The soul is a simple existence, but yet complex in ideas. It should be a beautiful outline, yet of infinitely different variations ; a centre constantly changing.

Conception of high and ideal beauty is not clear to all. One should seek beauty first in criticism. The simple bears no

marks ; it seems the very language of nature. Beauty is absolute, and this begets theory in principles ; it is the result of harmony ; the union of contrary principles having a ratio to each other.

Of *symmetrical and picturesque beauty*, the latter generally falls to the ordinary capacity alone, while genius detects the *difference* by precise principles, but embraces *both*. *Picturesque* beauty is irregular. Music is *symmetrical* ; birds and flowers *picturesque*. The beautiful figures on flowers are *symmetrical*, geometrical ; woods and mountains *picturesque*. The human figure is *symmetrical*.

The highest degree of beauty is the result of equal uniformity with variety, like the human figure ; upright is *symmetrical*, in action *picturesque*. Architecture is *symmetrical*, ruins *picturesque*. The *picturesque* is not total absence of symmetry because it is obedient to the great harmonic law. *Æsthetic* science is the combination of physical and metaphysical.

First comes the useful ; then, finer art, expressive of our pleasure, which is skill, beauty—conception of what the right costs. Fortitude, fire, abstract beauty ; nothing unnecessary. Not mere imagination and color ; not child's play, but genuine soul. Scrupulous labor, not trifling, or the mind will become debauched and deceived by fallacies. It must be growth ; or nothing but dust by mere grinding. Nothing is beautiful but what is true ; and the simplest truth is often so beautiful and impressive in itself, which is exquisite pertinence and melody ; the implied power of exuberance.

Beauty of spirit requires a pure and lofty inspiration—the right means to noble ends. The magic of art is intellectual. When guided by cultivated judgment then comes the severest test. Eclectic taste spontaneously imbibes truth and beauty from every source. The infallible effect of beauty is freedom from passion. It is unembarrassed ease and grace. Motion is beautiful as it implies either continuity or gradual change ; the eagle circling, or a straight line. The artist sees the beautiful, when the sensual see only the alluring and the frightful.

The voice sometimes attains a liquidity that steeps the ear

in delight. In the just delivery of poetical numbers, particularly where the sentiments are pathetic, it is wonderful upon how minute an article of sound depends their greatest beauty or inaffection. The least syllable too long, or too slightly dwelt upon in a period, depreciates it to nothing; which very syllable, if rightly touched, gives life and spirit to the whole. Harmony pleases, personates, inspires; like *fine notes* in music.

A good ear is worth a thousand rules; it must be refined, cultured. It is genius. Words then sink deep, and are lasting because elegant and dignified. The dignity of words also ought to be proportioned to the dignity of the sentiment. Words may be said to be of all colors, shapes, and sizes, like the stones and jewels in a lapidary's shop. Their effect in speech will depend upon the order in which they are strung together, so as to render them pleasing to the ear.

SUBLIMITY.

THE sublime produces more energetic, more profound emotion. It persuades; and like lightning bears all before it. It carries us out of ourselves; elevates us to the sky; transports us into the infinite, and produces a kind of stupor which is more powerful than admiration itself; for the sublime impresses in the soul a sort of fright and terror, which does not leave anything agreeable, and a delightful horror, of which there is not a shadow in the emotions excited by the beautiful.

The beautiful is derived, in a great measure, from elegance; the sublime has only to notice and make use of elegance, and requires only a modest simplicity. It rejects ornaments, which render the style less simple, and transports it over the accessories of the mind, in removing it from the principal idea. The sublime shines better in proportion to the candor, concision, rapidity, and is averse to pomp, and vain affectation.

The unknown in the imagination produces something that cannot be seized, movable, unsettled, wavering, indefinite, vague, which is the property of the fantastical, and augments its charms. Without this indefinite element, this mystery, works

of the imagination would lose much of their ideality, and would approach too much to reality; and noble poetry would differ very little from the prose of human life. Even nature is half hidden by its own charms, and has in reality a mystery which renders the other beauties sweeter and more touching.

Beauty and sublimity of language is apt to be confounded with the beauty or sublimity of the thought itself. The beauty of thought transferred to the expression makes it appear more beautiful. It is the same with sublimity.

The imagination, in parting from the repose of power and in entering into the movement of action, produces the expansion of imaginary time and space, and prepares the theatre where the actors must play. Forced to restrain these two forms within certain limits, in removing every bound, and too precise in leaving their contours to float in a kind of vague and indefinite space like the walls of a vast amphitheatre illuminated by the trembling light of a torch, which extinguishes itself, that perplexity of forms represents and calls to the mind the mystery of the essence and the depths of the infinite. After having prepared the seat of the phantoms, the creative imagination calls the intellectual types by *their own names*, causes them to pass from their mental simplicity to the subsistence and to the fantastical reality, adorns and dresses them as bodies, individualizes them, vivifies them, causes them to appear, to gesticulate, speak, act on the scene which is assigned to them. Thus the mind passes by the three degrees of ideal formula, and after having created the sublime and the marvelous, it produces beauty, and augments its splendor by some features of the supernatural and the mysterious, in mixing shades with the light, and in adding something extraordinary to the course of events that it describes, and to the nature of the personages that it represents.

The poets and romancers of the century, a small number excepted, revel in what is strange, deformed or atrocious. It is the same thing with the style, of which the perfection consists in the simplicity and exactitude of words and phrases, and in the correspondence of the word with the idea it expresses.

When one confounds all the ideas, the elocution participates in the same disorder, and becomes obscure, affected, unequal, by turns trivial, ranting and bombastic, and nearly always barbarous.

The knowledge of the ideal formula is necessary to have an adequate idea, not only of the beautiful, but of the sublime and of the other æsthetic data. The most exquisite sublime, the dynamical, originates from the conception of an infinite force, and consequently creative ; for an infinite force must be an efficient and absolute cause, which could not be such if it confined itself to coördinate and to transform pre-existing substances, or else to create simple modifications and phenomena.

The properties and dispositions of the soul may fall under the æsthetic, by virtue of the connection of the soul with the body and the union of the two in one person. It is by the effect of that intimate relation that the sentiments and other phenomena of the mind show themselves externally, and animate the face, gestures, voice, gait, deportment of man, in constituting that artistical element called expression. A spiritual light, which reflects from the soul on the face and on the whole form, by making material and visible, in a certain manner, that which by its nature is above the sight and the sensibility. It is particularly in the eye and voice that it resides. The eye is the hearth of the soul, where it enjoys the perspective of things, and receives from it the reflect in itself ; also is it that in the eye the material element mixes itself in a certain manner with the spiritual element by the means of light, of which the nature is little material.

The vivacity and vigor of the look contribute to increase the gracefulness of the smile, which is another sensible manifestation of the mind on the face, and a prerogative of man. The laugh, which is the movement and gest of the features, agrees naturally with the look, which is the lightning by which the lineaments of the face acquire something spiritual, and are put in evidence. The laugh is a splendor of the soul, and the eye an animated mirror. The voice is also very apt to color the

sentiments of the soul, especially if it elevates itself to the tone of measured cadences, and associates itself to the mute language of the face and gestures, as in scenic representation.

It is indeed repugnant to a man of high taste, to see badly treated by an impudent and shameless imagination, things which, by their very nature, are most venerable and sacred.

Wherever we find strength we observe the sublime; and contempt comes to weakness. Infinity has a tendency to fill the mind with delightful horror, the truest test of the sublime. Nothing is more prejudicial to grandeur than angles, a fault from a thirst for variety. Design vast by mere dimension is the sign of a common imagination. Unless it have the appearance of infinity, by disorder, it will be disorder only, without magnificence.

Grandeur is best seen in one large mass of uniformity of design, color or expression.

Whatever exceeds the common size, is always great and amazing.

In the sublime the slighter and superficial disappear, and show only lines more simple and dignified; it is only the abstract, grand indifference.

In speech it is vast, rugged, negligent, angular, dark, gloomy, and of few words. When *outstretched* it loses tone. It should be constructed to harmony of sound. It is with a few parts, bold, great; and nothing little or mean. Beauty is order, proportion, unity.

Sublimity is irregular; it consists in magnitude. It is intangible as light, invisible as the soul.

Genius can never rise to sublimity where virtue and morals are depraved. Nothing can be great and glorious which is not just and good; and the dignity of what we utter and what we act, depends entirely on the dignity of our thoughts, and the inward greatness and elevation of the soul of which it is a reflected image.

NATURE.

It is impossible to separate art from nature without proportionable loss at every remove. It is not common but selected nature. A sculptor with a human figure in set attitude makes his work stiff ; but when the subject takes his own position the work is natural.

You must outdo and give more than nature. It is always truth, beauty, and sublimity. You must have no juggling, sophistry, intrigue, tampering, but resign yourself into the hands of nature with the simplicity of a child and the devotion of an enthusiast. "Study with joy her manner, and with rapture her style." Patience grows out of the pursuit and turns it into a luxury. Say what you will of rules, unless used judiciously they alter the true features, and the natural expression. All design must look like accident.

To the refined all is beauty and to the gross all is gross. Life and soul are necessary to reach the highest triumphs. In that which is simple, beauty is transfiguration, light.

It is the constant habit of nature to use both her highest and deepest shadows in exceeding small quantity ; in points, never in masses. If ever large always subdued. In exhaustless variety ; expanse of harmonious light—decisive shadow.

Completeness must have the general wholeness and effect of nature, and the inexhaustible perfection of details. If merely details, however, mechanism,—if generalities, trickery.

Every part must be filled by thought, every turn modulated, every change graded, every vacancy filled ; every point fathomless and exhaustless ; otherwise imperfect. Straight from the life.

If this great truth were sincerely, humbly understood, how many pangs would be spared, that, if a great thing can be done, it can be done easily ; when needed to be done perhaps only one can do it, and without more trouble than it costs small people to do small things. The evidence of *ease* is on the front of all the greatest works in existence. It is not the weariness of

weakness, but the *strength* of will. Not iron bars and perspiration, but brains.

It is difficult to show, in a clear light, the genuine face of nature. Its characters are legible, but not plain enough to read. It requires caution. It is complex, and every distinct part is to be examined, one by one, and reduced to the utmost simplicity. Then one must reëxamine the principles by the effect when combined. Then compare with something similar and even contrary, to learn by contrast. The greater the comparisons, the more general and the more certain. If this fall short of truth it may discover our weakness, and make us modest. If not preserve from error at least from its spirit, and make us cautious of pronouncing with positiveness or haste. Experiment merely is nothing, it must have proper means. Whatever turns the soul in on itself tends to concentrate its forces, to make it stronger, otherwise illiberal.

Nature does not consist in the observance of rules, but rules may be deduced from the examination of nature. The perfection of art, therefore, is in nowise incompatible with the strictest adherence to nature. An art is not learned in a day; its first principles may be mastered, but their application must be a work of time. A few hours cannot undo the meaning of the work of years, it must be practice and gradual acquirement. A man's own faults sit easy on him; habit has given them the air of being natural. They seem so.

Nothing can destroy the human heart. Man cannot divest himself of his natural sublimity of thought and affection, however he may pervert or deprave it. It is humanity still even in a den. Nature prevails, and to the last.

Nature is the soul of art. The strength in the imagination is that which reposes entirely on nature, which nothing else can supply. Art should *appear* to be the work of nature herself. The just rules of art are founded in nature, hence their adoption and application tend to free us from our defects, which are departures from nature.

Spontaneous nature is found only through the torture of art. The savage despises art and recognizes nature; the bar-

barian mocks nature, the civilized makes a friend of nature, curbing only her caprice.

Nature manifests the most profound and inscrutable art; and art which is a reflection of nature in its exactitude and precision, approaches, when most cultivated, nearest to nature, and satisfies human wants.

Nature is none the less simple, strong and vigorous because subjected, disciplined, and refined. It is inexhaustible in expression. It is obscure, unfathomable; it is complexity seeming to sublime disorder; with all germs of beauty for the human mind to discover, and make into unity. Nature is sounds, man music. Not as nature but as she should be.

Nature's best lessons are rare, but once given to the detective artist, they last centuries to cheer and delight men.

Nature in mysterious art is nearest when inexplicable, suggestive. The least comprehensible the best, decisive. Nature is constantly beautiful; she does not exhibit her highest powers continually, for they would satiate. They are rarely shown. They are the most evanescent.

Seize all occasions of observing nature, even in those effects which are unfrequent in their occurrence; but never lose sight of the main end and grand design by too servile an imitation.

Mere surprise without nature cannot be lasting. Be eloquent by zeal, not declaim through vanity. Strike immediately; not progression without strength.

Nature when minutely copied is outrageous; creative freedom is what is required.

Witches, wild and solemn, yet seem natural; no rule to judge them. The fancy delights in things great, strange or beautiful.

One of the great beauties of art, is to show it waving and retiring; now losing and then recovering as always in nature. Scholastic stiffness is contemptible. Waves continually changing in detail, as in the surf, awaken a feeling of repose and generate an idea of life wide and grand, but in perfect and harmonious order. Ripples worry the spirit.

GENIUS.

GENIUS stands apart. But this isolation is one element of its greatness. Whatever be the cause, there is something inexpressibly mournful in that reserve which forbids human communion. Yet the solitude of such is the result of their intense yearning to ennoble humanity. They love their species overmuch, not too little, and are stirred by an infinite compassion to guide them into higher ways of life. They aim to grasp the creative-absolute ; to master the infinity of nature ; and they look with contempt on the superficial pretty. With them it must be passion, depth, high intellectual purpose. Rules cannot inspire such, but they can correct them, and true genius never blushes to receive instruction even from inferiors. Imitation gives scope to genius—but it is only by the additional power that it ever becomes great. Genius is cultivated by principles, and observation of nature. Genius may be enough if one has enough of it but the greatest have had a sound understanding. Till one is able to seize with intuitive quickness all the appearances of nature it is only mechanism. Yet rules are not fetters to genius, but to those who have none. Mere imitation is imbecility. The very spirit of principles is weakened by it.

Exaggeration of physical effort, bodily agitations and distortions, are mistaken for the quest of deep mental emotion but they are the weakness not the strength of nature. Instead one should breathe with vitality, flush with action, animate by thought.

Little geniuses take peculiar pride in their accuracy and nicety of thought and manners. They often descry inaccuracies and inelegancies that escape the more enlarged views. The safer side to err on is that of abundance. He who takes a broad view cannot afford to examine all the details confined to a point. The former never astonish the world. Their art lies in mere method. They become bewildered with higher beauties.

The attempt to apply mathematical precision to truth is always a failure. It is not pure intellect.

Most truth is taught us by our instincts, our sentiments, our passions, and yet we should be as little children—simple, obedient—in order to learn. Genius should not be enslaved by law, nor be misled by feeling. True genius is unconscious of the action of the law; it is noble and natural, and requires more of the individual. It is subjected besides, for its perfect expression, to study and the law.

And still the indefinable manners of genius are, perhaps, more natural than the fixed and uniform habits of contracted minds, as they are governed by the impulse of the moment—by feelings eternally varying by circumstances which produce them. Such stand more in need of precedent—by precepts to regulate their conduct, or at least that endless variety of expression which continually crowds upon them. He needs to be refined and made agreeable and pleasing in his ways. Taste will find difficulty in guiding such, because the greater the diversity, the greater regulation is required.

Genius may be fertile in ideas, ardent in imagination and elevated in conception, but mere genius will not acquaint one with the nature and movements of the human heart. This is the work of experience.

Even in the brilliant career of true genius we find its efforts are crowned only after the most steadfast and unremitting adherence to purpose. Man has a complex nature combining all the elements, and it is not a man's business whether he has genius or not, for no agonies will make him better. If he is great he will do great things; if small, small things. A great man means to *do*, and devotes all his power to that end. What a man *does* is the real test of what a man *is*. Mediocre men mistake *aspiration* for *inspiration*; they have first-class ambition with third-rate powers which lead to endless mortifications. It is not in *wanting*.

To achieve greatness we must be unconscious of the way to it. Peacefully, is good and right; restlessly, is false and hollow. It is *will* to labor, not power to achieve. It is utility of action, not intellectual supremacy. A moderate talent well applied will do more than highest mind which may be too fine to work.

Genius may conceive with the rapidity of light, but elaboration is the result of long and diligent practice. An idea which is to change the aspect of the world, may be born in a second, but the means may be centuries in maturing. A sketch from an artist's hand may be thrown off at once, but its completeness is often the labor of years. With genius small things show in the beginning, what great things may be expected in the end.

Genius may not, however, be always faithful to its best instincts, if it be much petted and lavishly paid, as is oftentimes the case.

Michael Angelo, the sincerest, greatest, loftiest-minded artist, worked assiduously night and day on his statues. With all his genius he gave unmistakable evidences of intense study.

Genius is frequently diffident. True genius is rarely able to make a fortune. It is destitute of presumption which imposes on the ignorant and superficial, and a stranger to the subtle arts of insinuation, which procure the friendship of the weak and vain, and restrained in its sentiments through fear of ridicule. It is sometimes reserved ; conscious of deserving, but not eager to court esteem ; disdains to flatter ; scorns servility. Through its love of the romantic and ideal it sometimes meets with fatal disappointments. It may be delicious to mental appetite, but is a bitter draught from anguish of deceived hope. It has a precipitate temerity in judgment and does things sometimes ridiculous from volatility. *Sometimes* inconstant and irresolute, the effect of too pliant a temper, a disposition to oblige, devising expedients for reconciling different views, hesitating as to means in accomplishing purposes, making concessions and repenting of them. A kind of weakness and imbecility at times, even though great. It is notable in abstraction of thought ; alienation of mind ; and the power of self-amusement. While the idle perpetually change to lull care, genius finds resource in contemplation or action against that deplorable satiety and lassitude of mind. It has its troubles as well as comforts, and it is its misfortune to be susceptible of pain as well as pleasure. Its life is for the most part a state of warfare. With mankind in bulk, other gratifications are of greater account than the most exalted genius, they preferring the blandishments of impudence and

opulence. When at times in dependent situation, its treatment by inferiors in abilities, dissimilar tempers, and modes of life, will be peculiarly disgusting. Insults of brutality he submits to with contemptuous though silent disdain. He may often be without patrons, and left to languish in obscurity ; to feel the rigors of adversity, complaining of its melancholy situation in the anguish of a broken heart in vain. The fame to which it aspires being uncertain, disappointment in pursuit of it, the miseries it is doomed to experience, leaves little to be envied by its possessor of such gifts. Genius oftenest finds its elements of effort and strength in tempestuous passions, and turbulent sensibilities ; and yet the loftiest must descend familiarly to the comprehension of a child to watch humanity in his own heart.

Genius must be educated by contemplation, not of the tolerably good, but of the truly excellent. It must see only the best, and when grounded in those it will have a standard for the rest, which it will know how to value without overrating them. It should be the best in each class, and let no class be despised, for each gives delight when genius attains its highest point.

PART III.

THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS: AND ITS METHOD.

THE *traditions* of the Comédie Française—that is the sovereign word, and that is the charm of the place—the charm that one never ceases to feel, however often one may sit beneath the classic dusky dome. One feels this charm with peculiar intensity as a newly arrived foreigner. The Théâtre Français has had the good fortune to be able to allow its traditions to accumulate. They have been preserved, transmitted, respected, cherished, until at last they form the very atmosphere, the vital air, of the establishment. A stranger feels their superior influence the first time he sees the great curtain go up; he feels that he is in a theatre which is not as other theatres are. It is not only better, it is different. It has a peculiar perfection—something consecrated, historical, academic. This impression is delicious, and he watches the performance in a sort of tranquil ecstasy. Never has he seen anything so smooth and harmonious, so artistic and complete. He has heard all his life of attention to detail, and now, for the first time, he sees something that deserves the name. He sees dramatic effort refined to a point with which the English stage is unacquainted. He sees that there are no limits to possible “finish,” and that so trivial an act as taking a letter from a servant or placing one’s hat on a chair may be made a suggestive and interesting incident. He sees these things and a great many more besides, but at first he does not analyze them; he gives himself up to a sympathetic contemplation. He is in an ideal and exemplary world—a world that has managed to attain

all the felicities that the world we live in misses. The people do the things that we should like to do ; they are gifted as we should like to be ; they have mastered the accomplishments that we have had to give up. The women are graceful, agreeable, sympathetic, lady-like ; they have the best manners possible, and they are delightfully well dressed. They have charming musical voices, and they speak with irreproachable purity and sweetness ; they walk with the most elegant grace, and when they sit it is a pleasure to see their attitudes. They go out and come in, they pass across the stage, they talk and laugh and cry, they deliver long *tirades* or remain statuesquely mute ; they are tender or tragic, they are comic or conventional ; and through it all you never observe an awkwardness, a roughness, an accident, a crude spot, a false note. To be handsome, however, is for an actor one of the last necessities ; and the men are mostly handsome enough. They look perfectly what they are intended to look, and in cases where it is proposed that they shall *seem* handsome, they usually succeed. They are as well mannered and as well dressed as their fairer comrades, and their voices are no less agreeable and effective. They represent gentlemen, and they produce the illusion. In this endeavor they deserve even greater credit than the actresses, for in modern comedy, of which the repertory of the Théâtre Français is largely composed, they have nothing in the way of costume to help to carry it off. Half a dozen ugly men, in the periodic coat and trousers and stove-pipe hat, with blue chins and false moustache, strutting before the foot-lights, and pretending to be interesting, romantic, pathetic, heroic, certainly play a perilous game. At every turn they suggest prosaic things, and their liabilities to awkwardness are increased a thousand fold. But the comedians of the Théâtre Français are never awkward, and when it is necessary they solve triumphantly the problem of being at once realistic to the eye and romantic to the imagination.

Few know the amount of work—real downright work—that goes to make up the perfection of the French stage. Our young women are smitten with a desire to act ; they provide themselves with a gorgeous wardrobe, take a few lessons in elocution (which too often do them more harm than good), learn the words of a

few parts, and rush upon the boards—to wonder that they fail. We go to the Théâtre Français, we see absolute perfection of reading and action, simple wardrobes and slovenly scenery in comparison with our own, but such fidelity to Nature in every tone and movement, such weight of meaning in every gesture and inflection, such grace, such harmony, that we cry in despair, “The French are born actors, they are not made!” But when we catch glimpses behind the scenes we begin to see whence comes some of this finish, and to realize the truth of the saying that *genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains*.

To direct and to criticise players during their rehearsals requires a great deal of skill. One learns most valuable lessons in such a school, but at terrible cost to one’s vanity at times.

The last creation but one of the great Mademoiselle Mars was the Louise de Lignerolles, of Legouv  , and yet, before the curtain of the Théâtre Français rose upon the piece, she had *sixty-eight* rehearsals at the theatre, besides all her private study! For three months author and actors worked together, and every time Legouv  ’s youthful enthusiasm led him into any exaggeration of tone, Mademoiselle Mars would gravely imitate him, with just the touch of caricature that turned the whole thing into ridicule. The author writhed, but the reader accepted the lesson. Years afterward Rachel was to play the same part, and she was anxious to play it as like her great predecessor as possible. One scene, containing perhaps three or four hundred words in all, must be rendered with special fidelity. She called Legouv   to her aid, and for three long hours they read over and over those thirty lines till she had mastered every shade of inflection.

The great force of attention, the fineness of intellect and sincere modesty of this admirable artist astonished and instructed him. He says, “With what ardor we yoked ourselves to this difficult task! Not *one* of the three or four hundred words which compose this scene but we fairly excavated, turning them into every shape that could convey sense to us, and to find their true and penetrative emphasis.” Three such hours were worth months of ordinary work.

Voice Training—Suggested by the French Method.

The voice must always be adjusted, not only to the size, but to the peculiar acoustic qualities, of the room in which one speaks.

When we wish to play upon that most wonderful of all instruments, the human voice, we find few teachers who can give us anything more than a few general rules and a little training by rote. If the scholar have no imitative faculty, he is lost. With this system of teaching, the wonder is, not that we have so few good readers and singers, but that we have any. The intelligent student, after some vain efforts to find an intelligent teacher, usually relapses into despair, or, if possessed of uncommon energy, works out a system for himself.

There seems to be a vague feeling in the minds of people in general that we have some special arrangement for singing that has to be brought into play by strenuous effort, whereas the act of singing or reading should be as easy and natural as our speech. We often hear of the "registers" of the voice, of the "chest-register" and the "head-register," as if they were distinct organs, and, like the right and left hands of the pianist, had to be trained to special separate uses. It takes us all some time to learn the lesson science teaches us, that there are really no such things as "registers" in the voice; that we all have one little organ in the throat by whose vibrations all sounds are made, from the baby's cry to the highest and lowest notes that a trained singer can reach. We *may* learn to use the voice in the best way by intuition or by imitation, but it is much safer to use it understandingly, and to know the peculiar character of the delicate and wonderful instrument that we treat so badly.

The organs of sound are the lungs, which furnish us with a column of air, and the vocal chords that are thrown into vibration by the motion of that column of air, as the strings of an *Æolian* harp are agitated by the wind. In the throat lies the movable box called the larynx, with an opening at the top called the glottis, across which are stretched the vocal chords. They are not *cords*, properly speaking, but membranes; a drum-head slit across would represent them more exactly. By an act of

volition, for the most part unconscious, we tighten or loosen the tension of these membranes, throwing against them at the same instant the column of air from the lungs. When we increase the tension of the membranes, we increase the swiftness of the vibrations, and thus raise the pitch of the sound produced. A high note requires that the vocal chords should be all but touching and all but parallel. If, from any cause (swelling from cold, etc.), they do touch anywhere, the voice cracks. "The sweetness and smoothness of the voice," says Professor Tyndall, "depend on the perfect closure of the slit of the glottis at regular intervals during the vibration." The pitch, of course, depends on the number of vibrations produced in a second. The middle C of the piano corresponds to two hundred and sixty-four vibrations a second, its octave to double that number. The lowest number of vibrations a second that can be distinguished by the ear is said to be sixteen, the highest thirty-eight thousand.

Having, then, sent our column of air against the vocal chords, vibrating at the rate, let us say, of two hundred and sixty-four times a second, we have produced a certain sound. That *sound* ascends into the resonant cavity of the mouth and becomes *tone*, by the proper adjustment of the shape and size of that cavity, just as the snapping of a violin-string against a flat board would produce only a noise, but, against the resonant cavity of the violin, it produces a musical note. "Although the vibrations of the vocal chords are practically unaffected by the resonance of the mouth, this resonance, by reënforcing one or the other of the tones of the vocal chords, influences in a striking manner the clang-tint of the voice." To this first process if we add a quick movement of the tongue against the roof of the mouth just behind the teeth, and then push the lips forward a little in a rounded form, we have *articulation*.

The compass of the voice depends upon the length of the vocal chords, its smoothness and sweetness upon the perfection of their vibrating edges, but deficiencies in both particulars may be supplied, in a great degree, by the proper management of the resonant cavity of the mouth. By learning to control the muscles of the tongue, we can change the shape

of our sounding-board at once, and thus vary the quality of our tone.

Quality, which the French call *timbre*, the Germans *Klangfarbe*, and which Professor Tyndall proposes to call *clang-tint*, depends upon a union of unequal vibrations. A stretched string can either vibrate as a whole, or as a number of equal parts, each of which vibrates as an independent string. In fact, we never can cause a string to vibrate without causing this subdivision to a greater or less extent, so that we have always, in addition to the sound produced by the vibration of the whole string, called the *fundamental* tone, the sound produced by the vibration of its parts, called the *harmonic* or *over-tones*. We cannot alter the shape of the roof of the mouth, but we can change the shape of its flooring, the tongue, and its portals, the lips; we can reflect the sound produced by our vocal chords from the back part of the mouth, where the vibrations hit against the soft palate, and become flat and muffled, or from the extreme front of the mouth, where they strike the back part of the teeth, and become sharp and thin, or from the rounded centre of the roof itself, which Nature intended as a sounding-board, when they become clear, full, and resonant. If we let the tongue lie back too far, the vibrations are disturbed, and we get a harsh noise instead of a pleasant sound. Noise is a sound so complicated that the ear is unable to analyze it; that is, the vibrations are so irregular that harmony is impossible.

This shows the importance of the proper adjustment of our sounding-board, a thing to which most teachers pay little attention.

All the air-passages above the larynx, the pharynx, mouth, nose, and even the cells in the frontal bone, form part of this sounding-board, or resonance-tube; but, if we properly control the movements of the tongue, the other parts will take care of themselves. This power over the tongue, which enables us to take the form of *ā* and hold it as long as we like, can only be acquired by practice before a mirror, until the muscles learn their lesson, which is retained as a muscular memory.

Having investigated the nature of our musical instrument,

which is scientifically defined as "a pair of membranous, free reeds, with a prefixed tube and complex, affixed resonance-tube," we are better able to study the conditions of its development. The very first thing necessary is to look well to the bellows of our organ. The finest voice in the world can do nothing without air, and the proper management of the breath is the first thing to be learned by either speaker or singer. The only essential difference between the two is, that the former rarely uses more than five notes, while the latter may range over three octaves. To breathe well, and to breathe inaudibly, is the first thing we have to learn. The secret of breathing well is to take in plenty of breath, and expend as little as possible, always replenishing our treasury before it is exhausted. In order to breathe deeply, we must raise the lower ribs, and *keep them raised*, that the lungs may have full play. It is this habit that gives singers such breadth across the lower part of the chest. In order to breathe inaudibly, we have but to remember that we have no need to pump in our breath by a series of gasps; we have only to open the doors, and the air rushes in of itself. The reader who draws his breath by a muscular effort exhausts himself in that effort, and exhausts his hearers by his own appearance of fatigue. Talma declared that all these rules reduced themselves to this: "*Tout artiste qui se fatigue est un artiste médiocre.*" He founded the assertion upon his own experience. One of his earliest efforts was in the "Père de Famille" of Diderot, wherein, after a certain tirade, he invariably used himself all up, and had to lean against the wings, panting like an overdriven horse. His master endeavored in vain to teach him better, but one day Talma saw Dorival play in "Zaïre." "How does the wretch do it?" said Talma to himself; "I am ten times stronger than he, but he gets ten times less tired than I do." He asked Dorival, but was repulsed with the sweet answer, "You are so successful, M. Talma, that you have no need of lessons." "I will force you to give them me," muttered Talma to himself. The next time Dorival played in "Zaïre," Talma hid himself in the back of the prompter's box, whence he could watch every motion without being seen, and, after the famous tirade in the second act, he went out,

crying, "I've got it!" He had found that Dorival's power lay in his skillful respiration. He always took a fresh breath before his lungs were quite empty, and, in order to render his respirations inaudible, he took them before the open vowels—that is, when his mouth was already opened for certain sounds. The rules of breathing are the only rules in reading that we are never permitted to break. And if there is one thing more important than inspiration, it is expiration. Never allow more breath to escape than is absolutely necessary for the effect desired. Never expend force uselessly. We can breathe best standing, or sitting erect in a high chair. Any position which compresses the lungs interferes with their expansion.

Having learned *how* to take breath, we have to learn *when* to take breath—a matter not wholly summed up in the rule, "Breathe always before the lungs are empty," but depends partially on more æsthetic considerations, upon the character and sentiment of what one has to read. The general suggestion may be given, always take advantage of a pause, whether you need breath at the moment or not.

The best tones in a person's voice are always the easiest for him to use, because they are the result of the most natural and harmonious adjustment of the vocal organs. One should find out the pleasantest tones of his voice and keep within their range. If he reads or talks on a different key, he should change the pitch at once and make the true tones the habitual ones.

It is not enough to pitch the voice; we must know how to reflect it, in order to bring out all its best characteristics, the greatest amount of sweetness and resonant power of which it is capable. It is only through intelligently-directed mechanical movements that an æsthetic result is possible. To begin as most teachers of the voice do, is like trying to teach the minuet to a child that has not fairly learned to walk. Having acquired perfect comprehension and control of the mechanism of the voice, we are then in a fit condition to use this wonderful organ to the best advantage. For the *art* of reading no regular set of rules can be given. It is a question of intelligence and sympathy. Seek first to understand perfectly the meaning of your

author, and then try to express it in the simplest possible manner.

As to the reading of verse, there has always been a dispute among readers as to whether its form should be emphasized or obliterated—whether we should mark the rhythm or disguise it. In this, as in most things, we shall find the middle course the safest. Keep as far as possible from sing-song, but preserve that melody which is the lovely prerogative of verse. Three absolute maxims : “ 1. The art of reading is never so difficult or so necessary as when it is applied to poetry, and only long study will enable one to master it ; 2. Verse is to be read as verse, and the poets are to be interpreted in a poetic spirit ; 3. Their interpreter becomes their confidant and they reveal to him what they say to no one else.”

Each kind of poetry needs a special manner of interpretation. The final grace in singing and in reading is the *coloring* of the voice. But it is not until we have mastered the mechanism of an instrument that we can be taught the graces of expression ; the exercise of the voice is the most salutary of all gymnastics. To strengthen the voice is to strengthen the whole organism. We lessen our risks of taking cold, we widen the chest, we increase the breathing-power of the lungs, we supply more oxygen to the blood, we replenish our stock of vital energy. “ To sing well, is to be well ; ” and the real difference between singing and reading is merely an affair of the number of notes employed.

What is required is time and effort. Many calculations and reasonings, and much science preside over the choice of each inflection and accent.

Mlle. Mars, one day, at rehearsal, was a little tired and pre-occupied. In the second act a scene required much energy ; and she repeated it without giving out her voice, and no action ; yet all the effect, and the intention, were expressed. It was as a picture seen at a distance. It was a revelation to the rest ; and showed upon what a fixed basis the art supported itself ; since a great artist could rid herself of her personality without losing proportion or uniformity of relief.

The art rests on the physical voice, and the spiritual—thought. The technical bears upon the sound and the words.

As soon as the eyes open you behold the light ; as soon as the ears open you hear sound. You hear and see against your will. Man speaks only when he wishes. You cannot see or hear more or less ; but with the voice you can speak more or less loud, or more or less fast ; you can regulate speech. We cannot learn to see or hear, but we can learn to speak at will.

There are three kinds of voice. The most solid, supple, and natural is the medium, which imparts expression to all the sentiments most natural and true. The low notes have greater power, the high greater brilliancy, but they must be properly employed. The rule is to give supremacy to the medium ; the high notes are more fragile and delicate, and if used too much, they will become discordant and yourself entirely spoiled. The abuse of them influences the thoughts. The abuse of the low notes is not less injurious ; it produces monotony ; gives a tarnished, dull, heavy sound. Talma, at first, had this fault ; his voice was sombre, and it was by art that he acquired the power of its control.

Exercise strengthens the weak voice, renders supple the strong voice, softens the harsh voice ; it gives it body, brilliancy and grace ; not only by vocal gymnastics but a certain manner of attacking the sounds. In the end one has acquired notes which he had not. Mme. Malibran had a voice of three octaves. Part came of practice. After a concert a friend expressed admiration of her singing D sharp. She replied, " Oh, I have searched enough for it. I ran after it a month ! I pursued it everywhere ! In arranging my hair ! In dressing ! and I found it one morning in the bottom of my shoe ! "

Art not only aids in governing, but in extending our powers.

To breathe properly is one of the rarest talents in reading. One can give only what one possesses. To give much is to possess much. The little magazine of air which is used for ordinary and insensible respiration does not suffice when an energetic action of speaking is demanded. It is necessary then to establish an equilibrium between our *doit et avoir* ! It is necessary to make an appeal *to the breath*. By inhaling we acquire ; by exhaling we dispense. These are two different acts.

It should be from *the base of the lungs*. If from the upper parts it is too small an amount and one is soon exhausted. Breathing plays an immense rôle in reading. Its rules should never be violated. The actor, in vehement passages, can forget punctuation at will, but, he must always be *master of his breath*. He has the right to pant only as an effect of the art.

Speakers have more need of this than actors, on account of the continuity of speech. The actor has intervals in which to rest, while others are speaking, and at changes of scenes. The speaker often continues for hours, which draws from the strength of his voice. He must learn the means of conducting his speech without fatigue.

The great Delle Sedie could execute the gamut ascending and descending, without moving the flame of a candle held to his mouth. He simply allowed sufficient air for the utterance of the note ; sufficient power of air to reduce it to sound.

Articulation also plays a highly important part. It is articulation alone, that gives clearness, energy, passion, and vehemence. Such is its power that it can redeem feebleness itself, even in a large space. There have been great actors who had meagre voices. The famous Monvel had no voice ; not even teeth, and not only was not one of his words lost, but never was an artist more pathetic or more carried away by grace of articulation.

Choice organizations, those endowed with exceptional qualities, know that by work their rich natures will bear double harvest. Others, without arriving at the first rank, approach it by many more degrees, by cultivation.

We must read as we speak. But on one condition : it is when we speak well. Conversation admits and also demands a certain negligence in pronunciation, a freedom of utterance. Spontaneous inaccuracies have a grace when we talk ; but are defects in reading. To talk as we read would be pedantic ; to read as one talks would often be a vulgarity. Art is art, and speaking is speaking, and the rules are not those of conversation. There is in talking a variety of inflections and a natural grace of delivery which is useful in reading, but one must not borrow these and rest upon them as being correct.

We cannot learn to speak from conversation. The study of elocution and the exercise of the voice are more efficacious.

At the play nothing makes it seem so long as *rapid* utterance, as if one were anxious to hurry over passages. Nothing commands silence sooner than a slow, deep utterance; people quiet themselves to listen. One cannot master the public until he controls himself, until he has mastered his voice. You should listen to your voice as one watches another's countenance. You should search for the correct accentuation as you would for a sincere soul. Above all, study children.

A skilful reader is also a skilful critic; for reading must express the exact ideas and beauties of an author's mind; and in order to interpret them properly, it is necessary to understand them.

Reading aloud gives the power of analyzing more than by silent reading.

Says Legouvé: "Racine's comparison of the French theatre before the time of Corneille and after, is a remarkable passage. I had often silently read and admired it; but one day in trying to read it aloud I found great difficulty, which set me to thinking. The second part appeared dull and almost impossible to express. This has some seventeen lines, and all but one period. Not a full stop; not even colons! nothing but commas, with intertwinings of incidents succeeding and repeating themselves at every turn, and prolonging themselves when seemingly finished and forcing you to keep following on interminably. I came to the end out of breath, and I asked myself, why Racine had written so long a period, so laboriously proscribed? I turned to the first part and found it a complete contrast. Exclamation points everywhere, not a verb; a disjointed style—all in fragments. I uttered an exclamation of joy. I saw clearly. Wishing to illustrate the two styles, Racine had more than told it, he had painted it in his own language. To show what he called the chaos of a dramatic poem, he had employed a violent style, without art, without transition. In order to produce a sensible image of the theatre, such as it was at the time of Corneille's creations, he imagined a long period, where all is bound

together and held firmly; where all is harmoniously united, similar in short, in its laborious work, to the tragedies of the author of *Rodogune* and *Polyeucte*; which in the wise combinations and situations of characters, we know is so pleasing.

This passage is quite changed when read aloud. The thoughts then appear visible. It offers obstacles which make it a lesson in itself. There is hardly anything more difficult and more beneficial than conducting the voice to the end of this terrible period of seventeen lines without actually stopping, and without getting tired and feeling that it is finished, and letting it unroll itself in all its amplitude and all its majestic variety.

The *eye* glancing over the page, takes a glance at the dangerous places of long and tedious phrases; but the *ear* hears all.

In reading silently certain words have been passed over, but when read aloud and they suddenly strike the ear, the proportions then seem enormous.

There is between the speaker and those who listen a current which should be mutually instructive. The speaker in imparting ideas to others is enlightening his own mind. He hears the murmurs or sighs of an audience and even their silence instructs him; he sees their looks, he foresees passages that will affect—before he comes to them. The abilities awakened and put in motion by the formidable contact with the public, approach a kind of divination.

Style is only the method and the emotion we put in our thoughts. This is one of the fundamental rules of the art. When one commences to study a part or a subject, he should first find the method to determine the emotion, which is method animated. He should find the grand outlines; for without so doing he cannot penetrate into the mysteries of language.

M. Baucher surpassed every one in good horsemanship in a riding room. Nothing is more interesting than to see a horse rode, it is said, and controlled by M. Baucher. What powerful sway of man over beast! Trembling, stately but controlled, this horse had not a muscle which was not pliant; the foam which covered him, his nostrils which opened and closed, palpitatingly, the swollen veins which were visible on his body,

all betrayed his strength and his feverish impatience. It was requisite that every one of his movements should be in rhythm, that every step should be submissive and held in the immovable circle by a master's two legs of iron ; his energy itself was under subordination.

M. d'Aure, on the contrary, excelled in horsemanship in the open air. What a difference ! That which was requisite to him was plenty of room ; that which he asked of his horse was the displaying of all his energy ; he does not hold him back, he does not restrain him, he gives him the bridle, and to see them thus pass, his hair and the horse's mane flying in the wind, eye on fire, devouring the road, leaping hedges and ditches, we should try to believe that there is but one master there, and that master is the horse. Nevertheless this master has a guide, the hand that urges it is at the same time the hand that directs it ; it is true his rider lets him take the initiative, finds pleasure in binding himself to all his movements, but without ever abandoning the rein which guides him, nor the curb which can restrain him, and whereas the horse of M. Baucher is always powerful although confined, that of M. d'Aure is always submissive although independent. Such are two kinds of acting.

Madame Talma once represented *Andromaché* and was so deeply agitated that tears ran not only from the eyes of the spectators but from her own. After the tragedy one of her friends said ; " Oh ! it was admirable ! You must have imagined yourself the wife of Hector ! " " I ! " she replied laughing, " not the least in the world ! " " Well, you were truly moved, because you wept. " " Yes, I was weeping. " " What made you weep ? " " My voice ! It was the expression that my voice gave to the sorrows of *Andromique* ; that moved me, not the sorrows of *Andromique*. The cold nervous sensations which coursed through my body, was the electric vibrations of my nerves by my own accents. I was at the same time both actress and auditress ; I magnetized myself. "

A great actor has often said that this power which acts so deeply upon an audience, comes to him when he repeats his rôles in full voice in private. It is his voice which electrifies and guides him.

There are actors also personally devoid of spirit, but whose playing is spirituelle. Even ordinary interpreters of intelligence and feeling, will make people weep and set them to thinking. It is because their voice is intelligible, emulative and spirituelle to them. When silent they return again to their nullity. The voice is an invisible actor, a mysterious speaker.

There are in the works of certain authors mysterious parts, mysterious even to themselves. They put them there by instinct, in the fire of creating them, ideas which they cannot themselves give an account of, but which are none the less real. Genius has her unconsciousness, like beauty, like childhood. A child enchants by the simplicity of its smile; it does not know that its smile is artless.

Now one of the substantial advantages of loud reading is to reveal precisely, in master-pieces of genius, multitudes of features and shades, unknown even to him who has put them there. This makes reading a powerful instrument of education to all.

Said Legouv   to Rachel after she had played Adrienne Lecouvreur: "My dear friend, you will never play this fifth act in your life as you have just played it." "I believe so," she said, "and do you know why?" "Yes! because no one applauded there and you did not think of the effect it produced. Thus you became in your own eyes, the poor, dying Adrienne, in the middle of the night in the arms of two friends." She remained silent a moment and then replied; "You are not right. There passed within me a very strange impression. It was not for Adrienne that I cried; it was for myself. Something told me that I would die young like her; and it seemed to me that I was seized with death,—and when at the lines, 'Adieu, triumphs of the theatre! adieu, intoxication of an art which I have so much loved,'—you saw me shed tears in reality, and it was because I thought in despair that time will efface all trace of that which has been my talent, and that soon there will be nothing of that which was once Rachel."

Nothing is more difficult than to decipher at first sight a

piece of poetry ; it is a very complicated operation. The eyes, the intelligence and the voice are all in the state of an improvisatore. The eyes read at once the line, they peruse it, and the one that follows. The intelligence divines at once the passage, its progress, its character, plainly at the beginning. The voice immediately produces the sounds that reply to the words and measure, which the intelligence and the eyes convey to the reader.

The difficulty is a real one, and it requires a rapidity of conception, a pliancy of voice, a vivacity of perception, which is acquired only by long previous practice.

It now and then happens that the reader is electrified by unforeseen beauties, which suddenly spring up one by one, before him, and surprises the hearer, as he surprises himself, in this impromptu interpretation ; as he instantly finds the emphasis, with a daring and felicity that is not known to the reader the most skilfully prepared. This does occasionally occur.

Acting (*Samson*).

To be the interpreter of the poet, the actor, like him, must burn with the sacred fire.

Whoever wishes to risk the dangers of the stage should confide but in the supreme master—nature.

A pedant speaks of warmth in a freezing tone. This gift which comes from heaven the artist envies.

The value of a terrible or tender sentiment is often doubled by giving it weight, in delaying—and that, often when, too slowly uttered, loses character and effect.

An experienced actor can tell secrets of his art to a novice, that he would little suspect, as to the labor and detail in studying parts.

Youth must be instructed in a loving way—that will check his pride and rebuke his laziness.

It is rash in one to expect success from his inspiration, and to be persuaded that talent will descend from heaven by the simple asking. He that disdains lessons, labor and art, and takes the risk, trusting in his talents alone, scarcely appears

but what he is weighed down by fear and confusion ; and failure seems inevitable.

An actor does not take up his part in taking up his costume, depending on the heat of the moment. He masters the part in its slightest details ; but his study must not appear to the public as if having had his labor over it. He must know how to conceal the trace of his efforts. The words which have been repeated a thousand times must come from his mouth with ease and facility.

The imprudent and lazy actor waits for inspiration and depends not on study.

The actor who wishes to attain the heights of his art should keep a cool, clear head while he gives up his heart. He should add to the effects, which he has prepared long before, tones and movements inspired by the scene.

Give to your mind noble habits—study history, poetry, painting, music.

How can an illiterate actor produce a literary character ?

Reason proclaims, and examples attest, that a too hasty début proves fatal. Check the promptings of a bold pride ; and delay, in order to make success the more certain.

Sometimes the public raves over an actor ; and his unregulated passion, and his proud demeanor, which surprise and disgust men of taste, obtains from the mass unbridled applause. These stupid triumphs should not be envied ; but reason and art be our guides. Art is but the natural converted into doctrine.

Sometimes a phrase slipped in accidentally divides the thought into two parts, and the listener may not be able to perceive where the sense breaks off and where it is taken up again. You must make them understand this by a change of voice, but never by a false tone, for delicate minds feel it keenly and will not permit a tone which is but half true.

Learn to measure the extent of your voice, so that it may extend to the most distant places and, coming from the chest without effort, shall be neither too feeble nor too strong. Change it skilfully into different tones that it may come back into the *medium*, for there only, the actor finds the natural ; and without the *medium* the actor finds no real talent.

Avoid the sharp sounds thrown into the head—and which used too far are not listened to. Only the *medium* pleases, touches, and inflames, and it alone reaches the soul through the ear. In order that the voice may be able to change to a great variety of tones it must be made supple by exercise and labor.

The voice which articulates distinctly is preferable to that of a stentor. To speak distinctly is the first law.

Avoid monotony. The finest speeches do not please when delivered all in one *key*.

The first duty is to seem to *think* and not to *know*. The thought should come before the expression. The gesture and the look should announce it to our eyes, the giving utterance to the words is more laborious. Have a simple, frank, open manner and know how to contrast light and shade. Everything should have a meaning, but everything is lost when every word is marked by the same accent. Sometimes the thought is all condensed in one word : when this is the case the voice should separate it from the other words ; and you must put more nerve and more expression into that word in which the sense is bound up, so that it may shine above the phrase and illumine it.

Sometimes an actor leaves the natural voice but does not attain the grand. Do not deprive verse of its natal aspect. Spoken nobly and not sung, verse will appear in all its beauty. Divine language should be divinely given. Do not show up, but let it appear. Enlarge the voice in heroic styles. The tragic should unite the natural with the grand. The tears of the audience should be poetic.

Art is diverse ; be as diverse as it.

In order that ease be united to good tone it is well to be at all times in good company.

Distinguish yourself above all by a loyal talent. Art in certain moments demands that the man suppress himself altogether for art's sake. All success should be condemned which is out of place.

Frequent movements and prodigal gestures fatigue the eye of the spectator and a constant effort betrays our weakness. Often a look suffices. Listen well to the others on the stage.

Men of talent have a sympathetic bond between them. *Kings of art love the truth.*

Make the human heart your supreme study. Learn with what gesture and with what inflection every caprice and every passion speaks. Do not give to the anger of a noble heart the tone of a brutal fury. Give to love, numberless shades, gentle, naïve, tender, tragic grace. There is an egotism in all hearts mixed with better feelings. Give repose at times to the voice, but never to the face, which ought, mobile, always flexible, to express promptly the sudden changing of your feelings. Those silences which an ignorant actor ignores often eloquently pave the way for the coming speech.

To play well one must read well.

Know how to accompany beautiful verse by a noble attitude and imposing gesture.

You ought, upon the stage, in reading a letter, to show the sentiments with which it fills you by a play of the features and of inflections less faithful to the sense, than to your impressions.

We love to have one speak to our intelligence. In order to make us think, the actor must think himself.

Do not change the style of a part. Do not excite mirth by nonsense. It is an outrage to truth. A comic actor should feel his part and not merely make diversion. Respect your author.

A studious actor does not rebel against labor in such a beautiful art; admiration inspires him; for not to admire is not to understand. Such an artist alone can charm the ear as he rends the heart. He holds back his tears, but his emotion alters his voice.

Samson.

One day Samson, being somewhat fatigued and not wishing to overtax his energies, as he had to play an arduous rôle the same evening, gave a lesson to a lady pupil after the following manner, as noted by a friend who was present. Samson, stretched out in his arm-chair, his eyes half closed, his hands in the pockets of his morning wrapper, without moving, without a

single gesture, without raising his voice, expressed with such grandeur all the passions of the terrible Aggripine in the first act of Brittannicus, designated all the details of her character so well as to produce the effect of wonder and admiration. When asked as to how it was possible, and how it was done, he replied smilingly, "it is very simple, I followed the advice of Talma, I translated myself."

It is not the pomp or intensity of the sound, wherein the grandeur consists; it comes from the vibrations of the soul, of which the voice is the echo. It suffices to put into the words just enough of sound, that they bear to the ear of the hearer the sentiments of the character; thus did Talma act. At times when fatigued he lowered his voice, reserved his force, and although the effect was less strong, it was complete in its measure.

Samson was indifferent to the science of the *mis-en-scene* and slightly mocked it. He cared little whether the direction was to the right or left, and changed them at pleasure. He believed acting and recitation as one; and often said that the actor was in the *mind*, the *voice*, the *heart*. He allowed the greatest freedom, and felt that a great dramatic professor is expected to have many contradictory qualities. The teacher must have a powerful individuality and a deep respect for other individualities; the power of authority which imposes at the same time the hatred of blind obedience, and mechanical imitation. This was the secret of Samson's method. Not a pupil but what differed from him, and differed from each other, and yet not one that had not the strong stamp of his style. It was because he was a man as well as a professor.

One day he was teaching a pupil, and a friend called to remind him of a dinner he had forgotten. After the apology for his forgetfulness, and the departure of the gentleman, he made application of the *manner* of his visitor to the pupil. He stood for a moment, folded his arms, shook his head and began as had his friend, and then remarked to the pupil that gesture and action precede and prepare the words as he had often remarked.

Samson had all disinterestedness, faith, and prophetic

ardor. He sought everywhere for dramatic knowledge. He lived to make others faithful to art, and opened his house, his purse, his science to every one that brought to him a hope. Such was his goodness that he would even act badly, when acting with pupils, that they might appear well.

Great actors are divided into two classes ; those of intellect and those of the emotions—the creators, and the virtuosos. Talma united both in himself. But sometimes by a strange anomaly the creative power has no natural gifts ; like Le Kain, who had a vulgar figure, heavy voice, sluggish gait ; but beneath this ungraceful exterior was hidden such a power of thought and passion that the inner character lighted up the outer. By the force of his inner soul and by method his rebellious voice became soft, his figure heroic, and he realized that a grand soul is always master.

The virtuoso, the emotional, acts at once ; he appears ready with natural gifts ; face, voice, gesture. But often the great inventive, creative power is lacking. Their talent of creation does not equal their power of execution. Le Kain was one who reflected and was inspired, and having learned by rules afterwards stood alone. Rachel, on the contrary, always needed a guide, in spite of her powerful inspiration. She was not the less grand, but differently so. She was not a tragedienne, but tragedy itself. She was more natural, more human, more touching, and just as original. At sixteen, before her débüt, uneducated, uncultivated, and bringing to her teacher nothing but ardor and instinct, she brought a scene in d'Eryphile which she had studied all alone, and recited to him with such energy of emphasis that Samson trembled and said, “who has given you the idea of this character, my child ? this tone of bitterness, and constrained fury ?” “Eryphile loves Achilles and she sees that Achilles loves Iphigenia and that makes her mad.” “That is very well, but tragic princesses do not get *mad*.” “Oh, yes, they *rage* !” “No, rage is not the word,—but here is a lesson for you. Listen !” And putting her chin on her hands she looked deeply into the eyes of her teacher. “You see, my child, in order to play tragedy well, two things are necessary, truth and grandeur. It is well to commence by

changing tragic sentiment into common language so as to give them the accent of truth ; having found that, raise it before changing back to verse, to dignity ; and you will thus have the truth of the sentiment, and the beauty of sound. Do you understand ? ” “ Not yet, but I shall this evening, to-night. ” Such was the pupil of sixteen in her naïve and passionate docility.

In her full glory how full of admiration and gratitude for her master ! She was now twenty-six years old and had quarreled with Samson. One of her friends found her bathed in tears. She exclaimed, “ I have lost everything in losing Samson ! I shall die ! I shall have to leave the stage ! I can do nothing without him ! ” “ Your genius,” replied the friend. “ My genius ! yes, my genius ! . . . Yes, I feel that I was born to rise high, but I cannot rise by myself. I find enough isolated effects, words of passion, accents of truth, but the “ ensemble ” of a part frightens me. Mons. Samson with his luminous mind guided me, he gave ideas to me that brought forth other ideas ! Far away from him, I still worked with him. I incessantly repeated to myself what he had told me, and in the evening on the stage each of his inflections came to me, and I said them in my way, and as by inspiration. ” This explains that mysterious alliance, unlike anything in the history of art, between the teacher and the pupil. She had the genius and knew the effect, but understood not the general design. Her ideas were only completed when his were superadded. Nothing could be more expressive and characteristic ! This marvelous, wonderful actress, but the echo of her teacher ! The same course with another would not succeed so well. He did not create, he merely awakened her. He did not give her wings, but he gave her power to soar. He gave her development. She might have been great, but not Rachel. This was not the only quarrel they had had, but perhaps the most marked. Their friendship was a continual thunder-storm. Their lives passed in quarrelling and getting reconciled. One might suppose they resulted from her caprices and ingratitude, but they really came from his side ; it was characteristic of him. It was generally because of her careless habits in exhausting her strength in various ways, and

her talent suffering from these habits, enraged him. — It seemed to him that in not being careful of her health she did not respect her genius. Sometimes he was very violent, and oftentimes comical. It was not at times like two lovers making up. When acting together in the same scene, at rehearsal, it was often intensely amusing to observe their manner of reconciliation. In one instance his ill-feeling gave way to tears ! and he clasped like a father the hand that was extended to him in the progress of the scene.

Talma and Acting.

Nature seems to have bountifully endowed him with beauty of voice and figure.

We find his type sculptured upon the marbles of the Parthenon.

As a man of genius, in whatever sphere it might be, he always attained the highest degree of perfection ; for he joined with venture daring enough to leave the common path. He seemed a model of hardiness, persevering originality, and natural dignity. He possessed the secret of many arts ; his attitudes recalled ancient statuary ; his attire, without his seeming to be conscious of it, appeared as if he had arranged it in the most perfect repose. The expression of his face and his eyes was a study for painters.

Where others needed time to feel the sentiment, he grasped the sense and emotion at once. There was a magic in his voice, the first accents of which seized and held the heart in sympathy.

With him at times the power of sorrow was more terribly exhibited under a calm and dignified demeanor.

Sometimes he was so overwhelmed ; and sometimes appeared more powerful than nature itself, in passions that seemed to devour him.

In the witch scene of *Macbeth*, his voice was low ; and he placed his finger upon his mouth as a statue of silence, while he altered his countenance to express a horrible repulsive remembrance ; all combined to paint a wonderful novelty. In

Hamlet, in "To be, etc," he was a man interrogating his own thoughts upon the fate of mortals.

In another tragedy, as Manlius, he takes his poniard to strike Servilius ; his hand seeks his heart and trembles in finding it ; for the memory of many years, during which Servilius was very dear to him, rises like a veil of tears between his vengeance and his friend.

Every actor should be his own instructor. If he has not the faculty to express passions and paint characters all the counsels of others cannot help him. Genius is not to be learned ; the faculty of creating is in us ; but if the actor possesses it, the advice of men of taste can guide it.

The great actor Le Kain learned to subdue his fervor in his actions ; but did not dare at first to entirely abandon the chanting style that was at that time regarded the beau ideal of declamation.

Donée, like Le Kain, had the rare art of penetrating the feelings of an audience ; and abandoned herself without rule and without science to all agitations of her soul, insensible to conventional beauties, recoiling before the frigidity of cold calculation.

Talma on Acting.

Actors should continually refer to nature as a model ; she should be the constant object of their study.

Poetry only can give grandeur to the majesty and beauty of nature, yet society greatly emulates the grander passions. Sorrow and passions attendant upon those that violently agitate great interests, have, it is true, a language more elevated, more ideal, yet this language is still the language of nature. It is then nature ennobled and aggrandized, but at the same time simple and true, which must ever be the constant effort of the actor and the author to imitate.

In the great masters of painting is found this same grandeur without exaggeration. In their best works the most sublime expressions are the most simple.

It is often remarked, even among highly cultivated people,

that "tragedy is not in nature." It is only the idea on their part, repeated without reflection. Men of the world, occupied with other objects, have not made a deep study of all the movements that actuate men in the grander passions, and they judge lightly.

Authors and actors who have paid but little attention to their art, have added strength to this error; and the imperfect manner in which they conceive and represent their art serves little towards disabusing minds from so false an idea.

The man of the world and the man of the people, if placed against each other by their language, have often in great agitations of soul, the same expressions; the one forgets his social manners, the other quits his former vulgarities; the one re-descends to nature, the other ascends to it; both stripped of the artificial to become truly men. The accents of both are the same in violence or dignity; in sorrow or happiness. Suppose a mother with eyes riveted upon the empty cradle of a loved infant now lost to her; a kind of stupor in her features; tears are rarely seen furrowing her pallid cheek; but broken sighs, convulsive sobs rather, from time to time signalize her anguish. The sorrow of the humble woman is the same as that of a duchess. They have the same expression in anger; their eyes, features, gestures, attitudes, and movements take alike the character of the terrible, the grand, the solemn, the dignified under the painter's touch and the actor's study. The grand movements of the soul elevate to the plane of nature in both ranks. The art of the actor is in representing either class to be true to nature. To do this it is necessary for him to have a profound sensibility. The greatest impressions produced by actors is an alliance of *two* faculties; sensibility and imagination; the latter is the source of having seeming objects actually present. Both are creative, active, powerful, and assist in gathering in and giving to fiction qualities of reality; associating the actor at once with the inspiration of the past, and transporting him to time past, bringing to life historical personages, or those passionate beings created by genius; revealing to him, as if by magic, their physiognomy, their heroic stature, their language, habits, all the shades of their character, all the actions of their souls, and even their peculiarities of manner. This

power is sensibility, the faculty of exaltation, which agitates the actor, seizing and capturing his feelings to the extent of making his whole being tremble with the agitations of the soul ; and throwing him into the most terrible passions which seem as real as if they were his own.

Intelligence which precedes, acts only after sensibility ; it judges of impressions, which proves this ; it chooses them ; it appoints them ; it submits them to calculation. If sensibility furnishes material, intelligence performs the work properly ; it aids and directs the physical and intellectual forces ; it judges of statements and connections between the past and the situation ; or of the character of personages, and sometimes adds shades that are wanting, thus more fully completing expression and action.

It is the nature and destiny of men to portray their passions in their greatest excess ; to yield to all their violence and to exhibit them in all their delirium. They should have great energy as our emotions have an intimate connection with the nervous system. It is extremely necessary that the nervous system of the actor should be very mobile and impressible to the lightest touch.

When nature has given the actor exterior qualities ; then by the study of master minds, with practice and reflection, he is perfected in his art.

In the choice of extreme sensibility, and profound intelligence, it should be the former without hesitation. It might be subjected to modifications, but sensibility which inspires sublime action ravishes the spectator. Intelligence renders one coldly-wise and regular. The one is beyond attention and thought, the other carries us along with it. One's *soul* will be profoundly moved by an inspired actor ; and one's mind will be eminently satisfied by the intelligent actor. That which carries us away proves that it cannot take the same liberty with our judgment. This, by a philosophic play, suffers you to control yourself, and to reason at your ease. The first will be the character, the other the actor who merely represents the character. But the actor who has the double gift, does an especial

kind of work. By repeated study he fits his soul to the emotions, and gives to his words the accents proper to the situation of the parts he has to enact. He goes to the theatre not to deliver the first essays of his studies, but to add all the spontaneous flights of his sensibility which it suggests without his knowledge. Then, that these inspirations be not lost in repose, his memory seeks and recalls the intonations and accents of his voice, the expressions of his countenance, his gestures, the degree of abandon in which he delivered them, and finally, all that in moments of exaltation helped to produce those effects.

This is not of a day, but one's whole life should be subjected to this kind of work, for it is generally only in one's latest years that he reaps the full benefit of all his toil and study.

Though sensibility and intelligence are the principal faculties necessary, stature and features make a great difference in one's favor. The tragedian and comedian need the same faculties but the tragedian needs most power. With the tragedian it is necessary to quit every-day life and transport himself to the poet's region, that he may be able to give lofty characters their full proportions, yet at the same time giving natural accents to their elevated language; intermingling grandeur without bombast, and being true without triviality. Such types may not exist in society and yet seem in many respects quite as natural. Passion exists for all time. Society enfeebles the soul, but the grand passions exist none the less in its depths.

LeKain would commence slowly, and animating himself by degrees would raise himself to the very pinnacle of passion and astonish all by the sublimity of his performance. He had a nice economy in his action and gestures and he regarded this as a very essential part of his art; for too many movements destroy one's nobleness of deportment. In him dignity seemed the simple effect of habit. He did not raise his voice to give an order; he knew that men of power do not need effort to be obeyed, and all his movements were actions of a man of authority.

Under certain circumstances, where it is necessary to collect

one's thoughts before confiding them to words, where there is an intelligent calculation, it is proper for the actor to meditate upon what he is going to say, and by the expression of the face to fill up the pause. His features should clearly indicate in the silence the pre-occupation of his soul, or the interval will seem meaningless, and the fault be attributed to memory.

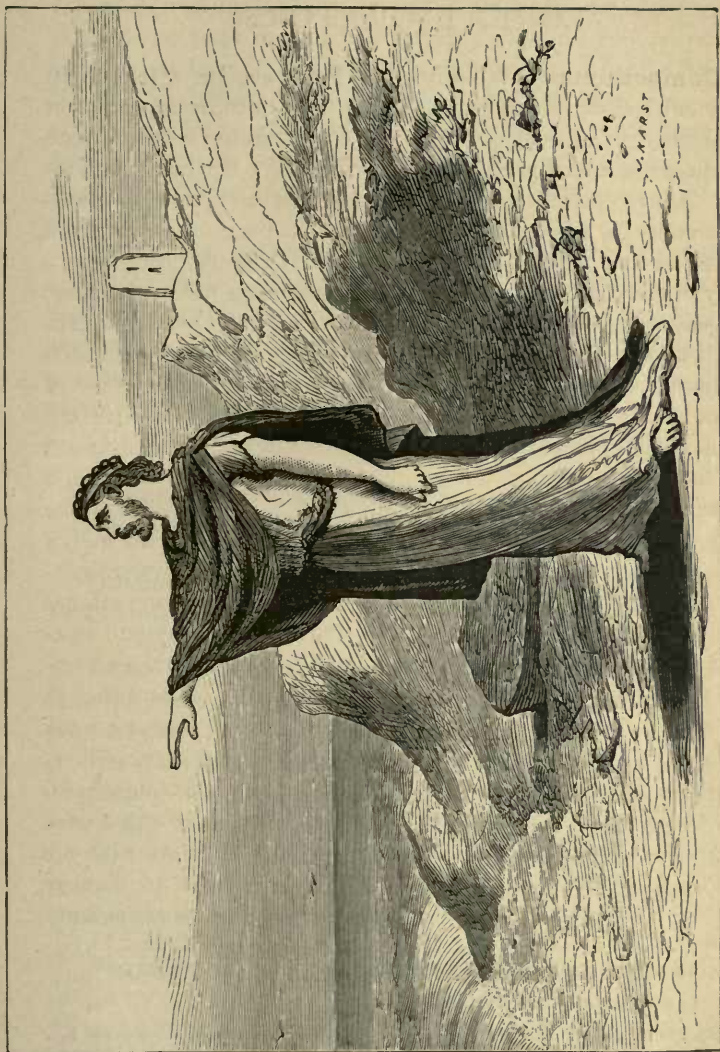
There are also places where being greatly moved, he feels with too much force to allow himself to await the slow combination of words, and the sentiments oppress him before he is able to express them, as the lightning precedes the thunderbolt. This reveals a soul so profoundly penetrated, and impatient to manifest itself, that he chooses signs more rapid. These various artifices constitute what is called silent acting, so essential and so difficult to attain.

Then again there are times where a sentiment has to be instantly and forcibly uttered, and the expression needed comes easily, words follow as rapidly as thought, and the soul is borne along like a whirlwind. Here the actor should hasten the climax ; he should not give the public time to breathe, for taking breath is a kind of repose, a suspension, however light, that diminishes the warmth of the movement, and necessarily destroys the effect, because they seem to participate with the relief of this repose of the soul. Passion does not march with grammatical precision ; it is not always arrested at the point required ; ordinarily it respects not punctuation ; it leaps it, and displaces it agreeably to its own disordered condition.

GREAT ORATORS.

Demosthenes.—Whatever may have been the extent of literary cultivation which he received in his youth, it appears that Demosthenes did not enjoy the gymnastic training which formed an equally essential part of the early discipline of young Athenians. It is supposed that his delicate constitution, and his mother's anxiety for the health of her only son, prevented him from joining in the exercises of the palæstra. His first beginnings in a study of rhetoric, and his ambition to become a public speaker, are generally attributed to the fact that he was taken by his tutors, while still a boy of eight or nine years, to hear the celebrated Callistratus, the orator. But his lisping articulation, want of muscular vigor, and effeminate attire obtained for him the name of the "infantine babbler." His success as he advanced into manhood, by no means guaranteed his eminence as a public speaker. He wrote many of his speeches to be delivered by the parties themselves, and it does not appear that any great merits of elocution were expected in these harangues. They were usually read. At any rate, Demosthenes had no natural advantages as an orator. A feeble frame and a weak voice, a shy and awkward manner, ungraceful gesticulations and defective articulation would have deterred most men from even attempting to address an Athenian assembly, and as it was he failed on his first attempt. Besides he was not fluent as an extempore speaker, and liable to break down if he spoke under novel circumstances. But ambition and perseverance enabled him to triumph over every disadvantage. He filled the minds of his hearers with his subject, not his oratory. He copied the eight books of Thucydides no less than eight times, and could almost recite him from memory. He so prepared himself mentally, vocally, and physically, as to become even by the confession of his deadliest enemies, the first orator of Greece.

In his practice he would place two pebbles in his mouth between jaw and cheek. His breathing was defective, his voice and lungs weak. He strengthened and expanded them by running up hill while speaking.



"HE SHOOK DISTANT THRONES AND MADE TYRANTS TREMBLE."

Cicero.—Cicero, at the age of twenty-seven, owing to the vehemence of his oratory and great constitutional weakness, so injured his voice that he was strongly advised by his physicians and nearest friends, to abandon his profession. But he refused. He went to Greece, placed himself under the care, first of Atticus, then Demetrius, and after making a circuit round all Asia, in company with the most celebrated orators, and rhetoricians (vocal), he returned at the end of two years quite another man.

Cicero once undertook to plead for a bad man (Ligarius), an enemy of Cæsar, in Cæsar's presence, and he so worked upon his feelings, that Cæsar shivered in terror and amazement and let the papers he held drop from his hand, and Ligarius was pardoned. Yet Cæsar was himself an orator, and knew all the secrets of the art.

Cicero, a conflagration. *Demosthenes*, a hurricane.

Gracchus grew so outrageous in the vehemence of his pathos as to need a prompter with a pitch-pipe.

Quintillian regulated the motion of every finger ; so perfect the art.

Cato the Younger.—His apprehension was slow, and his learning came with difficulty ; but what he had once learned he long retained.

His voice was loud enough to be heard by a large multitude of people, and his strength was such, that he often spoke a whole day without being tired. To strengthen his constitution, he used the most laborious exercise ; he travelled on foot at all seasons of the year. In time of sickness, his patience and abstinence were extraordinary.

Pericles.—The philosopher who gave him that force and sublimity of sentiment superior to all the demagogues, who formed him to that admirable dignity of manners, was Anaxagoras the Clazomenian. Instructed by him Pericles acquired not only an elevation of sentiment, and a loftiness and purity of style, and a gravity of manners, but a firm and even tone of

voice, an easy deportment, and a decency of dress, which no vehemence of speaking ever put into disorder.

St. Paul.—What a magnificent spirit was Paul. What regal pride, what power! With a great personal experience, feelings very strong, outspoken, demonstrative—a god of eloquence.

Spurgeon.—His voice, peculiarly fine, sweet and powerful, enabling him, without apparent exertion, to fill every part of the vast hall in which he speaks. No great amount of action, seems perfectly self-possessed, does not shout, nor strain his voice; thoroughly in earnest, and too much occupied to think of manner.

Pitt could completely fill a room with his voice and at times make the effect even awful.

John Stuart Mill.—His father James Mill taught him, not by construing Plato and Demosthenes sentence by sentence, but to read them aloud. Paid attention to the elocution at the same time. His own excellence was remarkable, and he thought much on the principles of the art. The inflections and modulation were contrasted with the articulation and expression. This was reduced to a system of rules, and rounded on the logical analysis of sentences. Unfortunately these rules were unwritten.

Webster.—Awful vastness of brain. Tremendous storehouse of thought. Ponderous majesty of utterance. Mighty; the greatest advocate of the country. King of intellects. A huge Atlas. Could have carried the whole moral grandeur of the nation if his own had not been compromised.

Mr. Webster was a model of manly excellence, of the highly civilized type; he looked the gentleman perfectly. His person represented the highest style of artificial breeding. Though the son of a plain farmer, he was, physically, the impersonation of the form produced by a descent from a long line of a conquering, intellectual, out-of-door exercising race. His body was strong and muscular, his chest full, his head large and firmly set upon his shoulders. His back was deeply indented,

and his most careless pose suggested pride of carriage, which idea was confirmed by the natural elevation of his face. His manners, nevertheless, were singularly unpretentious, almost child-like. He never strode into the Senate, but sauntered in, as if personally unnoticed, and himself without a care or purpose. This manner, really so fascinating, concealed all outward show of his passing thoughts, or immediate intentions. He was so conscious of his power, and had all of his mental resources so well in hand, that he was never agitated or embarrassed. His repartee in the private parlor, or festive board, was as quick and bright as were his legal arguments in the Supreme Court unanswerable, or his eloquence in the Senate unsurpassed.

Before delivering a speech, he often appeared absent-minded, and acted as if unconscious of being surrounded by an audience. Rising to his feet, he seemed to gradually recover perfect self-possession, by assuming a quiet manner, which was aided by thrusting his right hand within the folds of his vest, while his left hung gracefully by his side. A few sentences uttered, and the clear tones of his voice, reaching his own ear, they seemed to inspire him by their musical sound. A moment more and the man was changed. His dark complexion grew warm with inward fire; his eyes would start from their cavernous depths, and flash with inspiration. The huge brain, in its mighty work, forcing the perspiration in rivulets down the palpitating temples. There never was a more impressive personal appearance in the forum, or a more magnificent form of human effort, engaged in giving utterance to the workings of the mind. Yet, in these tremendous demonstrations of intellect, Mr. Webster was never dramatic in action. Even in the utterance of his most eloquent sentences, his body was in comparative quietude—his wonderful eye alone burned and coruscated; in all other respects, repose seemed the normal condition of his magnetic frame.

Clay.—Not from books—learned as he went; quick perception. Fiery, magnetic soul. His eloquence was like a wizard's wand.

Lacordaire.—Independence is the best definition of his

character. Independence implies the consciousness of sufficiency for one's self, and the admiration of one's self.

Character is a man's moral power. It is the effect produced upon the wills of other men by the exhibition of strength of will and tenacity of conviction. A man must have the gift of seeing with a sort of infallibility what is right to do and a masterful and overpowering way of carrying it through and doing it.

His face was calm and manner gentle, but his will was resolute. With him nothing had any weight except the honest truth. The man who possesses a splendid intuition of lofty moral truth has one of the noblest forms of genius that this world can boast; his genius is familiar with speculation, but it burns with the fire of action; it is a human and natural endowment, but of all natural things it seems to give itself up most easily to the transmutations of supernatural grace. It seizes with a keen grasp the ideas of truth, the problems of human nature with their solutions, and has short processes of dialectics known to itself alone; while at the same time it is endowed with that sovereign gift which Plato calls synopsis, and finds cause and effect, system, relation, beauty, and harmony, where ordinary minds see nothing but the hard facts of life and the narrow horizon of the present hour. Raised up above the world by a mysterious privilege, it can look beyond the phenomenal, the limited, the local and the temporal, and appreciate the far-off presence of the absolute, the eternal, the immutable, and the infinite.

He clung to solitude and his taciturnity with an ardor that seems almost exaggeration. "*Solitude is my element, my life. Nothing can be done without solitude. The heart loses when it pours itself out too often, it is like a plant pulled up. A man makes himself within himself, not outside himself.*"

He was energetic, and naturally even passionate; but he could control his abounding vitality in perfect submission to his intellectual will.

His first effort was a complete failure. He felt *himself* he had not physical strength, nor flexibility of mind, and did not understand the *world*; his solitude had not taught him *sympathy* with people. His voice was not strong enough and his

lungs would be ruined ; yet he felt he would succeed. In his youth he had loved to listen and be stirred by eloquence, and he remembered it.

He re-commenced talking in a small chapel to youth, and as the work went on the chapel became crowded, and even great men pushed their way in : Chateaubriand, Berryer, Lamartine, and Victor Hugo. He spoke for truth and as men should speak, direct and straightforward.

At last, came the hour for Notre Dame, and it seemed an inspiration. It was a tremendous risk. He held the pulpit ; and men went to hear him as they went to hear the great thinkers of the day.

He required room, both figuratively and physically, to speak in. He loved the sight of a vast crowd and the feeling that it belonged to him. Then his imagination glowed ; his intellect widened as he felt the solemn, unusual thronging together of men—men who could think and understand. It was France in little. It thrilled his sympathies. It drew lightning from his heart with which those words were winged.

His was a commanding presence. In the distance his delicate features showed only their grander lines, accentuated and severe. His look too piercing, under other circumstances, was subdued. His gesture was instructive and reflective.

Calm at first, slow and restrained ; then emotion deep and heartfelt inspired his movement. Soul and body acted in concert.

His voice, at first feeble, had those soft and delicate tones that fill a small space with their charm and effect, but are lost in a large one. Clear, incisive, susceptible of force and passion, his voice grew more fervent, deepened and strengthened to a wonderful degree.

He always began in a simple manner, then suddenly at a sign in the audience, or turn in a phrase, or "*shock*" of idea, like lightning, he was "*seized*" and the listener carried along with him.

It was not learning by heart, it was a soul that broke forth like a tide through the walls of flesh, and cast itself reckless and desperate into the soul of another ; this is greater than speech. Eloquence is the soul which takes the place of our own. Extemporaneous speech takes the head from the shoulders.

GREAT ACTORS.

Roscius—(*Tragedian*—62 B. C.)—Extraordinary beauty. “*If an actor lose the measure of a passage in the slightest degree, or lose or add a syllable, instantly hissed off.*” Principal effect by subtle and exquisite rendering of meaning, by voice and movement, even to the curve or extension of a finger. Quintillian gives advice about the peculiar function of each finger, and its proper movement, but urges especial care to avoid mannerism and exaggeration. Roscius studied before a mirror every gesture, and arrived speedily at such a degree of perfection that he was enabled to reduce the studied elegance to a fixed method. He trained his voice similarly. Dignified the art; profoundly cultivated it.

Created a great fame by mere movements. People laughed or wept, and were as much excited as if by words. It seems to have worked even more powerfully.

His extraordinary skill in acting procured him the favor of many of the most distinguished Roman nobles. He enjoyed the friendship of Cicero. Roscius paid the greatest attention to his art, and obtained excellence in it by the most careful and elaborate study. Horace alludes to him in his lines. So careful and assiduous was he in his preparation, that even in the height of his reputation, he did not venture upon a single gesture in public which he had not previously well considered and practiced at home. But notwithstanding all this study, no mannerism or affectation appeared in his acting; everything he did was perfectly natural to the character he represented; and he himself used to say that *decere* was the highest excellence of the art. In his younger years Cicero received instruction from Roscius. He realized an immense fortune by his profession.

His integrity, modesty, liberality, and generosity, were as great essentials in his character as his skill in playing. He not only gained the favor of the common people, but was admitted to the friendship of persons in the highest rank.

If a man is gifted with vast capacities, eagerness to work, such a man is sure to be welcomed with universal acclamation.

He has merely to appear to be acknowledged. Such men seem to be haunted and driven by an incessant, instinctive craving for expression, and if forcibly withdrawn from the path that leads to eminence, they will inevitably find their way back. They do not work for the sake of eminence, but to satisfy a natural craving for work. They are ever wrestling with difficulties, brooding over immature ideas,—and such a one becomes a quick and eager listener to innumerable, almost inaudible teachings, that others less keen are sure to miss.

Social hindrances cannot impede men of high ability from becoming eminent, and social advantages are incompetent to give status to those of mean abilities.

Even if a man be long unconscious of his powers, an opportunity is sure to occur—they occur again to every man that will discover them. He will soon make up, and outstrip competitors with many years the start, as they discover and assert their claims.

Betterton—(*Tragedian*—1700.)—Probably the first who ever wrote, in English, upon the subject.

Know nature and always keep her in view; adorned with harmony, decorum and order. Make your study your business. The mind must be capable of entering calmly and judiciously into whatever you have to study, and thoroughly into the nature of the part, and to consider the variation of the voice, looks and gestures which give true beauty. It is not loud effort of the lungs, in which the understanding has no share. Some think it superfluous trouble to study real excellence, and assume a careless and lazy remissness. Some, in an incredibly short time, vainly imagine themselves masters of that *Art*, which to fairly attain, requires the intense application of a whole life. They take it therefore amiss to receive instruction, and are led by a fancy as blind as ignorance can make it; and so wander on without any certain rule of judgment, favoring the bad, and slighting the good.

One must, to be a good actor have a reputation off, as well as on the stage.

ACTION.—The eye is caught by anything in motion, but passes over things inanimate. The action must be that and that alone which is suited and agreeable to the person alone. There are various characters, manners, and passions; and to these adjust every action; express the quality and manners of patriot, prince, beggar or clown. The actor should transform himself into every person he represents. Even as a lover he may be prince or peasant, hot and fiery, or moderate. He should be thoroughly acquainted with all the emotions productive of those movements of the feet, hands and looks of a person under such circumstances.

PREPARATION.—Address in a performance can never be attained without the last degree of perfectness in the text, for without it one cannot be free from apprehension of being “out.” First master the part, then leave it to nature. Master nature by observation of all its appearances, for the passions of the mind discover themselves in our looks, actions and gestures.

THE EYE.—*Rolling, quick and inconstant*, quick and light wit; (*choleric complexion*,) inconstant and impatient mind. *Heavy and dull*, dull mind, slow to conceive. When *old and sick*,—the eye turns slowly with few winks.

THE HANDS.—Some actors never know what to do with their hands and never add grace to the action of the body, nor anything to the explanation or fuller expression of the words and passions. Gestures ought to be beautiful and expressive. They strike the understanding by the eyes, as effectually as speaking does by the ears; nay, perhaps, make the more effectual impression, that sense being the most vivacious and touching. The representation of them in painting often strikes our passions, and makes impressions on our minds more strong and vivid than all the force of words. The best speaking without is dull and heavy. When the *eyes* and *hands* are unemployed in *reading*, the audience grow languid, but with action it re-

ceives soul and life. You must resemble the passion you would express. Avoid all manner of affectation unless it is to be expressed.

Appear purely natural, as the genuine offspring of the things you express, and the passion that moves you to speak in that manner. Have that nice address in management of gestures, that there may be nothing in all the various motions and dispositions of the body offensive to the eye. Study before a large looking-glass in private ; study historic paintings and statuary. Practice dancing. Neither stand like a statue nor move too much. Head neither too high, nor stretched out, nor hung on the breast, neither *always moving*, nor *still*.

Raise, lower, contract, or extend eyebrows ; give brisk, sullen, or heavy turn to the eyes ; sharpen, or swell the nostrils ; give various positions to the mouth ; all wonderfully improving. Exercise and frequent practice will reform errors. Every part is a new one. In the performance every one sees you though you see not yourself. The audience fix their eyes on the face the whole time of action. It must have infinite variations. Note quality of rank inferior or superior. The orator must change his eyes to different parts of auditory ; the actor must look, as a general rule, to the person with whom he acts.

Form in the mind a very strong idea of the passion and it will be likely to follow. Begin the action with what you say and end it when you have done speaking. As much as possible every gesture should express the nature of the words, which would sufficiently and beautifully employ your hands. Emotion must have action. Never let the hands hang as if dead. They should always be in view of the eyes and correspond with the motions of the head, eyes and body ; not always in motion, and yet not wholly quiescent. Action is the business of the stage. Never immoderate to transport beyond self, nor too tame. Some are tragical and howl upon every trifle. Some are so tame and cold as to be more like a wet hen. Such are better to comfort the sick than to act in public. Some have a *black* voice, dismal and horrid ; the *brown* is simply less so ; some rough, very strong ; some small ; weak ; slender ; unmelodious ; rude ; uncouth ; monotonous ; rigid ; hard ; harsh ; brazen ;

sharp. A *good* voice is high, lofty, firm, clear, smooth, full, pure, sweet, simple, round, flexible.

For *Joy*,—full, simple, pleasant, flowing voice.

Dispute,—extended with all its nervous force.

Anger,—vehement, sharp, acute, close, compact, mixed with frequent respirations.

Envy,—slow.

To have perfect control, make it gentle and fierce, contracted and diffused. *Generally*, as exalted a voice as nature will bear. A healthy voice increases the animal heat, thins the blood, cleanses the veins, and prevents disease.

Every syllable should be distinct, full, not muffled; with broad mouth, consistently wide, but not bellowing, confused and affected. Not so loud as to destroy articulation. Have the tone fine and varied. See what the words, subject, and passion require; but let the variations be natural, like common discourse. Always speak in the same tone on the stage as in a room, allowing for distance. Vary the voice as often as possible, but with art and harmony. Be sure and keep a true medium. Allow time or you will not convince. Sometimes extreme volubility is beautiful. Precipitation of speech causes consumption. Keep pace with an audience, neither too swift nor too slow. In speaking of things natural, when designed merely to be understood, there is no need of heat or motion; a clear, distinct expression is sufficient. The voice must be adapted to the sentiment. Then again, all subjects may differ in quality of simplicity, grandeur, and make still further distinctions. You must consider the nature of the subject of which you are to speak, and fix a very deep impression of it in your own *mind* before you can be touched with it yourself, or be able to convey the same impression to another. Do not be vehement in trifles, like using a club against a worm when the foot would do. Know what is fit and how to express it.

Cibber.—His powers lay entirely in comic characters. In these he was surpassingly fine. When he represented a ridiculous humor he had a mouth in every nerve, and became eloquent without speaking; his attitudes were pointed and exquisite;

his expression was stronger than painting; he was beautifully absorbed by the character, and demanded and monopolized attention; his very extravagances were colored by propriety. To him obstacles were incentives. Nature, even, according to his own account, had denied him almost every theatrical requisite, yet he found a substitute for all, and made study and perfectness arrest the attention of the public.

Barton Booth.—His walk and mounting to a throne, giving audience, descending from throne, and leaving stage, had a grandeur not to be described.

Wilkes.—Paid attention to smallest trifles,—such as gloves, watch, cane, taking snuff—whole breeding and manner reality.

Barry.—Excelled in pathos. Excessive sensibility conquered his powers; his heart overcame his head. He riveted sentiment to the heart.

Betterton.—Betterton furnishes one of the most extraordinary examples of the value of training the world has ever known. Marvelous and magnetic effects were produced by his acting. Almost without speaking he could let an audience into the workings of his mind, and anticipate his next motion, as if it arose from its own volition. Yet face, figure and voice were all against him. His figure was clumsy; he had a large head; short, thick neck; fat, short arms and stooped in the shoulders; he had a broad face, little eyes; was corpulent, and had thick legs; but yet of serious and majestic aspect. His voice was low and grumbling, yet he could tune it to force universal attention. In complexion ruddy and sanguine, yet could turn pale while acting. He seized eyes and ears at once on his entrance. His attitudes and appearance were strongly intelligent. He seemed sensible to the minutest article of sound and every line satisfied the ear, with not the least stroke of a syllable amiss. Gestures few but just. Most extraordinary action of fingers, hands and limbs, and with voice all in detail with the character. He had a just sense of true applause and preferred an attentive to a

boisterous audience. He was personally free from jealousy of the acting of others.

Hamlet.—In the opening scene voice sweet, tender, sad, low, with a dignity so natural, and grace so consummate, it was like a delicious enchantment. In ghost scene audience almost in tears; such love, and awe. Not violent to ghost, but almost breathless astonishment, or impatience limited by filial reverence. Made ghost terrible to spectators. In first soliloquy it was music's pulse in his arteries. His *mind* seemed to act.

Othello.—In the handkerchief scene it was wonderful agony. The mixture of love, on the innocent answers of Desdemona, betrayed in his gestures such variety and vicissitude of passion.

Talma.—When he made his first appearance on a public stage in the year 1783, at the Théâtre de Doyan, in the tragedy of “Mahomet,” a committee of friends, convened to decide upon his future chances, pronounced that he had absolutely none for a theatrical career; for, said they, what can you hope when the highest inspiration (*feu sacré*) has been denied to you? but it is evident that you are a man of ability, and you may no doubt exercise it with advantage if you take up your father's profession.

He had then that passionate imagination, with the strength to regulate its sway, which is of the utmost importance to a tragic actor. To these qualities the young Talma now began to add the resources of extended knowledge, which it is desirable for every great tragedian to cultivate. He stole hours of leisure for studying history, and he took delight in illustrating the scenes which took his fancy; processions, Roman and Greek, European and barbaric, came to light under his pencil always correctly costumed, and before long he was more learned in ancient lore than in anatomy. His intellect carried him far in every pursuit; but for the stage he had that distinct calling which will not be gainsaid. This was known to several young Parisians of fashion, who frequently invited him to their *salons* to act in amateur plays, where he never failed to make a strong impression. All his acquirements in other directions served

only as fuel for the burning flame within him. The impetus could not be arrested, and the emotional poetry of life wholly possessed him. It became as evident that his imaginative passion must find its expression as that the groaning Vesuvius must have its eruptions, and so in the year 1787, at the age of twenty-four, he came out in tragedy as one of the Société of the Comédie Française. He was much, and perhaps justly, criticised. His voice delighted too much in its own thunder, and his passion was too liberal of its force. The judges said of him, as they had before said of Le Kain, *Il crie*, and the success of the young tragedian was doubtful. Whether from jealousy or disbelief in his powers, the company only assigned third parts to him ; this, however, gave him leisure for study ; he worked assiduously at the lessons of the Conservatoire under those distinguished teachers, Molé and Dugazon, and in all parts he strove continually to correct his faults ; at the same time he went on acquiring daily knowledge in the history of costume, for he knew that he should one day enforce upon the whole company the advantages of adapting it chronologically with exactness and splendor.

Talma labored hard, also, to regulate his emotion, and he knew well how to concentrate his force. His strong self-assertion was acknowledged to be something better than arrogance, and though his genius met with continual and irritating opposition, he never ceased to be great, and he never ceased to improve. He learned the dominion of reserve, and no longer suffered the power of his voice to betray him ; his fine organ, his intellect and passion were not his only qualities ; he had, besides, a noble countenance, capable of exhibiting every variety of tragic emotion. He practiced these, and his action, before a glass. He noted the modulations of his voice so carefully that he was able to excite sympathy and tears by the recital of nonsense verses. He was short in stature, but his grand deportment, well-chosen costume, and fine action persuaded the spectators to believe he was tall—a delusion not unfrequently obtained upon the stage. It was the same with Rachel.

He had played in Racine's, and more particularly in Corneille's, tragedies, so as to invest them with extraordinary in-

terest ; his passion grasped all the best qualities of the natural school ; his great predecessors had abandoned recitative in verse ; he went further, and frequently leaped over his rhymes. Poets proud of their difficult terminations, selected with pain of heart and sweat of brow, were very angry, but he followed his own feeling, and was right. The old classical school grumbled and censured during the greater part of his career, but he added to his vigorous innovations so much dignity of bearing, and so high a sense of poetical beauty, that, on the whole, conservatism and reform were both satisfied.

Talma was a man to whom enduring domestic peace was an impossibility. Excitement seemed his necessity ; he plunged into it to get outside of his own mind, which teemed with painful images. There were days on which he surveyed his wife with evident distress. On one occasion he told her that, though he knew she was beautiful, he looked for her beauty in vain—he could see only her skeleton. This idea frequently possessed him ; he saw death, skulls, dust, bones, and worms, while he sat among his friends.

Some ascribed these hauntings of his imagination to his early residence in London, and the anatomical studies of his youth. He sometimes rushed from them to the gaming-table, but it was only in the pursuit of his art that he ever really found rest. Here, always vigilant, always sober, he exercised his great faculties with unceasing delight. His whole spirit was subdued to the will of his muse, and as long as he was actually studying a part he was completely under the dominion of his judgment.

He and his wife worked and acted for a long period harmoniously together—in the tragedies of “*Œdipe*,” “*Othello*,” “*Agamemnon*,” and “*Andromaque*,” they were especially successful.

Talma had in him that combination of the highest qualities of art with far-reaching and exalted passion, which justifies the use of the word sublime.

There is a phrase in the French language, become too common now, which was invented for Madame Talma. A critic, trying to convey an idea of the emotion she excited, found this expression : “*Elle a des larmes dans la voix*.”

Some may perhaps be disposed to ascribe Madame Talma's singular influence to the divine gift of such a voice, and it is true that so capable an instrument is a precious endowment for a player ; but it is also true that the power she acquired over this instrument was the result of great vigilance and labor. It must not be supposed to mean a weeping voice, but a voice whose tones alone, without further effort on the part of the artist, could produce weeping in others. Actual weeping should be rare on the stage, and when an actress thinks that her audience will cry because she herself cries, she is greatly mistaken. Only in exceptional cases are tearful tones sympathetic. A crying voice is generally nasal—the nose is pinched, the passage of the voice from the chest is obstructed, and the whole effect is eminently disagreeable.

One of Madame Talma's favorite exercises was the ejaculation of the monosyllable "Ah !" with an infinite variety of notes to affect the mind of the hearer in different ways. She used to shut herself up in her room and imagine situations of horror or affliction, in which she was herself the principal. She was sometimes about to be dragged to the guillotine, or her children were being torn from her, or she was deserted by her husband, a prey to jealous anguish ; her emotion never failed to follow these fancies, and her exclamations were sometimes so agonizing, that the reflection of them back upon herself almost exhausted her consciousness. Her expression was purposely confined to the simple ejaculation "Ah !" for she thought it desirable to acquire a complete command of tones before practicing more complex forms of meaning shaped into words. Another of her exercises consisted in the various utterances of the short, seemingly insignificant sentence of "*Bonjour, monsieur.*" She used to imagine a quarrel with a friend, and then a constrained meeting, all which her "*Bonjour, monsieur,*" should indicate ; or a concealed disgust, or a hidden passion, or a cold disdain ; and these phrases she repeated till she was certain that they must convey the intended feeling to any hearer of average sensibility.

Here is an example of that patience of genius which Carlyle has spoken of as its very essence. There are probably many

young people entered or entering upon the stage, and believing themselves clever, who will laugh at the idea of these solitary, arduous efforts of Madame Talma's; they will say, "How ridiculous to imagine yourself being dragged to the guillotine; how absurd to spend hours in giving expression to such a phrase as '*Bonjour, monsieur*;' " and no doubt if the great artist were living still, as her reputation is, these persons would proceed to "quiz her" according to their own notions. They might do that, and she, certain of her art, might advance with her modest dignity to the centre of the stage, face her audience, speak a few appealing words in her tender, faultless articulation, and meet the answer of fast-falling tears from every man and every woman present; for she never failed to reach the hearts of her hearers.

"In what," says she, "does dramatic impulse (*verve théâtrale*) consist? Can it be acquired by assiduous endeavor? Study, a determined will, and even the utmost perseverance, will do nothing if nature does not second you. It is possible to be an intelligent, a meritorious, and a justly-applauded artist, and yet never to command that dramatic impulse which can intoxicate, which can transport, which can dominate an audience. The divine spark (*feu sacré*), the dramatic impulse" (words synonymous), "are nothing less than a fever, a vibration of the nerves, a kind of malady favorable to the person who is possessed by it." Great labor on the part of the artist is required to regulate this state of exaltation, and to master completely the gradations of passion, till by restraint in some passages he can in others command that prodigious force which deserves to be called sublime.

No tragedian ever acquired a more supreme command over the fire that raged within him than Talma. Yet Talma himself—the great Talma—had an extraordinary difficulty in exerting this empire over himself on the first nights, especially when he played a part belonging to the classical *répertoire*; he could then scarcely control his alarm, his trepidation, his extreme agitation. But the first representation once over, his presence of mind returned to him, and he then arranged his effects with precision and certainty, so that he could unfailingly reproduce

them, and whatever part he played, he seemed always to over-top it.

Madame Talma warns young players against too much faith in tradition—a warning not at all needed in this country, where we have no dramatic tradition ; and perhaps not much required at the present day in France, where there exists, even at the Théâtre Français, a more general disposition to rush into the affected negligence of a new school, than to contemplate with admiration the great models of the past. Admiration, however, is well fitted to raise the mind of the artist, and when Madame Talma deprecates tradition, her intention is merely to put down direct imitation, which she justly holds to be fatal to the progress of art. Talma used to feel almost paralyzed in certain passages which the genius of Le Kain seemed to have appropriated. The character of *Orasmane* in “*Zaïre*” was anti-pathetic to him for this reason : at the famous line, “*Zaïre vous pleurez,*” he used to sweat drops of agony, and yet missed his effect, impeded by the knowledge of what Le Kain before him had done with these words. In the part of *Othello*, where a similar passion works, but in which he had no traditions to interfere with him, he had his audience completely under his sway.

It is remarkable that Talma’s passion not only invested his own poets with a vitality which made them live for all nationalities, but that he was able to play Shakespeare, fettered as it was by the rhymed translation and absurd alterations of Ducis, in a manner which reached the heart of Englishmen ; there are those who even now turn cold at the recollection of his look in *Hamlet* when he came upon the stage after a dream of his father’s ghost ; and his *Macbeth* and *Othello* were by all critics, whether foreign or French, looked upon as masterpieces. He had the advantage of knowing English as well as his own tongue, and besides this he had a powerful intellect. He was with such means at his command able to penetrate the inmost thoughts of the poet ; his glowing imagination supplied the great spirit, and rushed through the boundaries of frigid words.

The Girondins had been the great actor’s first friends. They were all swept away. It was at a social meeting with some of the leaders of that party that he first conceived the idea

of making stage monarchs speak like living men. He completed the reforms begun by the famous Baron, and gave ample freedom to tragedy. In the character of *Orestes*, and in others where an immense passion was to be expressed, he dared to utter inarticulate cries, but he distributed them with careful thought; he was exact as to the how and the where. Self-command, an exalted imagination, an educated and comprehensive intellect, with an unalterable belief in himself, distinguished him as an artist, and to these qualities he added physical strength.

He could work up violent passions without moving his hands, and he also had great dignity of repose. His genius rose above all conventionalities of the schools.

Every turn and motion as he trod the stage was a model for the sculptor's art, and yet all was effected with such apparent absence of preparation as made him seem utterly unconscious of the dignified and graceful attitudes he presented. His voice was flexible and powerful, and his delivery articulate to the finest point without a trace of pedantry. There was an ease and freedom, whether in familiar colloquy, in lofty declamation, or burst of passion, that gave an air of unpremeditation to every sentence, one of the highest achievements of the histrionic art. He would dress some time before the hour, and make the peculiarities of his costume familiar to him; and at the same time possess himself more with the feeling of his character.

His object was not to dazzle by isolated effects; the character was his aim; he put it on and was attentive to every minutest trait that might distinguish it. He was the most finished artist of his time in energetic displays, in the refinement of his taste and extent of his research, and unfettered by stiffness and formality. Talma studied forty years to be energetic without noise and effort.

Garrick.—When he *first* presented himself in London, managers rejected him as a stroller. They repented the next season. He had *begun* in a smaller place and done finely. He now studied Richard III. and felt sure of his reputation. The night came for *London*, and the very moment he entered the scene he seemed transformed into the very man; and his look,

his voice, his attitude changed with every sentiment. The passions rose in rapid succession, and before he uttered a word, were legible in every feature. Everything was almost a reality. In arising from the dream he was a spectacle of horror.

His style was exact to nature, even easy and familiar. Critics were at first surprised; they were accustomed to mechanical, sudden elevations and depression of tones and clap-trap. He threw new light on elocution; he banished rant, bombast and grimace, and substituted nature, ease, simplicity and genuine humor. He never ventured half-prepared, but knew his powers and the task he undertook. He communicated passion instantly to an audience. The strong intelligence of his eye, the animated expression of his whole countenance, the flexibility of his voice and his spirited action riveted attention. He could, without the least preparation, transform himself into any character, tragic or comic, the highest or the lowest; and seize instantaneously upon any passion of the human mind. He could make a sudden transition from violent rage, or even madness, to the extremes of levity and humor, and go through the scale of the passions and the whole circle of theatric evolution with the most surprising velocity.

His acting was a complete freedom from stage conventionalities and traditions. It was bewildering, so natural. His face was a language even to the deaf and dumb. He had wonderful mobility of features. He could express profound melancholy, extreme dread, or become a statue of astonishment, as if an actuality. He had a surprising study—practiced before a mirror, rehearsed with Quinn an actor, received criticism from public anonymously. Nature so easy and delightful, such delicate ripples of expression on his face; ten thousand beauties in his acting that plodders never see. Never *out* of part. In his greatest passages on the stage astonished himself as much as the house. Used but little gesture, but still great. Could make audience weep, and yet turn to actors on the stage and laugh. Even in ordinary dress was grand in “the dagger scene.” His studio was in the crowded streets. He was a most profound student of nature. He was even *monkeyish* of all he saw, but always graceful; an acute observer, yet never forgot his char-

acters. Made his audience feel them when not overcome himself by emotion.

He was always sure to watch the motions of the eyes of others, and he wished others to look at him. His voice was not strong, but clear; he was physically light and graceful; and had brilliant eyes. In personal disposition he was quick and irritable; but confiding in his powers he bade defiance to the malice of his enemies.

Macbeth.—In the “dagger scene” he started at seeing the dagger; and his attitude, his consternation, his pausing, his soul in his countenance, astonished the spectators. The air was converted into an alarming weapon. The sequel was a climax of terror, till he finds it to be from a disordered imagination. When he came from the chamber with the daggers he seemed absolutely scared; like a ghastly spectacle; his complexion pallid; his voice in low, but piercing notes; and then inimitable mention of sleeping grooms and murder of sleep; then afterwards, when stung to the quick, in wild despair, he utters—“*Will all great Neptune’s ocean wash this blood clean from my hand.*” At the ghost of Banquo he was in wild amazement and distraction. At the bitter end he fought with desperation and fell—with the spectators panting in terror.

Hamlet.—His tones of voice were in unison with the workings of his mind. He changed with wonderful celerity; at every pause his face was an index. His following of the ghost was awful and tremendous. To the ghost such a figure of consternation was never seen. He stopped in mute astonishment, growing paler and paler, then with low, trembling accent and with the greatest difficulty.

Lear.—The curse like a blast of lightning. In madness gave no sudden starts, no violent gesticulation; movements slow, feeble, with misery in countenance; head most deliberately moved, eyes fixed, or if turned to look, a pause, and fixed after upon some one; a picture of woe and desolation; his blood gave momentary firmness to nerveless limbs, then increased languor. He copied this character from a father who dropped a child from a window and who afterwards became insane.

He constantly improved by daily study until sixty years of

age. His house was a rendezvous for the learned, the elegant, the accomplished in all arts and sciences, so that he was constantly drawing from the great fountains of wisdom, and his naturally rich mind thus received large accessions. His great sensibility of temper often led others to take advantage of him. Sensibility is the best proof of a good mind, and an earnest that he who possesses it reverences art and respects the great public.

Elizabeth Barry.—A waif of the streets at sixteen years of age. Her dark hair and eyes attracted the attention of Lord Rochester and he took her and educated her. Davenant in despair at her dullness, but acknowledged her dignity. Rochester knew better. She was rejected on *three special* occasions by managers. All declared "*she never would be an actress!*" Rochester bestowed infinite pains. Sentence by sentence he made her understand, and her intelligence leaped into life and splendor under his instruction. The time was arranged at length, and all London awaited the event. Thirty rehearsals, twelve in full costume (a page trained to bear her train), and yet a miserable failure. All aristocratic London declared she was pretty, but "*no talent!*" Played for awhile in the suburbs, returned to London and played for a year or more in minor and inferior parts, until one night a part was given her that she could act and she burst forth in *all her grandeur*. Now no violence of passion however great was too much for her. In *Monimia* and *Belvidera* she simply took the town by storm. Her acting at this time was perfection, and her personal attractions at their zenith. She had a presence of elevated dignity, her mien and motion were superb and gracefully majestic, and her voice was clear, full, and strong. *Her labor and industry were indefatigable.* "*MISTRESS OF TEARS!*" *versatility marvelous!* It was luxury of sadness to witness her acting. Audiences would be drowned in tears at one line often repeated; "*Ah poor Castalio!*" in *Monimia*; recognized as one of England's greatest actresses; has a monument in Westminster.

Mrs. Sarah Siddons.—Her acting was ease, grace, untiring energy through all the variations of the human passions,

blended into that grand and massive style which was the result of patient, steady application. She developed new trains of thought to the awakening power, like those which Michael Angelo's sketch of the colossal head in the Farnesia is said to have had on the mind of Raphael.

Her voice at first was miserably thin and weak, but afterwards, by practice had amazing strength. Hers was a life-struggle through poverty to affluence and popularity. Her first effort in Portia, (*"by a young lady,"*) was a wretchedly weak affair. Afterwards the most prodigious efforts till she became Tragedy itself. Her soul was greater than the passions she represented. She performed the greatest things with child-like ease; was never tasked to utmost; always inexhaustible, and the last word or motion commanded awe.

She made astonishing change in seven years. At first she shrank with terror in acting with Garrick. The glances he gave were distressing even for a time after. He never saw the genius concealed under that timidity. But she had industry or she might have attained but little. She acquired a face of astonishing expression; her action rose to a language; and her attitudes became models for artists.

Naturally she was candid and benignant, and in public was a marked person, lofty, never childish.

Her love of her profession was a theatrical joyousness.

She shed tears of sensibility on seeing her brother act.

She loved Milton's Paradise Lost, and would pore over it for hours. She had a noble air and elocution. Ladies wept so excessively over her acting as to be unfit to be seen the next day.

In her earlier career was once nearly crushed in being dismissed from the theatre by Garrick. Her after-triumphs gave her great strength. She was timid but energetic, and her nerves were delicate. She was fragile, fearfully nervous, and in wretched health, but yet had great genius.

She met with miserable failures at first but they were more than made up in the end. She was indefatigable in her labors, and within a year after her dismissal by Garrick was recognized as the greatest actress that ever lived.

She gave constant study and profound reflection to charac-



MRS. SIDDONS—1755 TO 1831.

Began 11 to 13 years of age (acting poor); at 19 *Belvidera* (fair); at 20 *Portia*, *Drury Lane*, (wretched failure); at 27 *Isabella* (a triumph).

ters and their relations to the play, which often made her abstracted in society. She was always wrought up to seem the character even before she went to the theatre. Even in rehearsals she appeared in agonies, and her loftiness was such as to appear as if an elevated soul were working out.

She would suffer for weeks with nervousness. On her first regular appearance in London she was nearly overcome with terror, but triumphed. She became rapidly the theme. She was a picture to every eye. Her fidelity was so terrible that moments were counted as intolerable. She was a spectacle of wonder and illusion and could descend from the proudest pomp to the most desolate pathos, and intense commiseration. Her semblance of suffering was at times appalling. People were proud of weeping, and fainting fits were frequent at her fearful realities. Sometimes her words were thrillingly prolonged. Her death-scenes baffled description, and in them would be given the most astonishing changes. Her eagle eye would part with its lustre, and though open would be sightless; which would be *resumed* with the last spark and heart-piercing words to expire.

She had a magic delicacy and electrifying manner. It was magnificence inexpressible. It was worth a journey to see her walk down the stage. Her grief at times was so piercing as to choke the utterance, and bring tears on the faces of fellow-actors in the scene with her.

She constantly, but gradually, improved on her characters, and studied them each time of playing, to their fullest extent.

There was sublimity even in her laugh of sarcasm.

Her very body seemed to think, in hurried, and then deliberated motion and gestures. She gave vehemence to the lowest despondency, with the greatest power, or the softest inflections with the most exquisite sensibility.

Sometimes it would be sudden bursts of heart-rending sorrow, or terrifying imprecations, as from indignant majesty writhing under misery. Sometimes stood as if stunned with awful surprise. Her shrieks thrilled every nerve. Her expression was in characters of fire.

Her intelligence interpreted even the very *silence* of the poet. In noting her agony of astonishment, or in listening to

her sobs of reproach, the minutes became insupportable, and the audience had to recover at the intervals, for the sympathy became too intense to be long endured. Nothing could exceed the swell of her soul. She was divinely pure in her acting.

Her mind and person were eminently fitted for the embodiment of high tragedy. The effect of her acting was greater than could possibly be conceived beforehand. It filled and overpowered the mind.

The first time of seeing her was an epoch in every one's life, and left impressions which could never be forgotten. She appeared to belong to a superior order of beings; to be surrounded with a personal awe, like some prophetess of old, or Roman matron. Her voice answered to her form and her expression to both. And yet, with all her power, with the rage of the furies, her *common* recitation was faulty.

She prepared herself for a life of such exertion as even mocks the toil of mere manual art.

In acting with others she disdained help or hindrance; it apparently made no difference.

On the stage she appeared to have no private existence; was only the character. Her mind would never wander from the events of the play. She was so profound that she settled at once all the great points of the character.

It was not in *bits*, but a high judgment over *all*. A sustained understanding and self-devotion to part, and abstraction from everything else. *Her performance was a school for orators.* And often was seen before her, sitting together in the pit, all in tears, Burke, Reynolds, Fox, Windham, Sheridan and others.

Her acting magnified one's conception of the heart's capacity for tender, intense, and lofty feelings, for she seemed more than human. With a commanding intelligence she seemed to bring her audience before *her*, and *not her* before audience.

She made difficulties easy. One of the greatest, is to take station on the stage and keep it self-possessed and indifferent as to change of place. To keep the centre and move from *it*. To her even this was a simple thing. She *filled* the stage. The roll and radiance of her eye, the depth of her pathos, and the

majesty of her scorn was like witnessing some god-like soul pouring forth its sensibility. As most lofty minded, whatever she touched she ennobled. It was no clap-trap—nothing abrupt or harsh—and nothing neglected, but from first to last the character, with each emotion, truth. Each part perfect; no pauses protracted till they became unintelligible. All that was in her mind went to her countenance. It was with her a great fame and not a little popularity. In study however, her fancy was sometimes a little slow. From the first her talents very slowly developed. She was kind hearted: was too elevated to give pain to any one. She loved children and would romp with them in the greatest glee. She was a great, simple being. She was firm in thought and a profound observer of human life, but she had no vain complacency.

She had an exact, deliberate articulation; her pronunciation was systematic and refined yet natural.

Even personal troubles (sickness in family), did not divert her mind.

Her voice was naturally plaintive and tender, but became, at will, sonorous and piercing. When overwhelmed with rage or excited to wild shrieks, she absolutely harrowed up the listener's soul.

Her brows were flexible beyond parallel. She was entire mistress of herself. Sparing in action, yet magnificent. She was not seen to prepare before she uttered her sentiments. No tricks, no forced expression when the eye showed no passion. Melancholy hung like night upon her. She made her hearers start with horror. Stupor weighed down her countenance at pleasure. No comparisons can be made to express her manner in dreadful soliloquy—her tones, her look.

Her exits at times killed the *rest* of the scene. Reciprocal of looks, combinations of attitudes, meaning of every line, quality of every sound, all were in exact unison. She possessed amazing self-possession, and to her distance was only the true means. In the hurry of distraction she would stop; and in frenzied attitude speak wonders to the eye, till a second rush forward brought her to a *speaking* position.

Her wide walk, her vehement and commanding *sweep* of

gesture, the perfection of her voice made captive all who heard her.

She had the utmost patience in study, never wearied of practice, and yet all appeared like sudden inspiration, and she reached that point where art ceases to be art and becomes a second nature. Her mind-power was of a peculiar kind ; slowly roused, not easily moved, and her perceptions not rapid, nor her sensations quick ; she required time,—to think, to comprehend, to speak. Not easily moved but directed by an incredible energy, her mind when called to action seemed like a great wave, to roll onward with an irresistible force. It was prodigious intellectual power allied to truth. She revered truth and was integrity itself. The ideal was her vital air, and she breathed with difficulty in real life. She was credulous, and simple to an extraordinary degree. Nothing for appearances, only excellence in her art. Like a very child.

Her mental intelligence seemed unapproachable. Whoever was *equal*, she was *superior*. Where others delighted, she astonished.

She modeled very beautifully, and it was the opinion of many that had she not been the great actress, she could have devoted herself to sculpture. Music she passionately loved, and sometimes composed and even sung her own verses.

Neither money nor praise affected her ; she was too great to be swayed by applause and approbation. To her it was like the noisy surf upon the rock, and like the rock she bore it. She never wore the air of an actress, and seemed unconscious of a crowd.

Habits of punctuality and critical self-observation were among the secrets of her astonishing rise.

She was always in character, always downright in earnest. She would not wring the utmost effect from every line to interfere with its light and shade, but her eye was full of information. Every character was a glowing picture. Once, indeed, she was wrought up to such an extent, to such extreme agitation, as to prove even perilous to her life. In the swoon that followed she remained a long time before recovery.

To a late period of her life she continued to be strongly, sometimes painfully, excited by her own acting. She could look

the most speaking of terrors. She was never at fault in the most awkward situations. Even her act of snatching and tearing a letter, and her rebuke, perhaps at the same time, were astonishing effects. She herself was inside of her design, though out, to audience. As her mind quickened her figure seemed to distend. Sometimes her speech was like a torrent, but at any time so true as never to think of *audience* and *audience only* thought of *her*. She left her home *in* the character.

She sometimes gave vitality to a line that seemed to stamp it forever. And yet with all her stateliness she was addicted to drollery, and could sing with great gusto in private society, a burlesque song called "*Billy Taylor*."

Her method.—She studied her characters first in a general way to see if in accord with nature. Her study was *silent*. At rehearsal she tried and knew her voice, and also when she practiced with Sheridan at the theatre to have his judgment before acting her characters.

Then when she played she always seemed to throw herself on nature, and follow instantaneously what she suggested. One forgot they were looking at a play, for she was more than an actress by seeming to be none at all but rather a living reality. It was not to methodize words, but to express passions. All seemed to be without study, but as conceived on the spot.

In teaching her pupils, as a special direction, one of the utmost importance, she told them to "TAKE TIME!"

The homage she received was greater than that paid to queens. The enthusiasm she excited had something idolatrous about it. She was regarded less with admiration than wonder. She raised tragedy above nature. She *was* Tragedy. She was the stateliest ornament of the public mind.

In middle life she had a fixed paleness, seldom tinged with color, even in the whirlwind of passion. Light came and went across those finest of features at the coming and going of each thought and feeling; but faint was the change of hue on that glorious marble. It was the magnificent countenance of an animated statue, instinct with all the emotions of life.

Her Characters.—*Isabella*.—People in the audience wept

outright during the whole performance. Regal, always feminine, yet seemed to tower beyond her sex. Her "*business*" was splendid pantomime. The image was actually before the audience. Her expression of contempt baffles description. In the laugh that she gave as she plunged the dagger into her bosom the audience were too ill to applaud. She was Virgil's mighty Amazon.

Jane Shore.—Excited pity but not disgust. It was not squalor and cant. Her frame seemed enfeebled, and features prominent. Her dull eye was viewed with breathless agitation. A terrific picture, when pushed from the door. Her death-scene drew forth shrieks and filled the house with a stifled feeling, crowded as it was to suffocation. Her look and step, a sullen picture of solitude, amazingly perfected. Nothing could exceed her agony, and her apathy. Her frantic expressions were like thunderbolts.

Mrs. Beverly.—When Stukely declares his love—the look of incredulity and astonishment; then anger, then contempt, and ending in bitter scorn, and a convulsive burst of laughter all in a moment, and laying open every movement of the soul—produced an effect never to be forgotten. On one occasion had to prompt an old actor, who forgot his lines, so spell-bound had he become by her fearful astonishment, at the announcement he had made respecting Beverly. On beholding the corpse of her husband she stood with a gaze of blank horror, a mute stare of misery and absolute woe that beggars words.

Margaret.—The giantess burst upon the view, and stood in the centre of the arch motionless, and so electrifying as to render the spectator breathless, with head erect, brilliant eyes, her wrists in chains. With no action, except a rapid walk, and a sudden stop in the archway that seemed to be *filled*; while a smile of appalling triumph played upon her magnificent features.

Aspasia.—Such looks of inexpressible anguish. Her breaking heart seemed veritably to be seen, as the cold, rapid advances of death were traced upon her countenance, and she fell without utterance as if by destiny. It was unearthly power—it absolutely terrified spectators and she herself lay senseless

from the intensity of her own acting. It was an amazing picture.

Queen Constance.—She left her dressing-room door open to hear the sickening sounds of the march which excited tears of bitter rage. The spirit of the whole play took possession of her. She became riveted to the passing scenes, and while goaded and stung to madness, desperate and ferocious as a hunted tigress, it seemed as if existence itself must issue forth with her frantic and appalling exclamations. With what a countenance and voice did she realize her scorn and indignation, and awful, trembling solemnity, the utter helplessness of soul-subduing, prophetic invocations; whirlwinds of the soul! Such gorgeous affliction; could make *fictitious* griefs *real*. Arthur's collar would be wet with her weeping, and in the character she would invariably leave the stage her face streaming with tears, such was her great sensibility, which was the secret of all her great success.

So sublime and intense; grand, rapid. Such astonishing eloquence, the mind almost overwhelmed, and the frame exhausted. Art despairs of realizing and the effort itself was even almost *life-exhausting*. A terrific trial, and yet at times, contrasted by total repose.

Queen Katharine.—Majesty of deportment which imposed reverence, and gave to it that clear, intelligent, unlabored elocution which unravels all the intricacies of language, illuminates obscurity and points out and unfolds the precise truth of meaning to every apprehension. She gave this unrivaled excellence to every speech. To the king she was awful and impressive in dignity of appeal. It was searching solemnity when she interrupts the wretched instrument of Wolsey. She had *tremendous* force, and exquisite truth, in the sorrowful, affectionate, dignified address to her husband, and expressed extraordinary sublimity when opposed in her request for delay. Her unequalled acting at all times *filled* the scene. With terrific pride of innocence, her form seemed to expand beyond human. Natural gradations,—then sudden transitions, all with matchless ease. Her efforts to suppress her grief, and then “sparks of fire” through her tears, were wonderful. Her withering

poignancy of scorn, and deep solemnity of reproach were awful as from the agitations of her very soul.

The *death-scene* evinced extraordinary, unlimited, faultless powers extending over the entire regions of tragedy. It was a tremendous wielding of all its parts. She was saintly beautiful in her sickness and grief, with feeble, falling frame, and death-stricken features, accompanied by a morbid fretfulness of look, and a restless desire to change place and position. An impatient solicitude seeking relief from irritability of illness by often shifting in her chair. The pillows under her head, now and then adjusted, and bending forward and resting on her knees, playing with the drapery with restless, uneasy fingers; and all with such delicacy as to be really beautiful and affecting; every part being minute and watchful, as belonging to a whole. It was astonishing nicety of powers gradually decaying. And such was the oppressive truth of her representation, with its load of sorrow and tenderness as to prevent applause. Persons were dumb at her fidelity.

Volumnia.—She rose above her sex and seemed worthy to bear about her the destinies of imperial Rome. Her majesty made others mean. She forgot her identity and did not march in the procession across the stage, with the solemn, stately, and conventional step. She was not tied down to the directions of the prompter's book; she broke through old traditions, and so, instead of dropping each foot in cadence, yet sensitive to her haughty mother's heart, with flashing eye and head erect, hands pressed firmly on her bosom, she towered above all, and her soul rioting in exultation, she came beating time to the music, rolling and swaying from side to side, almost reeling, swelling with the triumph of her son and the intoxication of her joy, while the plaudits of the multitude shook the building. She seemed to have all the glory to herself; she was the centre—the rest were nothing!

Lady Macbeth.—The first time she played the character, she says, "So little did I know of my part when it came night, that my shame and confusion cured me for the remainder of my life of procrastinating my business." Immediately after this first performance, even while in her dressing-room, she recalled

what she had done, and practiced various improvements. She never afterwards went on the stage to perform it, without spending the entire morning in studying and meditating it, line by line, as intently as if she were about to act it for the first time.

In "*the letter scene*"—the apathy of a demon; with an amazing burst at "*shalt be*," which fairly startled. Her determination seemed like fate. A searching analysis of him. Eye and hand were full of meaning. In the invocation, "*You wait on nature's mischief*," she gave an elevation to her brows, with full eyes,—raised her shoulders, hollowed her hands and made a terrible figure. Macbeth, as he met her, sank under the effect. In "*give me the daggers*," a fiend-like woman; and as she wrenched them from his hands, there was a general start of the audience. Then such contempt on her return from the king's apartment. In "*the banquet scene*," those quick and careless tones of terror, with a facility in her manner that rendered her at once tremendous and delightful. Her manner of dismissing the guests at the banquet, and of rubbing her hands in "*the sleeping scene*," were among her finest things. In the latter scene she had a bewildered melancholy, unconscious of what she did. She moved her lips involuntarily, and all her gestures were mechanical and merely automatic. She glided on and off the stage almost like an apparition. After playing the part she could not sleep, so thoroughly did she become imbued with its emotions.

On her last appearance she was fifty-six years of age, and such were the crowds that had gathered to see her in *Lady Macbeth*, the play on that occasion, that persons were in danger of being crushed. After the *sleep-walking scene* the applause became ungovernable, and the audience stood on the seats and demanded the piece to close.

Edmund Kean.—At three and four years of age a little outcast. From eight to ten he dances and tumbles at fairs; a wild, ungovernable boy, but tender, generous, affectionate and sincere. From twelve to nineteen Miss Tidswell turned his attention to elocution and Shakespeare, and tied him to a bed-post

in order to teach him. His supposed mother was a stroller and peddled wares, while he recited at gentlemen's houses. He was starved and kicked ; treated like a dog, but became a wonder even in early years. He went behind the scenes at Drury Lane to see Kemble, and a conception of his future dawned upon him. He afterwards played Young Norval to Mrs. Siddons. He played well but thought nothing of as to ever being great. But, he had seen Siddons and resolved to be an actor. He was made sport of but nothing daunted him. He married and then slaved and starved in unparalleled misery. He taught for means. They suffered misery and degradation, all that could be, and live. Even when a strolling player, his miseries unlimited, he constantly thought of being a great actor, and no reverses prevented his murmur of predicted greatness, and yet charity sometimes saved him from absolute starvation.

The stage manager of Drury Lane saw him act in the suburbs and engaged him. He was hysterical with delight as he rushed home to his wife exclaiming—“ *I shall go mad if I succeed.*” He went to London, starving, and sick, and pale, but was so dispirited and furious with the treatment of the committee, who endeavored to put him off, that he contemplated suicide.

His turn came at last—but objections were raised to his method of playing Shylock, but he determined to have it his own way. The night came—it was stormy and sleety—the actors mocked his costume, but fifty or sixty people in the house, but his triumph came. Confident, with resolute bearing, he steps before those few. His very body thought ; such truth, beauty, significance ; his acting was a study. Such originality, force, a mighty master ; at the ill-luck of Antonio the audience broke forth into a whirlwind of applause. His genius was acknowledged with an enthusiasm that shook the roof. Home he went in delirious, frenzied ecstasy to his wife, and they wept together.

After years of maddening scorn, poverty, drudgery, neglect, he vaulted at one bound into an almost fabulous popularity, courted and fêted, and reaping an income of over fifty thousand dollars a year.

But notwithstanding the great change in his fortune and circumstances, he was painfully conscious of the defects of his education, and of his ignorance of the manners of good society. It was a source of exquisite pain to him, and his apprehension of committing any solecism in good-breeding kept him in a state of extreme discomfort.

With sensibilities of extreme delicacy and passions of terrific energy he combined a natural and sedulously cultivated ability of giving to the outer signs of inner states their utmost possible distinctness and intensity. Perhaps there never was, within his range, a greater master of the physiological language of the soul, one who set facial expression in more vivid relief. In his most impassioned moods his voice suggested the frenzied energy of the tiger. He spoke then in a stammering staccato of spasmodic outbursts which shook others because they threatened to shatter him. His blood ran racing through his veins.

His acting was no effort of will, no trick or art of calculation, but nature set free in its deepest intensity, just on the edge, sometimes over the verge, of madness. He penetrated and incorporated himself with the characters he represented until he possessed them so completely that they possessed him, and their performance was not simulation but revelation.

He brought the truth and simplicity of nature to the stage, but nature in her most intensified degrees. His playing was a manifestation of inspired intuitions, infallibly true and irresistibly sensational. It came not from the surfaces of his brain, but from the very centres of his nervous system, and suggested something portentous, preternatural, supernal, that blinded and stunned the beholders, appalled their imagination, chilled and curdled their blood.

He was an actor of splendid endowments in the highest departments of the art. He was an artist, and in art all effects are regulated. Unless nice proportion could be preserved it would be but fitful impulse. He patiently rehearsed every detail, trying the tones, practicing looks and gestures until satisfied.

His instinct taught him what few actors are taught, that a strong emotion, after discharging itself in one massive current.

continues for a time expressing itself in feebler currents. In watching his quivering muscles and altered tones you felt the subsidence of passion. The voice calm, but a tremor in it; the face quiet, but vanishing traces of the agitation.

Instead of controlling and arranging the course of his passions on the stage, he gave way to the natural and strong impulses of his imagination, "*a load to sink a navy.*"

Appalling in reality, he could stand for minutes and calling up in succession all the shades and degrees of passion into his countenance, and move his audience to silence and to tears. *Truth* was his first object. When let loose on the ocean of his passion, he drove on like an abandoned barque in darkness and tempest; absolutely grand, resistless, no show, no pretence. He made heroes men. He had exquisite taste and judgment. Unaffected, simple, genuine. Unsophisticated nature, great sensibility, poetic nature.

In character he was never still. One of his greatest charms was utter forgetfulness of audience. He never sought applause but was always attentive to the scene. At times the fire and rapidity of his action made every heart leap with his own. It was genuine impulse, the life-blood of acting. He had infinite variety; even horror seemed a part of him. All premeditated and studied beforehand, and then played differently.

He studied the human face and the tempers and passions around him wherever he went. He carefully studied every part with all the earnestness of his soul, over and over, and perfected himself in every way. He seemed to intuitively *experience* all he did rather than consciously assert it. He used to mope about for hours, with his hands in his pockets, walking for miles, thinking intensely on his characters, and no one could get a word from him. He studied and slaved beyond anything known. Shut himself up once for two days to study one line, "Bertram hath kissed thy child!" The effect was electrical. Beauties of his performance marvelous, in common phrases. Terribly in earnest with his study; indefatigable industry. Sometimes would remain up all night before the glass. At times appeared like a fury; and shook like a strong oak in the whirlwind of his passionate vengeance. Personal appearance—five feet four

inches in height, thick set, raven black hair, wonderful eye, and countenance. Great natural genius, but without cultivation, would have never been a great actor.

Othello.—Touching, limpid, unutterable tenderness over every mention of Desdemona's name. Transcendent power in his abandon to convulsive passion; every detail so natural, so devoid of common-place and mannerism. "*Not a jot*," laid open his agony of soul. Then every tone, every moment under accumulated agonies of love struggling, and yielding to doubt. His entrance abrupt and informal, dignity useless. As Iago spoke to him he bade him begone as if accustomed to command. He gazed until this first burst of passion recoiled upon himself, and dropping his arms he relapsed to utter exhaustion.

As the scene progressed he sprang up with infinite volume of fierce expression, fever of the blood, and a cry of wild grinning desperation. He glared upon Iago; seized him and tossed him aside with frightful vehemence. Then quiet despair, and utter sinking after powerful passion. In the farewell, all hope gone; desolation; alienated mind; lingering fondness; still despair; which went deep to the heart. Then again a storm of contending passions, rage, hate, doubt, with concentrated force and passionate abandonment. At length all to revenge, fearful and thrilling. Then mind perplexed, utter self-abandonment, absolutely heart-rending; smothered passion, fixed jaws, agitated nostrils, distended veins, dilated eye, obstructed respiration, dumb action, mute eloquence, miserable despondency. At last intense as he slew. Then consummately graded to gloomy stillness of despair at discovery. Then almost inarticulately, with half smile of wonder at his incredible stupidity. But yet with an overwhelming conviction of his mistake, still indomitable manliness of spirit in the midst of desolation. All dead calm. His speech an artifice to elude, his accent with touches of incurable sadness to a heroic spirit, he simulated pride, and his eyes wandered with moist, searching brilliancy from face to face, and then with inimitable strength and beauty. As he struck, a cold shudder swept over him. It was marvelous. All as in real life. The finest possible acting. He looked the very face, the marble aspect of Dante's Ugolino (horror). His voice broke

from his breast as if his lips were distilling drops of blood from his heart. It was wonderful truth, for he delineated his passions only from the expression that the soul gives to the voice and features. Yet six months before a despised itinerant.

Macbeth.—A wonderful compound of daring and irresolution ; ambition and submission ; treachery and affection ; superstition and neglect of the future ; murder and penitence ; spiritual and linked to spirits of evil. The soliloquy "*If 'twere done*," was a world of argument ; a glance, an inflection spoke volumes. He was daring, dubious, rapid, soldier-like. Natural irritations of the man, sensitive to obloquy ; noble-minded eulogy on Duncan. In "*the dagger scene*," he was delirious ; with fascinated gaze till more distinct ; then with the blood ; and towards the door. Bewildered with terror ; brain-sick ; shrank from belief of it ; then repentant agony and sudden contrast. Then comparison between sleep and murder. With great hesitation and impeded utterance. In "*the murder scene*," with broken accents, gasping guilty and utter stupefaction ; pale and trembling, awful fear, shuddering agony, which impoverishes description. In viewing his bloody hands his voice clung to his throat and choked him ; tears followed, nature overcome. In "*the death scene*," with horror repelled the idea of fighting with the man he had so deeply injured ; extraordinary contempt of tone ; then awful condensation of feeling after all hope is gone. Voice choked and stifled ; overwhelming feelings ; terribly impetuous and eager to hold out ; the death-blow a fine contrast of fierceness and feebleness ; soul above body, then fell upon his face. All without the slightest appearance of effort.

Sir Giles Overreach.—Such wild and terrible intensity as to drive people from the theatre in hysterics.

From the moment he appeared his eye told the audience he was in the part. In the last scene his arm seemed to paralyze and shrivel with the action of his sword meeting his foes, as if cursed. His rage, his thickened voice, his quivering lips, his body tottering from a temporary deprivation of his senses, a storm of passion, a tempest of vengeance, such tremendous force, such terrible despair, a torpor so fixed and shocking, and

such violence of agony was the very highest possibility. Tearing his collar and shirt-band to ribbons in his suffocation he died such a death as to wring screams from the audience. The pit rose *en masse* at such unparalleled acting. Mrs. Glover fainted on the stage; Mrs. Howell staggered to a chair and wept aloud at the appalling sight. Mr. Munden stood transfixed with terror and was taken off the stage, his eyes riveted on Kean's convulsed and blackened countenance. Behind the scenes he recovered and murmured, "*My God, is it possible.*" It was the most terrific exhibition of human passion on the modern stage. The last part, limbs impotent, face livid, horrible; eyes distended, then utterly prostrate, lifeless; lips swollen and parted at the corners; teeth set, and visage quivering till death.

Brutus.—The audience sat suffused in tears during the last pathetic interview, until Brutus falls on the neck of Titus, exclaiming, "*Embrace thy wretched father,*" when they broke forth into peals of approbation. Kean then whispered in his son's ear, "*Charlie, we are doing the trick!*"

Hamlet.—To the mind, not eye. With Ophelia very beautiful. Death—awful.

Richard III.—The grandest flight into the tragic atmosphere. His daring and comprehensive intelligence seized with the grasp of a giant on every passage. He had an enormous strength of will and understanding; a profound knowledge of the human soul. He entered with a step so natural and appropriate as to absolutely startle; as if conscious only of his own reflections, his own gigantic thought. In the soliloquy no studied declamation; all easy, natural, unlabored; as if solely occupied with thinking. When he rushed to the combat, it was with such frightfulness, such grandeur as to set one's heart beating. In the fight, while wounded, he disdained to fall; he fixed his eyes with an intellectually grand and heroic power; expanded his breast with more than human spirit; with action preternatural and terrific; with arms extended in motionless despair,—in calm, dreadful defiance. It was truly a magnificent effort. Its sublimity filled all with silent wonder, awe and admiration.

The first time of Richard III. in London, he was almost paralyzed with fright, for days before the performance, and was ill for a week after it.

Kean's talent was of the true sort, and he could afford to trifle; he could shift its aspect, and still show that it was bright. He could do things from which a less gifted person would have recoiled. A man below his zenith perpetually cavils and stands upon his petty rights and imaginary dignities; and it is a test of genius to give forth its qualities without stint, conscious that nothing can degrade it except meanness, and that its spring will not be exhausted.

Mrs. Jordan.—If Mrs. Siddons appeared a personification of the tragic muse certainly all the attributes of Thalia were most joyously combined in Mrs. Jordan. With a spirit of fun that would have out-laughed Puck himself, there was a discrimination, an identity with her character, an artistic arrangement of the scene that made all appear spontaneous and accidental, though elaborated with the greatest care. Her voice was most melodious, and she could vary it by certain bass tones that would have disturbed the gravity of a hermit; and who that once heard that laugh of hers could ever forget it. It was so rich, so apparently irrepressible, so deliciously self-enjoying, as to be at all times irresistible, and contagious. "Oh, the words laughed on her lips!" At rehearsals, this charming actress was so minute, and so particular in her directions; nor would she be satisfied, till by repetition, she had seen the business executed exactly to her wish. The whole of the moving picture, the very life of the scene was perfect in her mind, and she transferred it in all its earnestness to every movement on the stage. There have been many Volantes since, but none like her could excite the bursts of rapture in an audience, when she recovered from the deadly agony into which her fears of discovery had thrown her, and prepared herself for the triumph over her jealous lover. The mode in which she taught the Flora to act her part was a lesson to make an actress. She acted all over. It was a perfection of the enjoyment of motion. It was arms, legs and body in happy action.

The Elder Booth.—There was a terrible and beautiful meaning to his look, a charm in his massive and resonant voice. With him it was absolute sincerity. There was an intellectual beauty in his personations; a marvelous delicacy. It was cumulative and energetic evolution of character.

In person he was short, spare, muscular, with a head and face of antique beauty, pale, but healthy pallor. He had a magnetic brain, with sound and capacious lungs, vascular and fibrous throat, and clearness and amplitude in the interior mouth and nasal passages to form its physical basis. Had a changeful voice, vast in volume, of marvelous flexibility and range.

He spoke like a man thinking aloud. He possessed himself of the character and acted from inspiration. He gave a preternatural energy and a fiery expedition to his acting. It was *unexpectedness as if the character*. His *presence* was felt even when off the stage. His voice sometimes a volcanic eruption of inarticulate speech, a mighty tide of passion, accelerating, rushing on, at times broken by fearful pauses of thought, followed by smiting blows of logic, like the hush before the thunder-stroke. Sometimes like hissing foam between set teeth.

In *Iago*—A splendid devil, voice above singing, abrupt, colloquial. To Othello he lied like truth. Silent tears of strong men carried by the imaginative stress of the scene beyond the reaches of their critical culture—bear witness; spectators held their breath in dreadful expectation. He *conveyed* impressions.

In *Macbeth*.—He launched the mysterious power of his voice like the sudden rising of a mighty wind from some unknown source, over those multitudinous waves, and they swelled and congregated dim and vast before the eye of the mind. It was unparalleled grandeur. After murder infinite remorse.

His figure seemed to dilate with the vast expansion of his will. He had a wonderful resource of voice and look, and equal vividness and variety of action. His was such control over the vital and voluntary functions that he could tremble from head to foot, or tremble in one outstretched arm to finger tips while holding it in the firm grasp of the other hand. The veins of his corded and magnificent neck would swell and the whole

throat and face become suffused with crimson in a moment, in the crisis of passion, to be succeeded on the ebb of feeling, by an ashy paleness. He commanded his own pulses as well as the pulses of his auditors, with despotic ease.

The indescribable motion of both hands towards those heart-wounds—"Too tender e'en for tenderness to touch;" the creeping, trembling play of his pale, thin fingers over his maddening brain.

At times every fibre seemed to contribute to the energy of his voice. Could not tire of him any more than of nature. He was nature's self. The greatest, complete abandonment of individuality,—surest trait of genius. Never overstepped the bounds of nature, no measured cadences; no unnatural pauses; no affectation. One of the most beautiful qualities of his nature was humility, disregard of self, and appreciation of truly great and good in others. Daily abnegation of self made him so child-like, yet noble. His reading of the Bible was eloquence till then unheard; before that no conception. Enwrapped in the character with such truthful earnestness—complete identification one of the great beauties of his acting. Gentle, unselfish,—child-like faith in the honesty of human nature,—mild, unobtrusive.

Macready.—A man of talent, but so marked as to nearly approach genius.

Adopted all the modes he could devise to acquire the power of exciting himself into the wildest emotions, coercing his limbs to perfect stillness. He would lie down on the floor, or stand straight against the wall, or get his arms within a bandage, and so pinioned or confined, repeat the most violent passages of Othello, Lear, Hamlet, Macbeth, or whatever would require most energy and emotion; he would speak the most passionate bursts of rage under the supposed constraint of *whispering* them in the ear of the one to whom they might be addressed, thus keeping both voice and gesture in subjection to the real impulse of the feeling. Such was his process. He also had frequent intercourse to the looking-glass, and had two or three large ones in his room to reflect himself in each view of the posture he

might have fallen into. He also acted the passion close to a glass to restrain the tendency to exaggerate its expression—which to him was the most difficult of all—to repress the ready frown and keep the features, the muscles of the face, undisturbed; while intense passion would speak from the *eye alone*. The easier an actor makes his art appear, the greater the pains it must have cost him. Probably no actor of his time ever labored more devotedly and conscientiously for his art than Macready, and none ever received a heartier welcome into the ranks of refined and cultured society. Used to walk the stage in new places, to make himself familiar with it, to be at home upon it. It was a practice with him.

Fechter.—Wonderful plasticity and clearness. His mind and body were in such instant sympathy, the correspondence was so swift and perfect that he produced at will on his audience the effect magnetic. A thrill, a flash back of intelligence from audience that transcended ordinary relations. There was a world of suggestive emotion in his action at times, that surpassed words.

Subtle, vivid, earnest, impassioned; knew the value of simplicity and strength. Had the rare ability of seeming absorbed at the moment; of forgetting himself; his whole being, mind, soul were all put into one action. Impulsive, picturesque, graceful, exquisitely simple, touching, natural, excited, enthusiastic.

Ruy Blas.—Sudden pauses, dropped voice—"I love her, that's all." Indescribably intense and passionate, in deep and fatal passion. First dignity, with calm air of conscious superiority, then the pallor of anguish and despair; abject manner, at the note, without utterance. Marvelous expression, looking alternately from her face to Don Sallust, struggling with the passions that rent him. Hope, longing, "*I am a lackey!*" went to the heart. "Thanks, thanks," when dying, and vain attempt to embrace the woman he loved.

Salvini.—Noble bearing, voice of rare beauty, and an elocution such as one hears once in a life-time; in the three great

elements of musical expression, tone, timbre, and rhythm, Salvini is the greatest.

“The best method is obtained by close observation of nature; and above all by earnestness. If you can impress people with the conviction that you feel what you say, they will pardon many shortcomings. And above all, study, study, study! All the genius in the world will not help you along with any art unless you become a hard student. It has taken me years to *master a single part*.”

Janauschek.—Intense passion—tremendous force—massive power of mind. But lacks shading of fine tints; luridness, breadth, ardor, largeness, dwarfs other performers—makes them puny. Heroic magnitude of method. This is not volume, compass, intensity, rotundity, nor force nor fullness, nor stature, nor weight. It is simplicity and ease of execution by thorough comprehension of what is to be executed and in its ability to do it. The idea and the faculty to grasp it. Artistic exaggeration, stateliness, pomp. Heroic artists, bold strokes—no intermediate tints. No delicacy of spirituelle, but majestic outlines. Large mould. Modern rôles too small.

Mlle. Georges.—A dazzling beauty of sixteen, a mere child from Normandy, who knew nothing more of the stage than that richly dressed actors there represented the sorrows and passions of ancient times. She had only read Corneille and Racine. But no sooner had she trod the stage as Agripina than she was at once accepted as a great artist. Her beauty, her voice, her genius, her talent, caused her to be hailed queen. Vied with the best before her.

A five-year-old girl, Gemma Cuniberti, is a star at one of the Florentine theatres. She is lovely, and plays marvelously, walking the stage with as much freedom as if she had trod it for years. Poets have written verses in her honor, the wife of Salvini, the tragedian, made her a gift of a precious necklace, and the Princess Royal Margherita expressed her appreciation in a beautiful and valuable present. Cavaliere Rossi, the trage-

dian, predicts for her a splendid career, and that she will improve with age until she becomes the greatest actress the world has ever seen.

Baron, who was naturally timid, always felt a hero for several days after performing in Corneille's plays.

Rachel.—The young Rachel, haggard and ill-clad, begged an influential person to obtain an opportunity at the Théâtre Français. He told her to get a basket and sell flowers. When she did appear and bouquets were thrown at her feet, after the curtain fell she flung them into a basket, and kneeling to the man who so advised her, asked him if he would buy a nosegay.

Rachel studied with the greatest of French tutors from childhood. It was genius and tuition. Her progress was gradual toward perfection; her training was thorough; the means laborious. Predictions of absolute greatness must be based on the appearance of deeps of latent passion, lava-reservoirs. Sensibility must be quick, but not superficial. It was predicted of Rachel with her small bony body, but marble face and flaming eyes, with a demoniacal power in her, that if she lived and did not burn out too soon, she would be something wonderful.

The Théâtre Français, which had been steadily declining, rose once more high in the zenith of public popularity. Rachel brought into the house a sum of 6,000 francs on every night she played, and the modest salary of 4,000 francs per annum, at which she was primarily engaged, was voluntarily raised by the management. All the rank and fashion then assembled in Paris vied with each other in doing honor to the transcendent genius which had now become acknowledged without a single dissentient voice. Her extreme youth—the angularity, not to say scragginess of her figure—her features, too small and delicate for stage effect—even a certain harshness in the tones of her voice—were no longer subjected to cavil or criticism; safely, although suddenly, she found herself placed upon the pedestal of public opinion. The unalterable sadness of her

face, the flashes of her jealousy and her despair, the withering tempest of her scorn, the wild, distracted tumult of her eyes, created an impression of which those who never saw Mlle. Rachel in "*Phèdre*," in "*Andromaque*," and in "*Les Horaces*," can have but a faint idea. It was the sublime ideal of passion, far removed from the stormy violence of melodrama, strangely differing from any ordinary tendency of common woes. It was the embodiment of that dramatic power which invests rage, scorn, triumph, pride, every torture, and every malignity which can possess the human heart with an incomparable dignity; the perfect representation of the conflict of a soul torn and wasted with pagan crime and pagan remorse. But here that power came to an end. Mlle. Rachel was unable adequately to render any softer feeling; she failed when she attempted to portray tenderness, love in the more perfect acceptance of the word, or the charm of sensibility. It has even been objected to that famous scene in the fourth act of "*Les Horaces*," where her attitude alone, without a word from her lips, is such as to convey to the audience the agony which she endures while listening to the details of her lover's death, (the grandest piece of face-acting ever perhaps displayed,) that although the effect was electric, it produced terror rather than tears. "Her pantomime in this scene," says Dr. Véroh, "has a splendid effect, and I have it from herself that she took the idea and the means of execution of that pantomime from an attack of physical disturbance. She had just been bled, and simply reproduced upon the stage the profound exhaustion and the painful feelings of threatened syncope which she then experienced." Without any exaggeration it has been said of more than one tragedienne that she had tears in her voice. La Champmeslé, Adrienne Lecouvreur, La Duchesnois possessed this passionate and touching attribute. Mlle. Rachel astounded, electrified; her talent reached and wholly satisfied the intellect, but it left the heart, if not cold, at least tranquil and without illusions.

She paid little regard to the cherished traditions of the stage and startled actors by her seeming innovations. She was natural and impressive, instead of studied. Her face, gesture, and voice meant all she said.

No exaggeration in her acting—no effort. The splendid terrors of that queenly brow, the impassioned accents of those eloquent lips, were full of piercing agony, or quivering with suppressed rage. She conned every word, every line, every look, gesture and intonation with her teacher Samson.

Rapid changes of expression on her wonderful countenance. She fascinated by her marvelous face and dark, brilliant eyes.

She could throw a tablecloth about her person and on the instant appear becomingly draped.

Her great error lay in never knowing well her strength.

Rachel was the panther of the stage ; with a panther's terrible beauty and undulating grace she moved and stood, glared and sprang. Her thin, nervous frame vibrated with emotion. Her face aflame with genius, was capable of intense expression.

Phèdre.—What a picture as she entered ; an awful, ghastly apparition. At times her passion transcendent. Marvelous in her abandonment ; with manner fierce, rapid, as if the thoughts were crowding on her brain in tumult. In a single phrase could concentrate a world of intense feeling. Terrific exclamations. Her withering sarcasm, calm, polished, implacable, was beyond description. In eyes charged with lightning, in her convulsive frame, in the spasms of her voice from clearness to hoarseness, were felt the demoniac element.

At once a wail so piercing and musical that the whole audience rose to applaud.

Camille.—Voice thin, husky ; grew tall, strong, awful ; hate full of fellest purpose ; indomitable will ; one could not think whether she could be better ; absorbed in the sublime fury of the incarnate demon. Not pity, but terror ; awe-struck. The quivering play of her hands, every fibre listening and yielding and struggling with despair, as one would deal with herself, and let it have its way with others ; the sinking form, the horror-stricken countenance. Her tremendous taunts to her brother, every word of which was a heart-string broken, and a drop of heart's blood shed against him, to pile on his head the mountain of her curse. One forgot the theatre ; actress ; it was a lava flood over a laboring soul. Awful, defiant will ; resisting doom, fought to the last gasp. Regal in satanic en-

ergy ; queenly in unyielding scorn, deadly in fell and furious gloom ; as to seem to almost shatter life. Dreadful vision ; pale, lurid ; hate of hell. Broad, noble, nothing realistic. Love, of the tigress ; fierce animalism. In woes and wrongs, writhing on the spear, biting, tearing, vindictive, kind.

The subtle influence of rhythm seemed to penetrate her in stately verse. Her face acting was wonderful. Superlative in moments. Never equalled in intensity even by Kean. Not great in whole of character. Husbanded powers. Energy terrific and sublime. Demoniac, not womanly gentleness. Her acting transcended all conception, beggared all estimate. An apparition raging ; distended into madness. Evil spirits beyond physical force. Weak, fragile ; black, eagle eyes ; night-dark hair.

The measure of French verse very difficult to follow. Plays, a series of declamatory couplets. Her acting a revelation ; surprising talents, which overcame with seemingly hardly an effort these chief disadvantages. One forgot she was speaking in rhyme. The declamatory singing tone was never heard. The fetters of verse seemed to be dissolved by the fire of her passionate energy ; the measured couplets are broken up into brief sentences, which seem the natural utterances of affection, grief, fury, despair or other emotions. In her performances, Corneille, Racine and even Molière display beauties never before suspected, because of the cumbrous metre and monotonous rhyme ; their genius never before so highly appreciated. Sixteen years of age at her débüt at the Théâtre Français. Astonishment and admiration followed. Not a declaimer but could raise herself to the height required ; seemed to grow with the fearful reality with which she invested the part. People understood for the first time the mighty verse of the French stage, and that they then realized its power was acknowledged by the paroxysm of applause. • All felt that a young and powerful genius had revealed herself.

Ristori.—Magnetic personality—trained art of a great actress. Humanity, actual in classical as historic. Not spiritual ; rugged rather than delicate ; deficient of the poetic ;

flesh and blood. Stalwart and definite, natural, not ideal school, not imaginative. Frenzies of heart and person kind of magnetism. Unquestionably great; foremost of her time, but not of the greatest type, lacks the ineffable quality which enwraps, animates and hallows the highest forms of genius. The fury of woman, yet perfect; heart's ferocity. Wild anguish. delirium of desolation, tremendous in effect and depth. Not ideal, but human. Extraordinary reserve; melodramatic tragedy, but peerless. Salvini, perhaps, a greater photographic artist.

She has deep passion; and gives startling reality to each part. Dreamy reverie and ardent purpose. In the habit of seeking in mental prayer, strength and nerve before going on the stage in character. Simple and unpretending even in grandeur. True to art. Fine physique, noble carriage, wonderful facial expression, great in posing and pantomime. Peerless in costume and decoration. Dark grey eyes. People like to feel power, and though she spoke no language whatever, she would still be a power. Such versatility in dying; never dying twice alike. Her deaths are as dissimilar as her characters, and nothing is more difficult than to avoid conventionality in this respect. Her deaths are so real, and she is so dead that the stage seems to be fact, and the auditorium fiction.

Rachel and Ristori. — One dark, the other fair; one Greek, the other Roman; one Pagan, the other Christian; one statuesque, the other picturesque; one the embodiment of the classic, and out of it lost her greatness, which was unique, the other the incarnation of the romantic, with a fine capacity for much that is classic; one hate, the other love; one's nature limited, the other's eclectic.

The rubs of play-writing are to transform narration into action, to make the characters shun talk and act, and—you have seen a billiard-player so strike his ball as to drive it forward and make it spin back to the place it left? Well, the dramatist must do the same thing with his action. During half the plot it must go forward in such a manner as to make

the spectators know it can never come back ; this effect the dramatist attains by heaping many and innumerable obstacles in the way of its return. During the rest of the play, the action comes back to the point of departure, despite every obstacle in its path. Analyze any play, you will find this to be the art. Shakespeare's plays are built by a different method. They constantly carry the spectator forward till the catastrophe is reached. The mysteries were still popular in Shakespeare's day, and their rude art (they were merely *tableaux vivants*) was all the dramatic art known. Hence there is in Shakespeare's plays no plot, technically speaking.

Scribe not only excelled in making his characters act and in skilfull build of plot, but he never rested satisfied until he had made each piece he brought out as near perfection in these particulars as possible. During rehearsals he was all attention ; not the most transient play of feature on supernumeraries' or firemen's faces escaped him. He would try to divine its meaning ; if it escaped him, he would ask it in such a way it was never refused. Nobody better understood the meaning of the exclamations by which stage people commonly express their ideas. Actors themselves are rarely able to clothe their thoughts in words. Here is a singular example :

When Ernest Legouv   brought out " Louise de Lignerolles," he gave the leading part to Mlle. Mars. In the third act Louise surprises her husband in improper company. A most violent scene ensues between them, which ends by a reconciliation which is all the tenderer from the preceding violence. Louise exclaims, " I fear nothing ; all is forgotten ; we are still in our honeymoon." At this Mlle. Mars stopped abruptly, and exclaimed : " I shall not use any such expression."

" Pray why not, madam ? " Legouv   asked.

" Because it is detestable."

" I really cannot agree with you. Consider the scene."

" Still, I shall not use any such expression. You must give me another."

" What ? "

" Why, nothing is easier. I want to say—Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la ! "

Legouv  was puzzled enough to find what she was driving at. He could get nothing else from her. At last he said to himself, "She shows me, by that elementary music with four similar notes, the rhythm and harmony she wants in the phrase that she may adequately express her delight and love." He wrote : "I forget all—I know nothing. Life begins ; you for the first time say, 'I love thee !'" When he read it to Mlle. Mars, she exclaimed, "That's just what I wanted !"

It was wonderful to see how rapidly Scribe, in a like manner, understood advice, though it was given in the most unintelligible manner.

Just as Scribe was docile to the suggestions of others, so he exacted equal docility to his own wishes, especially from actors. At rehearsals he was a rigid disciplinarian. He had no confidence in "inspiration." He insisted that actors should work ; should know exactly what they were going to do ; the very gesture, look, tone, they would use ; in fine, that they should be masters of their art, and by the same method which had given him mastership in his art—honest, hard work. One day Scribe was induced to give a brilliant part in a new comedy to a young actor, who was thought to be of great promise. But when older actors told him the traditions of the stage, he turned on them with anger and indignation. "Do you think I am going to be a slave to your conventionalities ? Do you imagine me a supple-jack, whose strings are to be pulled by old fools in their graves ?"

When he was asked :

"But at least be good enough to tell us where you will stand ?"

"I myself have not the least idea. I shall rely upon the inspiration of the moment. It will point out to me the best place. There I shall stand. My genius will guide me, not your musty, mechanical rules."

Scribe was patient for a fortnight. He then asked the young actor to put aside the manuscript and to rehearse as his comrades were doing, that he might criticise the manner in which he (the young actor) conceived his part. The young actor replied :

“Sir, I accept criticisms from nobody. I listen to no man’s suggestions. I play according to my own inspiration”—whereupon Scribe withdrew the part from him.

Nothing annoyed Scribe more than the ignorance of actors. It was with the utmost difficulty that he could make them read the whole play in which they were to appear. They would read their part—nothing more. Incredible anecdotes are told of the ignorance of French actors.

While Rachel was rehearsing Madame de Girardin’s “Cleopatra,” the former positively refused to appear in the part unless the authoress would agree to give the lover some name other than Antony, “which,” said the actress, “is too horribly vulgar.” Rachel was obstinate in her refusal until she was shown that Madame de Girardin had no choice.

Scribe thought for some time that Rachel was an actress after his heart. Nobody knew better than Rachel the importance of study and the value of long, patient rehearsals, which enable an actor to play a part as he conceives it, to place it before the public with all those inflections of the voice, play of physiognomy, gestures, attitudes, movements, pauses, which enchant an audience; they see nothing in an actor but his execution. Rachel was a slow worker. She was absolutely dependent upon others to comprehend, to conceive her parts. It was necessary with her to begin with the most striking “hit” of the piece, and to show how it was to be made. Once taught, she would make the hit in a manner which far surpassed her teacher’s ideal. Give her nickel, she returned you gold. Strange as this may seem, it is a very common phenomenon in art.

We constantly see music teachers, and especially singing masters, who cannot decently execute a single piece, who yet teach pupils to play or sing most brilliantly. Rachel never left anything to inspiration. When she was to play her most familiar part, Phèdre for instance, she always went over the part in the morning of the evening she was to appear, with her old master, Samson, and if she failed in any passage she would go over it again and again until she was mistress of it. She would get Samson to come to her dressing-room in the theatre

to recall some intonations, which she feared might escape, and sometimes would even get him to stand in the wings that he might, just before she went on the stage, repeat these intonations to her. Rachel's costumes, even the Grecian and Roman dress which she wore with such grace and majesty, were always arranged in those harmonious folds, which were so justly admired, by her dressing maid and kept in position by pins and stitches, so that nothing could disarrange them.

She left nothing to accident. Rachel had no confidence in herself, or anybody. When she first appeared in New York, she was so disturbed by the rustling of the leaves as the audience followed her, book in hand, that she came within an ace of falling into hysterics. The least incident put her out. Hence the care with which even her costume was secured against all disarrangement. Even at the height of her reputation, and when everybody who went to hear her was an enthusiastic applauder, she never could play unless all the hireling applauders were in their usual places in the pit. In vain the manager and actors told her that hundreds were nightly turned from the doors for want of seats; she insisted upon the presence of those mercenary applauders. How different she was from her great rival, Ristori! Ristori always insisted that there should be none of these hirelings in the theatre when she played. She said: "I am not only irritated by their horrible, little, mechanical noise, but they hide the public from me. I cannot follow the public feeling. It is the public I want to see. It is the public with whom I would wrestle. If the public be hostile, all the better, the fight will be warmer. But then, on the other hand, if I win their applause, I shall be able to say to myself: 'That bravo is honestly and entirely mine.'"

Nothing disconcerted Ristori, and she was full of pluck. She fought for author, for play, for self, all the more ardently if the audience was hostile, till the curtain fell. The second performance of a piece in Paris is quite as dangerous, if not more dangerous, than the first. If the audience of the first night be composed of critics, rivals, friends and fashionable people, and be most sensitive, the theatre is filled the second night with people who have bought their seats (the majority of

tickets issued the first night are free tickets), who want the worth of their money, who come to be amused, and are ready for any sort of "fun." They are fashionable people, who have, nevertheless, no interest in the dramatic world sufficient to secure seats the first night. They are frivolous and merciless. This incident occurred during the second performance of "Medea" in Paris. In the second act, Medea (Madame Ristori), after the scene with Jason, fell upon a seat, frantic with anger and grief. Her two children make their appearance, they are terrified, and, still at a distance, call their mother. As they entered, the eldest child trod on the heel of the youngest and tore off half his sandal. The youngest came hobbling forward, dragging behind him the torn moiety of his sandal. Had the audience seen him, there would have been an end of Medea for that night.

Had Rachel been Medea, she would have gone into hysterics. Ristori heard and saw the accident. Instantly she changed the settled pantomime; it required her to sit and let her children come up to her; instead of doing so, she rose, ran to them, snatched up the youngest child, put it in her arms, threw her mantle on its feet, returned to her seat with the child on her breast, sat with the child in her lap, quietly broke both sandals and threw them under the seat. Nobody saw the accident or suspected what she had done. She did all these things without retarding the progress of the scene, without omitting one word of her part, without betraying the least agitation, or embarrassment, without ceasing those tears, those sobs which filled the audience with terror and pity.

While Rachel depended on her dressing-maid for the arrangement of her costume, Ristori would take a large cloth, throw it over her shoulders and drape it during the play as suited best with her present passion, now letting it trail behind her with queenly sweep, then wrapping it around her like the cloak of a nun, or rolling it around her head like the veil which hides a broken heart and tear-scalded eyes. How admirably Guizot portrayed the characteristics of both actresses, when he said: "One is the *beau ideal* aristocratic tragic actress; the other is the *beau ideal* democratic actress." Nature oftentimes jeers

man's vanity; the *beau ideal* aristocratic tragic actress was born in the kennel.

Again, Rachel excused her lukewarm success in Scribe's and other modern plays, by the peculiarities of her talents. They were great; but they were limited. Her voice had irresistible notes; its compass was narrow. She said: "Impassioned gesticulation is something beyond my reach. I can execute everything that is expressed by physiognomy, by attitude, by a sober, measured gesture; I can go no further; where great, energetic pantomime begins, my talents end."

Edwin Forrest, America's greatest actor, began a dramatic career a mere stripling—a boy in his teens. He had a sweet, expressive and vigorous voice, a steady eye and a generous, open bearing. In preparation for his rôles, he would study the character in the text with the utmost care, analyzing every speech and situation. Furthermore he saturated his mind with the spirit of the life and legends of its nationality, by means of histories, books of travel, and engravings, till its people and their customs, and all were distinct and real to him. In the next place, he paid great attention to his make-up, arraying himself in garb scrupulously accurate. No actor placed greater stress on a fitting costume than he. In *Jack Cade* it was no mere strutting piece of empty histrionics, but the carefully studied and conscientious condensation into three hours of a whole vigorous and effective life. All his life an earnest student of human nature, in literature, in society, his own consciousness, and the critical practice of his profession. Under the rigorous athletic training he gave himself, he was magnificent indeed, but incapable of the more airy and delicate qualities. He lacked the lightning-like suppleness of Garrick and Kean. The same was true mentally. Could he have mastered the spirituelle and free as he did the sombre and tenacious, he had been perfect. His voice for the absolute perfection often claimed in its behalf, its crashing guttural quality needed supplementing with that Italian quality of transparent, round, elastic, ringing precision which delivers the words on the silent air like crystal balls on black velvet. The precision with which he conceived his characters, the patience with which he elabo-

rated all their elements, placed his chief rôles among the most complete specimens of the dramatic art in their way. He employed every means to thoroughly comprehend all he spoke, even to the use of a classical dictionary, thus omitting nothing that might aid his interpretations. When giving himself full swing with his friend alone, unbent from professional duty, he would sit on the floor, mimic a tailor at work, or roll on the bed in convulsions of laughter, or represent the double part of two negro wood-sawyers who undertook to play Damon and Pythias. He used to say, "It is often the case that we solemn tragedians when off the stage are your jolliest dogs, while your clowns and comedians are dyspeptic and melancholy in private." He wrestled with the genius of his art as Hercules with Antæus, throwing it to the ground continually, but making its vitality more vigorous with every fall. As years passed, and brought the philosophic mind, they tempered and refined the animal fierceness, strained out the crudity and excess, and imaginative portraiture took the place of sensational realism. He spent an incredible amount of time, and gave the most unwearied study to his characters of Shakespeare, and actually attained conceptions of them far more comprehensive and distinct than he received credit for. He dilated and glowed in the exciting situations, as if they were no mimic reflections of the crises of other souls, but original and thrilling incarnations of his own.

A critic used to sit close to the stage and watch a rising actor with the keenest scrutiny, not allowing the smallest particular to escape his notice. Then at the end of the play he would in a private interview submit to his protégé the results of his observation, carefully pointing out every fault and indicating the remedy. The actor was Edwin Forrest.

GREAT SINGERS AND ARTISTS.

Lablache, the greatest basso profundo of the world. Voice of considerable compass, but its weight exceeded anything ever heard from a human chest, yet ordinary when he commenced practice. When put forth to its full power and extent, it not only overwhelmed every other upon the stage and resounded

above the loudest orchestration, but entered into the most successful competition with the most sonorous instruments. This stentorian strength and gigantic power he used with the utmost discretion, only now and then displaying it, and then most justifiably. Its quality was superb, so round and clear and sympathetic was every note that if he had only sung his scales—which he could do most perfectly—it would have produced the utmost gratification. Nothing could exceed the accuracy of his intonation. His style was of the purest. A model of good taste. The character he represented was always uppermost in his mind. To every minutia he paid the utmost attention. He never seemed to be aware of the existence of himself, or of the presence of a large audience.

Lablache acquired a giant voice. Could give a weight to his voice that was truly appalling.

Parepa.—She could deeply move audiences by a common song, because the tones were absolutely without a defect. Voice not the secret. Reached the pinnacle. She learned to despise mere vocal display and discard vulgar embellishment, and to esteem the noblest style the simplest and most natural. Years of hard work and intelligent study before this perfect culture was complete. She stood before audiences so quiet, easy, and unaffected song flowed from her lips without effort and premeditation. She sang as if she could not help it. Physical strength and technical education triumphed over the most serious problems of art, to seem a second nature. As easy as speech. It was high culture and natural endowment. She opened the minds of the multitude to new conceptions; discovered to them unsuspected beauties; elevated and refined their taste; taught them to despise vulgarity and false pretence, and affectation, and to appreciate whatever is pure, and dignified, and conscientious, and to hate devices. She advanced musical taste and knowledge a whole generation; was personally a true and noble woman, swayed only by unaffected goodness, gentle deeds. She was a friend of her audiences, and had a warm and tender heart; made lasting attachments; was genial, graceful, and simple as a child. Adulation never turned her head, though praise, in-

telligent, delighted her. The vexations of her career, and the mixed associations of the stage never embittered her temper, for she was always dignified, lady-like under all.

Patti.—The recollection of that November night when the beautiful little figure first tripped upon the stage, and amazed the town with the loveliest Lucia that ever rejoiced our eyes, has never lost its freshness. Raised to a dizzy height of glory, all the world lay prostrate at her feet.

Campanella.—Used to compose his face, gesture, and body as nearly as he could, into the similitude of persons, and then carefully observe what turn of mind he seemed to acquire ; thus he was able to enter into their very being. He could so abstract his mind as to endure the rack with little or no pain.

Angelo spent twelve years in dissecting. This was not pedantry, minutiae of literal observation.

Canova (*Sculptor*).—Not beauty merely free from defects. The most sublime has faults. Yet admirable ; beauty to judgment, derived from inspiration, captivates senses, subdues heart. Life, feeling, real beauty. The simplest and most direct means—that which best advances ; other is ornamental and retards. Natural ; any degree of forcedness is deformity. Fine judgment the secret. Reason why to all you do. Immense study and long experience, to produce grandeur and magnitude. Not extatic or only extravagance and distortion. Mere enthusiasm little better than delirium ; must be joined with sound judgment, and fine powers of execution. Even in trifles try to perfect. For unjust criticism do better. Judgment better than mere knowledge of theory and precept, without which they will be hurtful by obstructing the exercise of natural powers.

Di Vinci (*Painter*).—Memory not capacious enough to retain all effects of nature therefore consult her for everything. Fortunate conditions not always favorable to genius. The greatest works have been produced under the greatest restraint and

difficulty. Content sometimes produces languor that begets dilatoriness. Experiment, observation and in nature. Greatest most childlike. Life begins at the heart. If genius indulge in sloth, it must not expect to keep that keen edge which rust will destroy. Nothing done till nought remain.

Shakespeare.

Shakespeare dictated by the spirit of romance. And he should be the constant companion of the youthful; he will lead him back to the fairy land of old romantic days, chasing from his eyes the prosaic mist engendered by imitation of the pagan antique, and the unsound babble of conventional art.

The plays of Shakespeare enable the devout heart to be just and true. He received every form of humanity to his heart. He never gave one the cold shoulder. He drew a sigh; put the shoes off his feet to come and see. And understanding gives from first to last fair play, the hardest thing in the world to give. Interested in the noblest because noble, in the lowest because something human in them. He never gives notice when he has made a point. If we cannot see, he does not stop to tell us. It would be well for art if we could be capable of something similar. His mere silence is moving. Where there is something unintelligible, there is a gem if you can get at it.

Marc Antony.—Every part of this wonderful address will reward careful study. There is nothing like it upon record nor in the whole range of fiction can its equal be found. It is a model of platform oratory. It should be spoken beginning with a low voice, profound grief, extreme deference to the multitude. Then with an appeal from their love of country to their love of the man.

King Lear.—Is the most impressive tragedy extant. The highest sublimity to sink into the depths of the human heart. The wild spirit of the heathen father's revenge—the sublime threatening of his vengeance—from its very indistinctness, as if too vast to shape itself. The most awful menace that ever burst from a father's heart in wrath upon the head of an impious child.

Shakespeare's *Lear* is one with the most tremulously tender

heart and the most delicately sensitive and poetical mind possible to mortal man, and his true grandeur appears in his overthrow, which is pathetic for that reason. The shattered fragments of the column reveal its past magnificence. No man can play Lear in these scenes so as to satisfy, even approximately, the ideal inspired by Shakespeare's text unless he knows, by intuition, or experience, the vanity, mutability and hollowness of this world. The deeper deep of philosophy is sounded here, and the loftiest height of pathos is attained. Gigantic sorrows.

Hamlet.—Amazing eloquence! Superb intellect, thoughts vaster than deeds. Enormous superhuman difficulty of representation in the care, the awe, the majesty. Intellectual glare in "I'll make a ghost of him that lets me" and its surroundings. Like a spiritual thunderbolt. Then deeper gloom, deeper horror. Hamlet haggard, breathless. His young life taxed to uttermost in its proud grapple. Matchless intellect well nigh strained to utter overthrow by the terrors of this phantom chase. Afterwards, one brief appeal to heaven, earth, and hell, one call on heart and sinews to bear him stiffly up. Then pity, pure and profound. A single second his distracted brain gives way and he gasps, "my table,—meet it is I set it down," etc., brief as lightning and as terrible too. The remainder of the act is a struggle to restore the lost equilibrium. Frightful is this tremendous conflict of godlike reason battling for its throne against Titanic terror and despair. Staggers back with "wild and whirling words" from the perilous edges of madness. Dexterously, yet grotesquely, baffles the pardonable curiosity of his companions; jests and laughs over the sepulchral "swear!" lest sheer horror should compel his friends to divulge their ghastly secret. Scorpion walled with fire, "O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I." The sacrifice not suicide in, "*To be or not to be.*"

Macbeth.—Dark, weird, sombre, imaginative spirit. Grim, fiend-driven, awful emotion, and stormy frenzy; not earth, and common life; ideal; verse, not prose; grand; reality and white heat; great, not common.

Passion, in Othello, pours along like a river, in restless eddies, or hurled from its dizzy height, like a cataract.

In Lear, like a sea, swelling, raging, chafing, without bound, without hope, beacon or anchor. A mighty wreck in the wild world of sorrows.

Lady Macbeth.—Sarah Siddons.

Astonishing creature,—ambition almost obliterated other characteristics. Her intellect, beauty,—fair and feminine, captivated Macbeth.

Her ambition makes her savage. Tremendous suspense prior to murder. The assassination scene one of horrors. She wrenches the daggers from him ;—deplorable condition of Macbeth.

Crowned—the worm gnawed at her heart—dejected—afterwards, *listens* to him—suppresses *her* anguish. *At banquet*—apparent ease, wretched—affects calmness—dying with fear ; trembling nerves, frightful smiles, overdone attention, painfully entertained, restless, and terrifying glances to him. Terror, remorse, hypocrisy.

Sleeping-scene—Appalling ; starry, glazed eyes ; fever of remorse, shadow of death on their lids—smell of blood. The delicate soul is overwhelmed by the enormous pressure of its crimes. Too intellectual to be thoroughly hateful. Not penitent, in sleep, but haunted by terrors. Bright, bold intellect, summoned to her destiny. Superb depravity—cold, remorseless—hideous strength of mind. Wounded monster—splendid picture of evil—externally majestic and beautiful.

Large Theatres.

A thousand shades of expression, and almost all the beauty of the voice are destroyed by a vast space, across which they cannot pierce. Rant and grimace are then the substitutes.

Ideals.

The ideal of *Kemble* was authority—a king or ruler ; of *Cooke*, skepticism, as a social, sarcastic unbeliever ; of *Kean*, retribution,—as a *sufferer*, and avenger of great wrongs.

PART IV.

CRITICISM AND ANALYSIS.

BY critical study one is not supposed to substitute an analysis of the products of the arts for the pleasures which they give. But rather learn to *see* things than to look at them, and to *listen* to rather than to merely hear beautiful and agreeable sounds, and that our senses, in short, and our sensations may be developed by exercise.

The analysis, when we have acquired the habit, is sometimes made with the rapidity of lightning ; it becomes an element in our mode of feeling, to such a degree, that it is itself transformed into a sensation.

None the less pleasure is derivable to one of such a power, than to one who blindly gives himself up to his sensations. He never thinks of them ; they are present to his thoughts as if by enchantment.

Wonderful effects come of an organization improved by study and observation ! Indeed how much more vivid are one's enjoyments if all the desirable qualities are united in the perfect performance.

Perfection results from things so delicate, so fugitive, that we cannot feel it, except so far as these things are within our comprehension and we are familiar with them. The merely curious do not see the difference. But perfection cannot be perceived until we have learned to see it. We must learn how to see it. The pleasure of the mere senses may be disturbed at first, but only to become eventually the more vivid. Study will every day become less painful, when we shall have formed the habit, and finally unconscious as an effort but rather a delight, and sensibility is increased, rather than diminished, beyond limitation.

It is difficult to explain in words the just medium, or give a rule of fault and beauty. Even the critic may talk about it and make neither his hearers nor himself the wiser. Instinctive criticism must exemplify and particularize. There is always a flutter on a first view, which is likely to confound. The relation is not discerned, the true character not distinguished. Everything is indistinct. Something florid and superficial pleases at first but not being compatible with reason it soon palls, and is rejected. Comparison is a great aid. Lustre pleases only the ordinary. One relishes the sublime, another the ridiculous; one has sensibilities to blemishes, and is studiously correct; another delights in beauties and pardons all errors for one elaborated stroke. We are too apt to notice faults and forget beauties.

Criticism.

Where there is an absence of a standard, taste is apt to run to a chaotic condition. Apply this to acting; now an actor of a good deal of intelligence and cleverness, with a mastery of the mysteries of his art, will sometimes overtop his fellows and figure as great in the mediocrity in which the stage then exists. And at such a time one's defects may actually be in excess of his qualities and the lessons he has not learned more striking than the lessons he has learned. His aberrations may not be of a vulgar quality, and one may even like him in spite of them. Such a one may not have a dramatic face; it may be that of a sedentary man, a clergyman, a lawyer, an author, an amiable gentleman—of anything but that of an actor. His figure may be of the same cast, and his voice may complete the lacking. His voice may be unavailable for the purpose. In acting he might not speak badly—but yet he might not speak at all, in any way that, in an actor, can be called speaking. He might not even pretend to speak. The finest lines might pass from his lips without receiving the scantiest tribute to their quality. Of what the French call diction—of the art of delivery—he might not have the slightest suspicion. This forms the greater part of an actor's obligations. It is not simply to be picturesque, which is often made a specialty. Above all, before all, one must have the art of utterance to give value to

divine lines—to charm the ears and mind. It is not picturesqueness; by small ingenuities of “business,” and subtleties of action; as an artist who “*colors*” when he cannot depend upon his drawing, where certain essentials are strikingly absent these secondary devices lose much of their power.

The mass may not be able to judge of the niceties of merit in art, to appreciate the finest strokes of genius, and award their plaudits with exact justice. Their decisions are often erroneous as they are fickle; and competent judges, trained in critical knowledge, skilled by long experience to detect minutest shades do not hesitate to rectify their errors. But the multitude are able to respond to impressions of power, to recognize the broad outlines of a sublime soul swayed by genius. And in perceiving these general evidences the people are better and fairer judges than any special class of critics, because free from *finical* likes and dislikes that prejudice and corrupt.

The union of feelings and principles is the true foundation of criticism, and he who does not cultivate a profound acquaintance with his own feelings cannot hope to become critical. Our feelings incline us to truth even when unable to assign a cause. Principles, when we master them and they are perfect, agree with our feelings.

The feelings of him who has enriched his mind with the rules and principles of beauty, are principles in themselves. The habit of judging correctly, induces the habit of feeling correctly. The feelings of such a person are hard to detect from principles, so closely are they allied. Principles are only the feelings of mankind at large. The common feeling is the true one. Judge from knowledge of æsthetic rules, not by personal prejudices. Look well to the humblest as well as the greatest, to the beautiful as well as the grand. The present may have excellences not enjoyed by the past.

Old time actors might not possibly appear as favorably to us and yet we invariably look back to them as to a criterion.

Criticism to those who give scope to judgment as well as fancy, who are governed by just principles of the fine arts, is a favorite and everlasting enjoyment. The man upon whom nature and culture have bestowed this power delights to publish

to the world the good qualities of others but does not brood over errors.

It is only a modest man that will listen to criticism. To be willing is a high strain of humility ; to be willing to mend, is a still higher. How few are great enough to practice either.

Public opinion is not always a criterion of excellence, for it is sometimes apt to be fanciful, and vacillating. Listen therefore only to competent judges. Let no praise be of value but that of the heart.

One voice that blames has the strength of ten that praise.

The armed eye beholds the stars ; the unarmed nought but cloud shadows.—The worst is the praise of a rascal. The first effect of a celebrated name is to inspire confidence, but we feel a sort of distrust of an unknown name. Even if the effort be good we fear to compromise ourselves. There is much security in reputation.

The first and highest office of criticism is to penetrate the *motive*. This includes inspiration, intention, compass, all. — In fine the spirit ; the quality. *Popular* criticism is the external. An actor must be measured by the conception of his poet, and by the severe truth of nature, guarding from being misled by any adventitious or false effects.

We should always remember in favor of the artist his specific disadvantage in any effort to render the super-excellent. The history of art has more to say of petty jealousies and vindictive malice than of kindness in competition.

The stage is an arduous profession, requiring so many essential excellences, and accidental advantages, that though it is an honor to succeed in it, it is only a misfortune, and not a disgrace, to fail. Those who put themselves upon trial must, however, submit to the verdict, the sentence of the public.

A new actor astonishes for a short time and nobody knows what to say ; but the true critic is not deceived. Out of love of the reality he is an expert as to how far he has approached truth and where he has fallen short. He does not lose sight of excellence in the hunger for sudden performance and praise. True justice is vindictive to vice and false art ; not personal, but to the wrong done.

Noble art tends to disarm criticism. It is ideal at root.

False delicacy the most effeminate, is the most effectual barrier to the progress of art. He who fears to expose the errors of another, cannot surely possess that independence of mind, without which the most transcendent talents can effect but little.

He only is qualified to criticise who lifts himself above all personal considerations, whose sole aim is truth, and who wishes to see even his own opinions disproved, if it be possible to disprove them.

He who has truth on his side, and ability to support it, will force others to believe whether they will or not.

Amiable critics wish to make every one feel comfortable at the expense of truth and the hindrance of progress. He who fights for truth must expect to take as well as give hard knocks. The wronged must work and wait.

The fictitious artist makes money, while the true one all but starves until his merit is recognized.

We must adapt the great and beautiful conceptions of the past until original genius descends in fresh forms.

We refine and elevate others as well as ourselves by art study. There must be a general diffusion of correct æsthetic principles before the public mind is able to discriminate aright.

Nothing hits harder than an exploded folly or delusion.

The true critic must be as calm as the anatomist who uses his dissecting knife. It is not only what the artist is, but what he claims to be, that must be considered, and the critic must be inflexibly severe for art's sake, not stooping to personal motives. Some are impatient at the least severity of expression, and which though true, gives pain, not only salutary, but necessary. Circumstances however may possibly warrant modification of its harshness.

The critic need not possess a correct abstract definition of beauty, but a certain kind of temperament, the power of being deeply moved. It is beauty in many ways, all equal. It is perfection of culture, not rebellion, but peace; and only when it realizes a deep moral stillness, has it reached its end. It is a certain strangeness; an element in all works of art. It excites surprise—gives pleasure; exerts a charm; a sweet, lovely strangeness.

There is a sort of criticism which consumes truth as rust eats into iron, content to demolish, careless to rebuild.

It is cheap and easy, however, to destroy, but despondency comes readily enough to the most sanguine. A single word from a cynic can chill and dishearten. This is easy; but to help the young soul to add energy, inspire hope, and blow the coals into a useful flame is the task of divine natures. Falconers tear out the feathers of their hawks, lest they should fly too high. Red is the color of youth. The critic stands near to the artist.

A low, disparaging estimate of the powers of men depresses action and enjoyment. Each discovered weakness increases the bitterness of the heart. It chills the soul, benumbs, disheartens and indisposes to effort by which the spell might be cast off. Contempt is the rust of the soul.

One must have exquisite perfection of idea and the work involved, to become truly great.

PREJUDICE.—It is well known, that in all questions submitted to the understanding, prejudice is destructive to sound judgment, and perverts all operations of the intellectual faculties; it is no less the opposite of good taste; nor has it less influence to corrupt our sentiments of beauty. It belongs to *good sense* to check its influence in both cases (and in this respect, as well as in many others) reason, if not an essential part of taste, is at least requisite to the operations of this latter faculty. In all the nobler productions of genius there is a mutual relation and correspondence of parts; nor can either the beauties or blemishes be perceived by him whose thought is not capacious enough to comprehend all those parts, and compare them with each other, in order to perceive the consistency and uniformity of the whole. Every work of art has also a certain end or purpose for which it is calculated; and is to be deemed more or less perfect, as it is more or less fitted to attain it.

The cause of a wrong taste is a wrong judgment, and this may naturally arise from a want of proper and well-timed or directed exercise, which alone can make it strong and steady. Besides, that ignorance, inattention, and all those vices which pervert the judgment in other matters, prejudice it no less in this its more refined and elegant province.

A rectitude of judgment in the arts, which may be called good taste, does, in a measure, depend upon sensibility; because if the mind has no bent to the pleasures of the imagination it will never apply itself sufficiently to works of that species to acquire a competent knowledge in them.

When the critic lies under the influence of prejudice all his natural sentiments are perverted; where good sense is wanting he is not qualified to discern the beauties of design and reasoning which are the highest and most excellent. Under some one or other of these imperfections, the generality of men labor, and hence a true judge in the fine arts is observed, even during the most polished ages, to be so rare a character; strong sense united to a delicate sentiment, improved by practice, perfected by comparison, and cleared of all prejudice, can alone entitle critics to this valuable character.

Although prejudices may prevail for a time, they never unite in celebrating any *rival* to the *true genius*, but yield at last to the force of nature and true sentiment.

GREAT DÉBÜTS.

THERE is, perhaps, no situation in life so entrancing as one of those rare first nights, when some genius has appeared and carried away the audience in a whirl of success. On the English stage three names in this connection seem to stand preëminent, Garrick—Siddons—Kean.

David Garrick.—He had made an experiment at Ipswich, but had appeared only a few times. A young man of short stature, whose name was suppressed, was announced to make his first appearance on any stage. The play was “*Richard the Third*.” At the nervous moment, the new actor came from the wing. But when he saw the crowded house he was disconcerted, and remained a few moments unable to go on. But he recovered himself.

The surprising novelty was that he seemed to identify himself with the part. They were amazed at his wonderful power of feature. The stupendous passions of *Richard* were seen in

his face before he spoke, and outstripped his words, and the delighted audience found relief for their emotions in rapturous shouts of applause. They seemed to discover this was true genius that was before them. He took the audience with him in a tempest of enthusiasm. What a night to look back to !

On the following morning he awoke and found himself famous. His reception, "was one of the most extraordinary that was ever seen on such an occasion."

Sarah Siddons.—More interesting, however, is the story of that true heroine, Mrs. Siddons, who, passing the ordeal of a stroller's life, was admitted to the country theatres, and engaged by Mr. Garrick.

Her failure at Drury Lane is well known ; for which the jealousy of the established actresses, her timidity, with an injudicious selection of characters, were accountable. "It was a stunning and cruel blow, overwhelming all my ambitions, and involving peril even to the subsistence of my helpless babes. *It was very near destroying me.* My blighted prospects, indeed, induced a state of mind that preyed upon my health, and for a year and a half I was supposed to be hastening to a decline. However, I roused myself to shake off this despondency."

In short she re-commenced her country drudgery, and for several years labored hard. At last, in 1782 came the longed-for opportunity, and she was engaged at Drury Lane. It was a terrible experiment. During the whole two weeks previous she was almost in a nervous fever. "No wonder, for my own fate and that of my little family hung upon it. The rehearsals commenced. Who can imagine my terror ? I feared to utter a sound above an audible whisper, but by degrees enthusiasm cheered me into a joyfulness of my fears, and I unconsciously threw out my voice, which failed not to be heard in the remotest part of the house by a friend who kindly undertook to listen. After the second rehearsal I was seized with a nervous hoarseness and I went to bed therefore in a state of dreadful suspense. Awaking the next morning I found my voice much clearer. On the morning of my appearance my voice was, most happily, perfectly restored. My father accompanied me to my dressing-

room at the theatre. There he left me, and I in one of what I call my desperate tranquillities which usually impress me under terrific circumstances, there completed my dress to the astonishment of my attendants without uttering one word, though often sighing most profoundly."

There was a vast house, crammed to the roof. Her husband had not courage to be present, but wandered about the streets around the theatre. As she found herself on the stage, she felt, "the awful consciousness that one is the sole object of attention to that immense space, lined as it were with human intellect from top to bottom, and all around." She had no need of apprehension. It was one continued triumph. As the pathetic piece moved on there was that one centre figure taking enthralling possession of the audience. Her tones went to every heart; the agony of grief and suffering thrilled all present. At times she had all men's eyes suffused with tears, and many women in actual hysterics. She was interrupted by bursts of tumultuous applause, until the whole house seemed swept away in transport.

She herself was half dead with the excitement, and her joy and thankfulness were of too solemn and overpowering a nature to admit of words or even tears. Arriving home, worn out with continually broken rest and laborious exertion, she had an hour of retrospection, an intense reverie, and then retiring, fell into a sweet and profound slumber, which lasted to the middle of the next day.

Her calm, steady constancy may be contrasted with the desperate straits and tempestuous victory of

Edmund Kean.—The history of his miserable struggle, his privations, and gallant confidence in himself all through—is familiar. One November night he was playing in Dorchester to a wretched house, a few people in the pit and gallery and *three persons* in the boxes. "In the stage box, however, there was a gentleman who seemed to understand acting; he was very attentive to the performance. Seeing this I determined to play my best. After the play the gentleman complimented me slightly upon my playing. 'My name is Arnold; I am manager of Drury Lane theatre.' I staggered as if I had been shot."

His eldest child died soon after and the loss seemed to make him indifferent to his future.

But when he at last reached London, his appearance, and some other reasons, discouraged the manager. He was treated coldly by the actors at the single rehearsal which was hurried through on the morning of the performance. At the close all shrugged their shoulders, and announced failure as certain. As he left his home he muttered, "I wish that I was going to be shot."

With his boots soaked with the slush of a dismal stormy evening he slunk into the stage-door, wet through, and crept to a dressing-room of which he was only allowed a share, and dressed to the contempt of his fellows. When dressed, he went to the wing and saw an empty, cheerless house; in the pit, about fifty persons. Then the curtain rose. Soon the audience began to awaken to enthusiasm. The presence and power of genius were acknowledged in a manner that shook the very roof. "How the devil so few of them kicked up such a row," said Oxberry, "was something marvelous."

Trembling with agitation and excitement, he took off his costume and resumed his old threadbare suit, turned disdainfully from the genuine applause of his fellow actors, and left the theatre. Through the wet and slush he rushed home, flew up stairs, and clasped his wife in his arms. He poured out the story of his triumph. "Mary," he cried, "you shall ride in your carriage! And Charley, my boy," turning to his infant in the cradle, "you shall go to Eton!" Here his voice faltered, and he murmured the name of the child he had so recently lost.

There is nothing in all the annals of the stage so dramatic or thrilling as this.

CRITICISMS ON ACTING AND READINGS.

Stars.—Mr. — acts *Macbeth* in a robust manner, and with extraordinary force ; but his performance is deficient in weirdness and in pathos ; his physical presentment of the part is hard and almost ferocious, and it does not fascinate—as it ought to do—by at least the suggestion of innate nobility that has been wrecked and ruined by all the powers of evil. There is something awful and forlorn in the condition of the hell-driven *Macbeth*, and the representative of him should produce the effect of piteousness, no less than the effect of horror. It is not a demon, but a fallen angel, whom Shakespeare has depicted in this personage ; and in order to prepare the way for the delirious anguish and tremendous sufferings through which *Macbeth* goes down to destruction, he has suffused the portraiture with the tenderest humanity. **Mr. —** wrought his best effects in making *Macbeth* confront the imaginary spectre of the butchered *Banquo*. He spoke most of the text, however, in artificial and strenuous tones—giving the idea of vast exertion, and creating the effect of monotony and of conventional stage work. There were many indications that **Mr. —** ideal of Shakespeare's conception of *Macbeth* is high and just and right ; but he will not succeed in making his meaning clear, and his embodiment adequate, until he tones down the martial element, heightens the humanity, makes apparent a certain pitiable element of drifting weakness, and lets imagination tinge the whole structure of his work with a sad, strange light, indicative of supernatural influences and of the forlorn and miserable condition of a noble nature that is haunted by fiends. *Macbeth* should make us weep as well as shudder. The character of *Lady Macbeth* was presented on this occasion by **Miss —**. Her performance was correct in mechanical treatment, intelligent, self-possessed, and, in a conventional sense, satisfactory. **Miss —** is a remarkably tall woman, dark in favor, and notable for breadth of gesture and compass of voice. Her countenance is not very expressive ; she did not indicate much sensibility ; and her acting denoted schooling much more than personal insight or sympathy of dramatic perception.

Actress as Reader.—The occasion doubtless served its coveted purpose in once again introducing **Mrs. —** to the public. This energetic lady, who aspires to a high place upon the stage, is possessed of certain obvious qualifications—those, namely, of good stature, clear voice, expressive countenance, trustworthy memory, and a cultivated mind. She read last night in an intelligent manner, but her achievement was neither better nor worse than would be possible to nine out of ten of all the cultivated ladies in average society. It was notable in her recitals that her natural tones,

which are her best, were reserved for the stage directions. In the utterance of the text her voice was invariably artificial. Discrimination as to character, however, was perceptible in the dramatic scenes which she interpreted; and the correctness of her mechanism throughout implied aptitude, close study, and good schooling. Mrs. — gave the balcony scene, from “*Romeo and Juliet*,” but she did not evince in this either passion, sentiment, or poetic feeling. She also gave the quarrel scene from “*The School for Scandal*,”—in which her dramatic judgment was more evident than her dramatic faculty—and an extract from “*Macbeth*.” This lady, it was evident, has—like many other ambitious beginners—more knowledge of dramatic action than either power or skill to use it. Mrs. — would doubtless prove a useful actress for heavy parts in a first-class stock company. The applause that is usual on these somewhat dubious occasions was abundantly bestowed upon each of her efforts.

Stock Acting.—She has played the part too long. She has survived all feeling in it, and has become stilted and mechanical. One sees the stage directions in every movement. Three steps to the right she raises her hands in appeal to heaven; two steps back and she falls into somebody’s arms, and, by the way, in three acts of the play she falls into somebody’s arms nearly twenty times. Her voice has all the precision and limitation of an automatic toy. One could, if acquainted with the philosophy of sound waves, actually draw a diagram of her inflections by merely reading her part. Everything she says and does is by rote, and this is so palpable that one regards her as the perfection of mechanism. One or two little bits of acting which are done with such velocity that one cannot time the interval between the cue and the execution of a movement, are very effective. The trouble is that she has shaped all her movements by the limits of a small stage. On a large one the picture must be expanded, and in stretching it to fit a wider area she has revealed the texture to all eyes.

Debutantes.—This occasion has served to disclose another beginner in the dramatic profession, who has begun at the wrong end of the ladder. Miss —, who comes forth as *Pauline*, exhibited intelligence, self-possession, and commendable force of purpose; but her performance denoted faculties that are commonplace, and that have not been properly trained. To describe it in detail would be, perhaps, to inflict needless pain. The character was not correctly dressed; the text was spoken in a thin, unsympathetic voice, and was illustrated with much aimless and rather awkward gesture; and altogether, the embodiment appeared to be put forward, not as a work of dramatic art, but as an assertion of individual capacity. There are many women—not inaptly represented by Miss —, who are conscious of the desire for expression, and who wish to be conspicuously observed and admired. It is natural, doubtless, that their

disquietude should impel them toward the stage. It is equally natural that their lack of dramatic aptitude and of professional training—which means their total inability to accomplish anything when they get upon the stage—should fail to fascinate the public regard, or to command critical respect and commemoration. The emergence of Miss — has had the effect of calling attention to that lady. It strikes, in fact, upon the warning bell; but why that bell should be sounded is a mystery, and is likely to remain so. Persons who accost the public are expected, not unreasonably, to disclose faculties and attributes calculated to gratify the public interest. This expectation is not fulfilled by Miss —. This community has often seen *Pauline* exceedingly well acted. There is neither sense nor propriety in the sudden projection of a novice into that character. These remarks apply with equal force to the recent ebullition of — in this same part, as well as in Shakespeare's *Juliet*, at —. Ladies who wish to act ought to learn the trade, so to speak, before they invite attention to themselves as the masters of it.

The debut of Miss — last evening, at — Theatre, was welcomed by the plaudits of admiring friends. The lady was often called before the curtain, interrupted many times by applause, and duly cheered after each of *Juliet's* traditional points. We have no doubt that she must feel highly encouraged by the result of her bold experiment. Nor did all the encouragement probably come from her personal friends. There is something winning in her face, her voice, and her manner, which tells with the cold general public, and she displays undoubtedly a certain amount of talent which interests if it does not satisfy us. Her speech is not well trained, but her voice is flexible and naturally musical. In several passages of the balcony scene, she represented very faithfully the charming ingenuousness and simple ardor of the heroine, while for the delineation of tragic passion she displayed no more than the cleverness of a parlor amateur. In a word, Miss — has gifts which are well worth cultivation. She has the faults of all beginners; too much concern about her clothes, a distressing consciousness of having more hands and arms than she quite knew how to dispose of, a fatal facility for getting into awkward positions, an inability to fill a great theatre with tones that have only been practiced in the drawing-room. These are troubles which only time will cure. But a lady who makes her first appearance on any stage in the character of *Juliet* begins her profession at the wrong end. This is not a practice-rôle for novices. There is a common delusion, we believe, in society, that to act Shakespeare, and other great dramatists, comes by nature; 'tis a pursuit which can be taken up on the sudden, at any time of life; the dramatic art being, in this current notion, unlike all other arts, which require a long and painful apprenticeship, hard study, much thought, and much drudgery. If Miss — intends to adopt the stage as a profession it would be unkind to tell her that she is already an actress

when she has so many of the rudiments still to learn. Genius asserts itself in spite of the drawbacks of ignorance and inexperience; but this lady is not a genius; she does not touch the deepest cords of feeling; and as yet her performance is never lighted up with inward heat. She may come to high things by and by, perhaps; but there is no royal road to eminence in any of the arts. The only way to reach the top is to begin at the bottom.

Debut.—Her halt and sort of gasp which interrupt the sense and flow of a sentence are utterly wrong according to every idea which has been taught for years. Her action is often fine—often unpolished, and inappropriate. She has founded a new school of gesture, and time alone will tell, whether that school will have other disciples. We sincerely hope that she will take the advice of some fair, impartial professional teacher, and will follow instruction, and then we feel that her appearances will be favored, enlarged, and greatly enhanced in merit.

The same.—Her looks inspired us, but her voice! It is so light, with so little power and strength, so little penetration. It did not reach to some of the more distant portions of the house. There seems to be an effort in it, it falls thinly and without resonance. It is a head voice, and not a chest voice, and is never effectual of itself, but always a drawback.

The same.—The immense audience waited patiently for her entrance. There was no flexibility in her voice, her attitude, or manner. She was frightened. She showed some tragic force, but the lack of stage training was painfully apparent. She walked the boards with difficulty, and every step was proof of the want of knowledge of even the rudiments of her new calling.

The same.—She was stagey and unnatural in the extreme, with a strange, high-pitched tone often accompanied by a drawl and tremolo upon certain words which made her declamation seem exactly like that of the lecture platform. The inference is plain that she must needs devote herself to vocal culture before she can begin to succeed as an actress. The gamut of human feeling can never be fitly sounded but by a voice capable of every delicate gradation of tone, and taught—until method becomes instinct—to fit emotions with appropriate tones. Her faults are almost entirely those of method, which may be corrected by practice. It requires strength and patience. Whether she has the dramatic instinct, or any true dramatic discrimination we doubt, giving her the most generous benefit of the doubt. Magnetism she hardly seems to possess. The other actors were over-anxious, and hurt themselves by their excessive anxiety to do well. Some were noisy and ungraceful in unusual manner.

The same.—If the social welcome alone be considered, her stage advent was successful. At points where she could lecture she was effective. She showed dramatic instinct—some idea of execution and much will. In art she was callow. Her presence as a queen was puny. Her voice was often

nasal and thin. Her walk was one-sided. Her attitudes were mostly crouched. Her emotion is of the mind and not the heart. She does not burn, but she glints. The face was often set in a stare to emphasize a tigerish self-restraint. Her performance was a potent exhibition of personal character, but it lacked the attributes that charm. Mistakes are not less mistakes because they are made with talent and vigor. We see no reason to encourage the idea that she is an actress because she dresses herself in four gorgeous robes and goes into an ecstasy of elocution.

The audience was large and friendly. The lady who played the title rôle, is one of those fatally mistaken women who, incited by the applause of friends and their own over-confidence, spring from the parlor to the stage, not content with playing a small part, they assume a leading rôle, and thereby make their faults the more conspicuous. She has not the first requisite for a good actress. She is without style, without magnetism, and utterly without talent, and the kindest thing is to tell her so at once. Eight baskets of flowers were passed to the débutante from one stage box, but for all that she was not quite reassured, and it was very evident that she suffered from nervousness.

She is not adapted to the tragic stage, either physically, emotionally, or mentally. Her *Medea* was a large, aquiline, hard-featured woman with a thin, metallic voice, and with a vast native capacity—such as we have seldom seen equaled, and never surpassed—for ungainly attitudes, angular gestures, facial distortion, and hurried and lachrymose utterance, prowling to and fro across the scene, in that incessant way which is characteristic of the flurried novice.

If she wishes to become an actress, she ought to join a stock company, and learn the business of the profession. Such exploits as this do no good to those concerned in them, and only make the stage absurd.

There was a goodly audience at the — Theatre, and it regarded the performance as a comedy, greeting many of the stately and passionate passages with hearty merriment. — lacks one or two requisites in tragedy. Tragic ability, may be considered the chief. Her voice is not strong, her elocution is bad, her stage conduct amateurish and unemphatic. When it is said that she cannot express the depth of emotion that belongs to *Medea*, it is not necessary to say that she does not even understand it.

Nothing is so easy as sharp censure in criticising theatrical debutantes; nothing so hard as truthful analysis of failure and success. — whose *Medea* was treated so harshly by some of our critics, has shown this during a strange week at — Theatre. Any one else would have been killed the first night but — had pluck, kept on, and finally got the balance in her favor, closing her week with good houses. The critics who were so hasty to cry

“failure,” could not see that the first fiasco was due almost wholly to a single person breaking down and disorganizing the company. A *Creusa* fainting in the first act, and a second lady reading her part from a book are pretty hard things to get over, and most actresses would have given way to the terrible weight of ridicule and left the stage for good. —, it seems, stuck bravely to her work, played through the week, improving every night, and closed with a sinooth play, well acted, to a good and appreciative audience. Her voice, with which the critics found so much fault the first night, when nervous anxiety almost overcame her, became strong, and full, and the end of it was that many who came to laugh, attracted by the sneers of the amateur critics, remained to praise and admire. So much for pluck. —, by sheer persistence has turned the tide. She will appear again, we understand, in a new American play.

Miss —, a young lady who recently acted *Juliet* to the delight of a large and critical audience in — repeated the performance at — Theatre yesterday evening. To commit to memory a part of such length and elaborateness of language, to interpret some of the emotions of so complex a personage with naturalness and impressiveness, while conveying the idea that the actress comprehends the significance of all, and to move about the stage, through the five acts of the play, with ease, and often with effectiveness and grace, is to accomplish a great deal. When it is borne in mind that Miss — is only fourteen years of age, the achievement must be spoken of as extraordinary. The aspirant to fame is a rather tall and not uncomely maiden, with a bright and intelligent countenance and an exuberance of girlish spirits. She understands the character she represents, and if there are any of its phases which she has not fully understood, explanation does not seem to have been wanting. She is particularly deficient in pathos, and, naturally, most happy in the early love-passages of the piece. Hence she played the balcony-scene with considerable natural charm, vivacity, and variety of method. The interviews with the *Nurse* also went well, and, in the meeting with *Romeo* in the cell, there were touches of genuineness which were more than worth the studied work which was to follow. The potion scene and the proceedings in the cemetery, while they were undoubtedly clever, had none of the spontaneousness of the previous incidents to commend them to special approval. Miss —, besides, lacks the physical strength requisite to performances of this kind, and any number of agonizing gestures and heavy “falls” will not make amends for the want of breadth by which the method of a fourteen-year-old girl must be characterized, or atone for vocal feebleness. It were needless, however, to enter into further details concerning the representation. It can be dismissed with the statement that it showed Miss — to be a young lady of marvelous precocity, and favored with a fitness for the stage very seldom observable in the morning of a *débutante’s* life. It did not reveal a new *Juliet* or one mature enough

in thought and power of expression to compete with the older heroines, and if she is to attain distinction—and she can certainly do so—she will have to place her foot upon a lower round of the ladder and waste as little time as possible upon “her” conception of Shakespeare’s personage.

A prodigy (child) in any art, music, acting, etc., never expresses anything, and is generally very crude and unfinished even though for a child its performances may be very wonderful.

When we first saw Miss — upon the stage, the question raised by her performance was the question whether it is possible for a woman to succeed as an actress in the highest line of dramatic art, who attempts the theatre in mature life and without a theatrical education. Miss — representation did not leave us long in doubt. It was not only crude; it was not only deficient of that sort of talent which is specifically called dramatic; but it displayed a mind and temperament rigidly and inflexibly determined upon the self-assertion which is totally incompatible with the assertion of identities distinct from self. Miss — presented Miss — and, being considerably flurried, did not present her to great advantage. Miss — is a type of force; and as a type of force she was sufficiently successful.

Firmness, combativeness, primness, acerbity, loquacity, mental sufficiency, and a kind of shimmering metallic hardness of disposition were the salient elements of this embodiment. To summarize it in a sentence, we should call it executive cleverness masquerading unskillfully in the apparel of a queen, and vainly pretending to be swayed by human emotion. Miss — at certain points in her performance, addresses the adjacent dramatis personæ with a physical thrill and with an oratorical tremor of the voice which are exceedingly effective; but these potencies, which would be merits in an address, are blemishes in a personation—since they are extraneous to its substance: and, aside from these, her acting is level-tameness. Much excitement seems to smolder beneath the surface of the personality; but it finds no adequate and therefore no impressive vent. The voice, sweet in certain low notes, was almost uniformly flat. The tones were often inaudible altogether; and at passionate moments, they either rose into thin shrillness or shivered into a strange brogue. The more it became artistically needful that passion should be uttered, the more the performer seemed to become concentrated upon herself. This is excitation of the mind, not of the feelings; a trick of oratory, useful on the platform, but not an expression of spontaneous emotion, and therefore useless on the stage. The muttering of the thunder-storm may be good, the full burst of its fury is much better. In carriage of the head the lady gives way to a displeasing mannerism; her gestures were bad because lacking in breadth and significance, and her movements across the stage were constricted, small, and almost dwarfish, where they should be large, free, and tumultuous.

* * * appeared here as the latest and in some respects the best exponent of the American notion that good acting is a matter wholly of natural abilities, not at all of acquired skill.

All her credentials were from the admirers of youth and the hasty discoverers of genius. Special significance was given to the fact that she lacked experience and was only nineteen years of age. Special praise was therefore expected for that intuition, inspiration, endowment, or whatever it might be, which enabled a girl to assume heroic and tragic rôles and win public applause for her endeavors.

So anxiously has the playhouse public for years been looking for the genius which playhouse literature is continually talking about; so thoroughly has it accepted the notion of the playhouse rhapsodists that histrionic genius is above discipline and superior to ordinary methods of culture, it came with alacrity to the recognition of an actress, who, whatever else might be said of her, had not at least been even modified or in any way influenced by culture.

And so eager is the popular mind to accept unformulated power, and to discover some exhibition of energy which transcends the classification of criticism as it transcends the reason of the observer, that it jumped willingly upon this occasion, as upon all others, to the easy conclusion that Miss — was born an immortal.

Once having fixed upon an exhibitor as an idol to be worshipped in all its vagaries, the public view with something like personal animosity every attempt to adjust the favorite's efforts to the requirements of—not an ideal, but only—an intelligent art.

"Genius" is the gilded extinguisher which is put adroitly over all her shortcomings. And so shallow are many of those who admire her most that they, being unable to find any reason for much that she does, have gladly adopted the alternative of believing that it is done by virtue of a power which transcends realism.

The fact is, some of us are so wholly ignorant of the distinctions between talent and genius that we mete out our recognition and tributes to minstrels, mimes, and melodramatic accidents with equal prodigality.

When *Ingomar* of Salvini was played upon the Academy stage the *Parthenia* of that representation won her audience, as she won the barbarian, by a thousand feminine arts for which we have no words, but which together make up the splendid phenomenon we call a gentle, irresistible woman. Her disgust and contempt for *Polydor* were so infectious that we hated him instinctively. Her affection for her father was so solicitous, so unmistakably consanguineous and tender, that we pitied him for her sake. Her method with *Ingomar* was such a mingling of womanly craft and womanly fear, admiration, love, gentleness, and courage, varied, alternated, and combined with an appropriate set of expressions, facial and tonal for each, that we understood, in the lucent stream of her endeavor, all the

shades of character, the motives and impulses that were at the bottom of it.

Hers follows the broad current of stock excellence and tradition. It shows no new insight, no new imaginative or creative force. It seizes upon the theatric prominences provided time out of mind, and does not evolve any new *spiculæ* for us to hang our sympathy or thoughts upon. It is the *Parthenia* of a girl whose courage and craft are negative virtues, for she has no definite purpose in them. Her contempt for *Polydor* is in the same key and color as her solicitude for *Myron*, and this, likely, is because the actress's sensibilities are either not acute or they are not transmitted fluently. The scene with her sordid lover owes its charm not to her situation, which she fails to make us feel, but to her picturesqueness, which she never fails to make us see.

So far as such exhibition of means betrays intellectual condition we think we are warranted in saying that Miss — may feel and think strongly, but as yet has not learned to feel and think acutely. Her pathos is a finely intoned but unsympathetic affair. She employs the patent symbols of suffering with an affluent ease that inspires confidence. She never uses them with the sharp, infallible veracity that goes to the heart.

It is the palpable immaturity of intelligence, combined with the marked maturity of expression, that gives a puzzling peculiarity to this actress's work.

She appears to have been born with the formulæ of the stage at her command. She has the coolness, the *aplomb*, the self-reliance, and the spontaneity of movement that we find only in a player of long experience. The moment she is "on" every one is at ease. Every endeavor commands confidence.

But this very proficiency betrays a narrow mental view. A deeper insight into the intricacies, the possibilities, the perplexities of human nature would give the actor pause. A reflective mind points out unerringly that one formula will not fill all fancies. The loves of *Pauline*, *Parthenia*, *Juliet*, and *Evadne* may not require differing talents, but they do require different treatment, and it is because Miss — adjusts them all with charming innocence to the narrow gauge of her experience that pronounces her intelligence immature.

The truth is, the stage needs intelligence much more than it needs anything else; for, as Lewes very sensibly remarks, "it is because few actors are sufficiently reflective that good acting is so rare, and the tameness of a few who are reflective, but not passionate, brings discredit on reflection."

Miss — *Parthenia* is a purely conventional piece of work—of superior dimensions. Its largeness, firmness, and freedom do not quite atone for its want of fineness, delicacy, and originality. It lacks the seizing power of an impersonation which has conviction under it and enthusiasm all around it. It does not stand out distinct from all the *Parthenias*, an embodiment to be remembered even for the ardor and individuality which

a young actress of extraordinary abilities can give to an erroneous or inadequate conception.

The elements and attributes of *Lear* are not obscurely furnished. He comes before us, at the first, an old man, but not decrepit—a man who is beginning to break, but who is not yet broken. He is venerable, massive, and majestic in aspect. He still wears dominion in his countenance. He is exceedingly tender in heart and magnanimous in disposition. His age is that of simplicity and goodness; but his mind is blindly suspicious of its own decadence; and he will prove exacting, irrational, fiery, capricious, and unpleasant—after the fashion of choleric and selfish senility. In the fibre of his character, however, in his essential personality and interior spirit, he is, above all things, large. He is not a common man grown old. He must, all his life, have carried with him the stamp and the magnetism of a great and charming nature. He must have captured hearts and ruled minds by something beautiful and strong in his fate. He does not hold royalty by lineage or human law, but by divine endowment. He is born to the purple. He is a mountain in the midst of a plain; and the crumbling of his mind is like the fall of the avalanche. Unless he be supplied with this immaculate and charming excellence, endowed with this innate majesty, and invested with this personal grandeur, his experiences, his sufferings, his frenzy, his senile insanity, and the whirlwind of agony in which he dies will all be—in comparison with what they ought to be—non-sequent and puny. It must not be old *Brabantio* or old *Capulet* that goes mad; it must be old *Lear*; and when this awful presence totters, with streaming white hair and blazing eyes, across the thunder-riven heath, under the night and tempest, he must break our hearts not alone with afflicting sense of the torment into which he has fallen, but of the lovable nobility from which he fell. No felicity of mechanism in the personation of *King Lear*—neither appropriateness of dress, nor dignity of bearing, nor pomp of elocution, nor feverous excitement, nor minute and accurate portrayal of the physical consequences of mental disease, nor deft use of theatrical expedients in the great moments of the play—will atone for the lack of this august and splendid personality. Mr. — personation of *King Lear* may, indeed, make the observer think of this personality; but it does not make him feel it. The true ideal may shine forth, clearly enough, through the cold, white light of the intellect; it does not blaze upon us through the gorgeous prism of the feelings. If it be a work of genius at all, it is a work of that genius which walks with difficult, uncertain steps along mountain pathways unfamiliar, uncongenial, and oppressive.

Unless *Lear* be greatly embodied,—and the embodiment be sustained upon an even key of greatness,—it goes for little. Splendid points and fine outbursts will not irradiate it with the indispensable magic charm. Mr. — presents, as to outward semblance, a venerable, picturesque old

man; his poses are broad and fine; his identification with his ideal is consistently kept; his performance is steadily competent in intelligence; and, particularly in the third act, his portrayal of the old monarch's fluctuating moods is truthful, animated, and telling. But the age is youth's obvious simulation of age; the elocution is monotonous; the voice is oftener querulous than touching; the physique is slender, nervous, wiry, and compact—when it should be massiveness shattered; and the quality of the spirit is thin. In the first act—which was beautifully arranged and very ably played—there was an absence of weight. The curse, though effective, did not spontaneously find its own way, but was forced and flurried, and the emotion of it was more angry than terrible. If we say that here, as at almost every later point, a compact brain dominated the situation and a clear art-purpose failed to conceal its mechanism, we shall indicate the significant truth. *Lear* does not shine through Mr. —, but Mr. — strenuously labors with *Lear*. He will be honored for the nobleness of his effort; for the correctness of his ideal; for his obvious scholarship; for the magnificent art with which he pictures the faded, washed-out aspect of brooding sorrow, remorseful over the half-suspected wrong to *Cordelia*; for two or three such tender touches as the speech to *Goneril*, “Mend when thou canst;” and for the pervading tone of reverence for a great subject which is visible in his entire treatment of the character. But Mr. — was not found to be strong in the mad scenes, or terrible in the fitful delirium that precedes them; he fell far short of greatness in the imprecation upon the two daughters—the thrilling shrill yell of frenzy which ends in “the terrors of the earth;” and the nature that he revealed, as the basis of his creation, though sweet, was thin. This word is not a happy one—but the reader understands that *Lear* ought to possess enormous capacity of suffering and of the leonine display of passion; and that the actor, in this instance, gave the impression of inadequate depth. It is not until a man has plunged into the abyss of suffering which lies under sin as well as affliction—not until a heart naturally deep has been torn from all moorings and driven out upon the gale-swept ocean wastes of misery—that such moments of torture and frenzy are wholly possible to him in art. They cannot be reached by the process of the intellect alone. Mr. — uses his powers in *Lear* with remarkable skill; but the character is too much for his present capacity of expression, and those who most admire his genius will find themselves constrained, in any thoughtful estimate of this effort, to pause upon details and specific excellences, and regret the lack of a round and finished grandeur.

The attendance was quite numerous, and the young performer was kindly received. Miss — is fortunate in her winning personal appearance, and she showed herself, upon this occasion, to be an intelligent, and—in the adroit use of a somewhat thin voice—a skillful reader. Her powers, in this line of art, are not, however, conspicuously above the gen-

eral average. Readers ought to possess distinctly exceptional ability, who come into the public view with what—save in the rarest instances—is little more than a private, parlor accomplishment. Without intending harsh reflection upon Miss —, whose talents may win her real distinction, if properly and thoroughly trained and developed—it may be said that the disposition evinced by so many persons, to bore other people with their elocutionary efforts, is selfish and vain and not a little unjust and presumptuous.

CRITIQUE.—Her débüt a lamentable failure. Tried again but all to no purpose; cold, stiff, mediocre, people disgusted. A hopeless nonentity. Her personal sufferings, however, revealed new chords; had seen life and then rendered it with intense reality. Hers was a tardily developed genius. Now, the finest, most astonishing. Careless in speech, provoking in silence, active in action, elegant in gesture; or, she shrieks and appeals, and one forgets to applaud. Her joy is real, and her tears are real. Her originality was trenchant, her capacity supreme.

He was artificial, that is to say self-conscious, perpetually studious of effect, and shallow in emotion. But had a thorough education in the actor's art. His bearing was pompous, and his elocution stately and stilted. His acting did not inspire affectionate interest.

If she was not a great artist, she certainly was a very remarkable example of elemental power. She had a wildness of emotion, a force of brain, a vitality in embodiment, and many indefinable magnetic qualities, that combined to make her exceptional among human creatures. Those who saw her then saw a woman unusual for personal charms—strong and fine in physique, with dark hair, dark eyes, and a beautiful white complexion—but more unusual for an electrical sympathy of temperament that captivated every heart. When, in the first act of "*Camille*," she used to rush forward and sob out the exclamation, "Respect me—and in this house," she made the heart of every man who heard her stand still in his bosom; and when she parted from the lover whom she never meant to see again in this world, her agony was so great and so real that few men could look upon its exhibition. Hers was not, perhaps, the power of the imagination—that seizes upon an ideal and enables the artist to rise out of this actual world and embody a creature of the poetic brain, like *Lady Macbeth*—but hers, beyond all doubt, was the human woman's heart, that had sounded every depth of passion and could embrace all possible experience of woman in that world of love which is so essentially her own. And while she was thus human and passionate in fibre, she was weird and fascinating in her individuality. All her ways were her own—and the eye followed her with a strange kind of delight at absolute newness and formidable sincerity. She often failed to satisfy the intellect, with refer-

ence to classic forms of ancient literature, or to set molds of modern character. Her *Medea*, for example, was half a prowling maniac and half a reckless slouch—with now and then a gleam of fateful fury, like fire that streams through the suddenly opened mouth of the volcano; and her *Edith*, and *Sibyl*, and *Geraldine* were erratic and bizarre figures, only to be remembered for strong and surprising points. But no spectator of her acting ever,—till her powers were on the wane,—missed the sense of an original, vigorous, brilliant, and startling personality. She was an actress of the passions—and of the passions in their universal ebb and flow. This sort of a nature, unless it be curbed by a prodigious moral sense and intellect, inevitably breaks all the bounds of a serene life.

Her effort was, seemingly, based upon the model of Charlotte Cushman; and although nervous, flurried and rough, it was exceedingly good. Her attitudes were large and weird, and they comported entirely well with the awfulness and isolation of human misery, which are the spirit of the scene. Her voice, also—in a rich variety of cadence that broke through the characteristic monotone—denoted, if not the remediless agony of a conscience-stricken, broken-hearted, hopeless criminal, at least such perceptions of sorrow as awoke the quick response of sympathy and grief. And the work, though imitative—as, indeed, it well might be, for the highest intelligence and best capacity could not, in some things, go beyond what has already been done—was full of imagination. Miss — at present, would not act *Lady Macbeth*, competently, throughout; but her achievement, in this bit of the part, was another and a clear indication of latent intensity. It would not be easy for the most emotional and experienced actress to throw herself at once into the terrible anguish and piteous remorse with which the sleep scene of *Lady Macbeth* is surcharged. Miss — acquitted herself bravely of a most arduous task. It was notable, in this piece of acting, that her emphasis was not, as it has so often been in other performances, wrongly distributed; that her pronunciation was pure. The dressing was conventional; white robes, with a straggling wisp of dark hair escaping through the folds of the head-gear.

Janaushek sacrificed a year to learn the English language and studied fifteen hours a day. Modjeska learned English in six months.

Miss — spoke with agreeable frankness of herself to the reporter of *The —*. “My daily life,” she said, “is bare and simple enough, though it may seem smooth and pleasant to one who looks at it from before the footlights. [With a sigh], I feel sometimes as though I would like to go out into the forest of Ardennes, far away from this incessant toil, and study, and trouble. An artist lives a life of drudgery and slavery. She has no rest, and scarcely time to eat or sleep. My path looks as if it were strewn with roses, but it is rather beset with thorns. This is my daily routine: In the morning I rise between eight and nine

o'clock. I first attend to my business letters, and I study for an hour, if not upon a part that I have in hand, upon some miscellaneous subject. Then I walk to rehearsal, which lasts from two to four hours. This is particularly trying. If the play is new to the company, then I have to tell them all about the 'business;' and if it is not new, my 'business' is different from that of the star that has preceded me, and much that they do has to be changed for my convenience. It is very hard upon members of the company sometimes, but it cannot be helped. The company here is one of the best in the country, and they are very kind and good. The rehearsal over, I come home and receive callers for an hour, after which I dine and take a short nap, when I have to get ready for the evening performance. This is the mere work; but there is the care and annoyance besides. When I am about to play a new character, for a fortnight before the opening night I get so nervous that I can neither eat nor sleep. I generally walk to and from the theatre, for the benefit of the air and exercise. The evening performance once commenced, if I am acting a part whose emotions carry me away, I enter fully into the spirit of it, and think no more of myself until the curtain falls for the last time. I get warm and excited, and take cold from the draughts. The wonder is that I am not often seriously ill instead of merely getting those colds from which I soon recover. The play finished, I come home in a state of nervous excitement which sometimes continues for hours and prevents my sleeping. I would like to ride or drive to the beach, but I have no opportunity. I am in love with this State, but I have no chance to see it. I return to England, and people say: 'Oh, tell us about California; tell us about the Geysers, or Yosemite, or the Big Trees,' and I am compelled to tell them that I have never seen them. And this kind of thing continues for a long season, or until my Summer vacation comes—an incessant mental and physical strain."

The *character* is intellectual, self-contained, stately, powerful, and beautifully refined. The *interpretation* was dull, fidgety, undignified, weak and commonplace. The actor at first appeared ill at ease, in a perturbation of self-consciousness and timidity. This was chiefly manifest in his gesticulation, which was copious to excess and mostly inharmonious with the mental excitement, thought, and language of the scene. He also committed frequent textual errors. These might have resulted from the agitation incident to his first appearance or an unfamiliar stage. He had disqualifying exacerbation and was frequently "out" of the character. External blemishes vanish, if only of a work of art, developing naturally from within, which is animated by that quick spirit which gives immortal life. But not a trace of that spirit appeared in his performance. He never once identified himself with the part. He was simply a mechanical player, fulfilling, in a somewhat flustered way, an obvious professional duty, and no magical atmosphere of emotion hid defects of portrayal, or lured

attention away from them. It was easily possible to follow the effort with cool and quiet observance. It was unsympathetic. He did not animate, he deadened. It was not perception and emotion, but the technical business of the play-book. Movements that might have been electrical he made leaden. He is an experienced and competent stage artificer. He has been many years on the stage and understands the technicalities, and since the larger part of acting is mechanical, he will always prove equal to professional emergencies, like that large class of useful actors. *Aspiration* is not always ability.

Critique.—It was a good piece, well set, but failed. The lady who took the very trying part of the heroine was so deficient in force and stage practice as to be quite unable to meet expectation. She has imagination, feeling, delicacy, ambition, but her voice was inadequate. Her action lacks breadth and decision for a character requiring such marked individuality. It was a great risk. Ambition overleaped itself. Ill-judged haste; not yet fitted. She needed close earnest study. Enthusiasm is not enough. It requires more knowledge of technique. It needs personal magnetism. Light and shade. It was concert pitch to the end, and in monotone. Her ideas were not matured.

Halls and Theatres.

Novices, in large buildings, pitch their voices nowhere; read too fast, without spacing; are flurried and look corpse-like. It is no easy matter. Till habit forms a second nature, you must appear to yourself to exaggerate, that you may not seem flat and feeble to your audience. Some are too low, or thin and airy, or monotonous, or very uneven, or from the throat. Yet audibility can be effected without effort. The voice is to be used in a manner wholly new. The voice must be pitched in a certain key, and much louder; and the vowels must be dwelt on. If natural, you *seem* artificial, and you *must become* artificial to *seem* natural.

The roof of the mouth is nature's sounding-board, and the nostrils are like the holes of a flute to be spoken *through*. The nostrils should be widened and *used* effectively.

Public speaking requires so much breath that you cannot afford to waste any. The labor is so great you cannot afford to tire organs. The voice that is required is so full and strong, if not loud, you cannot dispense with any of the aids of intonation, articulation, or reverberation.

The lungs should be inflated to a far greater degree than is seemingly necessary for the purpose. The element of *audibility* is the pure, well-sustained *vowel*; the element of *distinctness* is the *firm, clearly articulated consonant*.

By intonation, inflection, modulation, and poise or rhythm, the skillful reader can convey to the mind as vivid a picture as can the painter to the eye. The great rule is to *sound* the words as they signify. Theory is one thing—practice another.

If the room has an echo lessen the voice till the reverberation is not perceptible, but you cannot expect to do as well or be energetic; sometimes more distinct; slower and longer pauses. If the place be too large, then with natural compass, and be heard by as many as possible without straining. Submit to the necessity and do the best possible under the circumstances.

The speaking voice is to answer—fifty to two hundred feet—No! or ask How? or call FLY! MARCH! or HALT! If done fairly and truly, these will give the return voice. Breathe deeper, open the mouth, dwell longer; all enlarged and with meaning. Moderate, easy, pleasant, broad. Ring the voice and send it off. Weigh the voice and determine the style. The smaller the measure of breath the clearer the tone; the air vibrates better, and the fatigue is less. Assume to have the usual voice, usual manner according to place. Speak naturally in large or small space.

Every auditorium has its own voice. Powerful voices are not always managed properly as to pitch, pace, intensity. In each place tune the voice; try to adapt by looking at the hall. Slow time or fast, high or low pitch, or vary intensity. In a spacious hall every syllable must be articulated with rigid distinctness and a swell given to the sound; this is absolutely indispensable, and yet how few so speak; and if for a long time one must husband resources in beginning; must be easy and self-possessed. If at first too strong, exhaustion ensues. It should be to express what all feel but cannot do. Only the leading elements should be touched unerringly, leaving the air to soften, unite and complete the rest. All trifling and petty points and useless details should be abandoned, leaving only the great features. It is not as necessary in an open or a large

space to raise the pitch and increase the force, as to speak distinctly. More speaking and less bawling, is best needed at all times. Words are not more distinct by drawling the syllables, neither is pomp or solemnity added by making it different from private speech. This is the vice of the art. Accent the same as in common life, and not labor on the unaccented syllables, giving them overweight and prominence; at least one must not seem to do so. The quantity of sound actually needed is smaller than is generally imagined.

Overheated rooms are bad for the voice, as heat is a non-conductor of sound and also spoils the intonation of the voice. Irregular shaped places are often very difficult to speak in.

Small wires stretched across a room at proper height break the sound-waves and prevent unpleasant echoes.

The Voice.—The Muscles, etc.

In the larynx there are eight muscles; in the tongue and palate, twenty; in the lips and mouth ten, besides those of the thorax. No one can continue in a strain more than a few seconds without a slight rest, such as are given by pauses. Even the heart rests between its pulsations. It is essential to provide against fatigue by pauses and deliberation. The hearer must also have momentary relief. This comes from instinct more than from art. The organs should not suffer violence at any time. Strong voices are not often heard well from being used too loudly. And weak voices by getting out of breath make the hearers weary. The voice must be like the sound of the German flute, pure, neat, and clear, passing freely through the well-opened mouth. When the voice is weak it *can be gradually strengthened*. If ever *overstrained* take great care to *soften down*. Long, swelling, not drawling, sounds are a good exercise. Loudness is only noise; volume is full, round, mellow; in acquiring it be careful not to diminish the excellence of tone, either as to brilliancy, richness, or sweetness, or to endanger any property which renders it agreeable or effective. By persevering determination voices have been and can be literally *made*. The volume and strength of the voice depend upon the *manner* in which the breath is exhaled rather than upon the quantity. It should

be to reserve and keep the voice down ; to produce chaste, mellow notes. If practice is limited, practice well.

The voice cannot be forced without straining the vocal organs ; and if continually overstrained they will be weakened, till useless. Straining affects the durability of the voice ; even when strong, it loses in grace and timbre. The voice by care can be retained full to old age. But worn-out voices can be restored. Never practice beyond pure tone, not too great pressure.

Deep and full in prolonged sounds, but with ease and lightness to preserve roundness. Never make extreme sounds *high*, until voice is well-developed, and then progressively, lightly and firmly. When the voice is equal and firm in middle part then gradually extend to *full extent*. Many a fine voice is ruined by want of proper guidance.

Even in the highest electric bursts with lurid glare and convulsions of passion, one should never strain lungs. Never really gasp for breath. In most violent efforts keep in reserve. Perverted passion is fearful, but excellent in place. Conscious self-possession, volcanic-like thunderbolt—create at once.

Causes of loss or injury of the voice are inflammation of the mucous membrane of pharynx and larynx, and tumors. Bronchitis and laryngitis come from speaking in the throat.

Colds and Cures.

It is in every respect desirable to meet the ordinary emergencies of the weather by acquiring sufficient hardiness of body to resist them.

The best way to avoid catching cold, although it may seem a paradox, is not to be too much afraid of cold. Let one's accustomed exercise not be interrupted because it is damp, or even rains. Let these conditions be met by appropriate clothing, and the feet be well protected by strong shoes. Furthermore, if out of doors and the body feels cold from the wet, keep in motion, for the sudden loss of animal heat is then imminent.

Evaporation, although produced by heat, is very productive of cold, and it is greatly promoted by a current of air. The risk of catching cold is greater in windy weather.

Retention of moisture is as bad as that received. When perspiration is profuse, it saturates the inner clothing and its chilling effects are soon felt if the body is at rest. The best mode of avoiding this is to wear clothes of loose texture, especially in hot weather, so that the escape of perspiration may be promoted as much as possible. Flannel is best for this purpose.

Cork soles are valuable preventives for the bottom of the feet, and stout leather for the upper parts. Woolen stockings are excellent, being non-conductors of heat and the least liable to retain perspiration.

If the lungs be *delicate* they may need especial protection, particularly in sudden changes of temperature; but the influence of a draught in giving a cold is often exaggerated. The best preventives are daily cold baths; and open air exercise in all weathers, to develop the lungs. The best cure for coughing is to stop coughing and breathe deeply.

For Colds in the Lungs and Chest.—Kerosene oil or vasaline is excellent, applied on a flannel. Rub the chest and throat at night and lay on a piece of flannel with another light cloth over that to prevent contact with night clothes.

Recent Colds.—Equal parts linseed oil, honey and Jamaica rum, or equal parts decoction of boneset, (thorowort) and molasses. This is prepared by first steeping the boneset and straining, then adding the syrup and boiling down to original consistency of the syrup. Take several teaspoonfuls every two or three hours.

Cough Mixture.—Equal parts tinct. blood-root, syr. ipecac and squills, balsam of tolu, and paregoric. Half of tea-spoon when cough is severe; excellent. Bathe feet in warm water, and rub thoroughly, at night. If cough very troublesome, when lying down at night, put tea-spoonful each of tar and spirits of nitre into four ounces of water, shake well; then after standing, and without shaking, sip from vial about a tea-spoonful, which will allay the tickling sensation. To taste salt is excellent.

Colds—(Deep-seated.) Remedial.— $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce each, ext. of hyoscyamus, balm of Gilead buds, pulv. ipecac, or lobelia, and balsam of fir; a few drops oil of anise to form into balls the size of a pea. One or two 3 or 4 times daily.

This allays the irritation of the mucous membrane, the bronchial tubes, and the lungs, and is exceedingly valuable.

Laryngitis.—It is best at first to take some alterative like the following: Comp. tinct. Peruvian bark, 6 oz. fluid ex. sarsparilla, 1 lb. ext. conium, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Iodide of potash, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Iodine, $\frac{1}{2}$ dr.

Dissolve the ex. conium and the powders in a little of the fluid, and mix all. Two teaspoons before each meal. Next use this

Gargle.—Very strong decoction of sage $\frac{1}{2}$ pt; 2 table-spoons each, honey, common salt, and vinegar; 1 tea-spoon cayenne; steep, strain, then bottle and use according to condition. One of the best of gargles. Besides these use the following on throat and chest:

Liniment.—2 ozs. gum-camphor. 1 dr. Castile soap. 1 table-spoon oil of turpentine. $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. oil of origanum. $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. opium. 1 pt. alcohol. Put by for upwards of a week or more, then bathe 2 or 3 times daily.

Another Remedy.—Wear little clothing round the neck, and smoke dried mullein leaves in a clean clay pipe; is wonderfully curative. It is like an anodyne and increases expectoration, removing the mucus which gathers in the larynx, and if followed will effect a permanent cure. It is good for coughs.

Catarrh Snuff.—1 oz. Scotch snuff, 1 tea-spoon dry chloride lime, bottle and cork tightly. This assists the secretions and prevents the fetor.

Enlarged Tonsils.—Enlargement of the tonsils, and atony or relaxation of the vocal chords, is caused at times, by over-exertion, violent emotions, alcohol and such means. Even disturbance of digestion, or too great or too little secretion of the glands; or the throat by being too dry or too moist, from various causes affects the voice.

Curative.—For overstraining chew a crust of bread to pulp, slowly, and drink a little tepid water.

Preventative.—Proper breathing will prevent straining. Pause between inspiration and expiration. Teach children to do it slowly, regularly, and effectually, carefully, watch and guide them, and encourage them, not leave them to themselves.

An Excellent Gargle.—Powdered alum, 1 dr.

Decoction of barley, filtered... 10 oz.

Syrup of white poppies... $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.

3 or 4 times daily.—(Gradually increase alum in quantity.)

Outside.—Ex. Belladonna, 12 gr.

Sp'ts of Camphor 4 oz.

Remedial.—1 oz. No. 6, 2 oz. molasses, 4 oz. hot water. Carefully taste and swallow a little from time to time. It increases the saliva and thus relieves. If inflammation of the throat besides, then add the following remedy.

Throat Wash.—10 grs. nitrate silver, 1 oz. water, 3 or 4 drops creosote; then with a small throat sponge apply it to the parts, laying a flannel with turpentine externally, and perhaps putting the feet into hot water and rubbing dry.

Constipation, Remedial.—1 table-spoon of Indian meal in a glass of cold water before breakfast will cure if continued for a time, or a fresh egg in

a gill of water before each meal will do wonders even in obstinate cases. Exercise in the open air.

Sick Head Ache.—Put the feet in hot water, drink freely of some kind of mint tea, before going to bed and perspire for about an hour. If from full stomach an emetic of mustard and salt in warm water is beneficial. An excellent quick cure is to take two tea-spoons of finely powdered charcoal in half a tumbler of water.

Night Air.—There is a popular prejudice concerning the evil effects of night air. It was formerly the belief that it was very injurious. But the fact is, that generally it is as healthful as that of the day.

Nothing conduces more to healthy sleep than good ventilation. Even the dampness of a bed is not so much to be feared if the person is made warm by plenty of clothing.

Health, Food, Toilet; for the Stage, etc.

Beef-Jelly.—Table-spoonful to cup of boiling water, for singers, and public speakers. Singers and actors must eat well.

Thin people should eat vegetables, and oily food—almonds.

Fat people should eat acid fruits; lemons, limes, tamarinds, crackers, *not* bread, milk, butter, beer, sugar, potatoes, *but*, beef, mutton, fish, toast, *not* fat fish, nor sweet vegetables, green vegetables excellent, poultry, game, fruit.

For Debility.—Powdered French charcoal (large bottle). Teaspoonful in water, or honey, three nights, then a simple aperient, afterwards tonics. A free use of figs and tomatoes, coarse bread, vegetables.

For the Liver.—Taraxacum, ex. dandelion (pill) four nights a week for months (recommended).

Spring Medicine.—One-half ounce spruce, hemlock, sarsaparilla, dandelion, burdock, and yel. dock, one gal. water; boil one-half hour, strain hot, ten drops of spruce and sassafras mixed, cool; one-half pound sugar, one-half cup yeast in jars twelve hours, covered tight; bottle.

Acid Stomach—Sweeten Breath.—One-fourth spoonful ammonia in one-half glass of water night and morning. *Gargle.*—three dr. powdered chlorate of lime, two oz. water, two oz. alcohol, four drops volatile oil of roses, four drops perfumers' essential oil; (brush teeth), and rinse mouth several times per day. *Lozenges for Breath.*—seven drs. chlor. lime, three drs. vanilla sugar, five drs. gum arabic, warm water, stiff paste. cut, etc.

Face Paste.—Four whites of eggs, one-half oz. alum and almond oil.

To clear Complexion.—Carbonate of ammonia. *Face.*—Juice of stems of lettuce at night; in morning solution of ammonia; on body to remove odor. *Teeth.*—Ashes of burnt bread. Chew orris root.

Irritations of Skin—(*Mosquitoes*). Carbolic acid, fifty drops, and glycerine. *Hands*.—Soap and sand; then bran; then cold cream.

Cosmetic Gloves.—Two yolks of eggs, two spoonful oil almonds, one oz. rose-water, thirty-six drops benzine; or mittens with bran or oatmeal.

Wrinkles.—Tar and almond oils, thin, at night—old cloths on pillow.

For weak Lungs.—Oil of tar in water jar on stove.

Hairs on Face.—Paste of wood-ashes, vinegar to wash off, then oil to soften the skin.

Pure, clear Skin.—Vapor bath, or alcohol bath, twice a week, with blankets, etc., fifteen minutes, tepid bath, rub dry, and body in glow, or instead, tepid bran bath, friction till skin shines (Oatmeal).

Neuralgia.—Sulphur bath, liable to take cold, but splendid for the skin. Towels, wet, must be placed on the head, or dangerous.

Women's looks depend mainly on their nerves and peace of mind.

Suppleness.—Almond oil rose scent, rub joints daily, till no gloss.

The back relieved by oatmeal bath. Opera dancers use eight oz. deer fat, six oz. oil, three oz. wax, four oz. rose water; melt and put in one-half pt. brandy and one gr. ambergris. Gyration of body and limbs.

Cool in summer.—Bathe night and morning (salt). Tart drinks.

Hair falling out.—Cold water every day. Burdock root tea—ammonia, one-half oz. oil of mace, one pt. alcohol, brush smartly ammonia wash.

To Dye Hair.—Use potato-water cold. *For Chilblains*—use it hot.

Hair Dressing.—Four oz. wax, nine oz. olive oil, two oz. burnt cork, melt in cup placed in bowl of hot water.

Young Persons.—Sponge bath every day, if heated from walk or play. Knees, elbows, feet in cold water to prevent nervousness after it.

Simple, well-flavored diet, plenty of acid fruit to counteract biliousness, nuts and raisins better than candy. Under eighteen not over three-quarters of an hour, at practice or study, then ten minutes, out of doors or exercise, head clearer, limbs fresher. Cool sitz baths, for hips, etc. Skipping rope, battledoor, swinging by the hands from a rope; ball, bean-bags, or pillow-fights, singing scales, half an hour.

Children must make a great deal of noise in order to be healthy. The shouts and turmoil ventilate their bodies and send the breath full into their lungs. Instead of quelling their riot it would be better for older folks to join them.

Men and women go mad after the natural stimulus which air and exercise supply. It is the lack of this which flings them into dissipation. Studious, repressed lives often long for a fierce brief madness to relieve the incubus upon them. They can dance or yell till they are tired. The nervous woman must throw quoits, or wrestle or sing, or run or jump, to furnish an outlet to her feelings. Sunshine, music, work.

Health in Breath.

The importance of breathing plentifully of fresh air as an essential of health is generally admitted. Well-ventilated rooms, open-air exercise, are appreciated to some extent by all. But the *art* of breathing is very much overlooked. Properly trained singers are taught to attend very carefully to their breathing.

When the body is at rest, especially when the mind is absorbed in thought, the breathing naturally becomes diminished. Even in taking a constitutional walk the full benefit is not attained for want of thorough breathing.

There is room for what might be fitly termed breath-gymnastics—to draw in long and full breaths, filling the lungs full at every inspiration, and emptying them as completely as possible at every expiration, and to acquire the habit of full breathing at all times. It has the effect of expanding the chest, and so contributing to the vigor of the system.

Profound thought, intense grief, and other similar mental manifestations, have a depressing effect on respiration. The blood unduly accumulates in the brain, and the circulation in both heart and lungs becomes diminished. Brisk muscular exercise in the open air, even during inclement weather, is an excellent antidote for sorrow.

Persons with full, broad, deep chests naturally breathe freely and slowly, and large nostrils generally accompany large chests. Such persons rarely take cold, and when they do they throw it off easily. The opposite build of chest is more predisposed to lung disease. The pallid complexion and conspicuous blue veins show that oxygen is wanted, and that every means should be used to obtain it. Deep breathing also promotes perspiration, by increasing the circulation and the animal warmth. Waste is more rapidly repaired, and the skin is put in requisition to remove the used materials. Many forms of disease may be thus prevented, and more vigorous health enjoyed.

Sleeplessness.

Any exertion of the brain, such as deep thought, increases the flow of blood to the brain, and so long as such flow continues

this organ is excited, and the body gets no sleep or rest. Anything tending to promote circulation of blood in the brain, such as worry or anxiety, means sleeplessness, while on the other hand, any cause that tends to diminish this flow of blood induces sleep. The best promoters of sleep are warmth, darkness, and monotony of sound; for in all these there is an absence of excitement. The more a man exercises his brain the greater necessity there is for rest to recoup himself, and restore brain substance. Eight hours average. Sufficient exercise should be taken, and those strong enough should become tired.

Slow movements are of a soothing tendency; they quiet the excited nerves, and prepare the way for complete repose.

Nothing is more important than to diminish intensity of thought. Under favorable circumstances this can be effected by the will.

Somnambulism.

The sleeper, in his first, therefore deepest sleep, rises softly from his bed, performs various, often complex acts, avoids or overcomes obstacles, which he meets with in so doing, even executes things which he is unable to execute when awake, enters into conversation with others, and after a while returns to bed with entire composure. And when awake recollects nothing. The eyes of some somnambulists are closed, of others open, but fixed, and apparently without susceptibility. A candle may be held so close as to burn the eyelashes, without the slightest indication of sensation, and even the enlarged pupil is not thereby contracted.

The sense of hearing is so closed that the report of fire-arms does not awaken the sleeper; to the call of his name alone is he extremely sensible. Speech is the more distinct, the higher the degree of the condition. Respiration is slow. The pulse is low, sometimes quick. The temperature is decreased; muscular action vigorous, and often firmer. It is a more intense sleep. The sensibility is more delicate as impressions are received through the whole surface of the organism. It is a lower state however, in which the mind acts from a physical fancy; a state on the level of the sleep of birds standing on their legs.

The disposition to somnambulism depends on a delicate nervous system, and on a predominance of the direction of the fancy over the intelligence. These qualities belong more properly to the female sex.

Smoking and the Voice.

Cigarette smoking is much more injurious than cigar smoking, because the smoke is generally inhaled, and often ejected through the nose. It has a particularly harmful local effect on the mucous membrane of the nasal passage. People who use cigarettes are more liable than others to be afflicted with local irritations that produce catarrh. In persons of nervous temperaments cigarette smoking always produces constitutional effects. The pulse is increased in frequency, becomes smaller than is natural, and is irregular. Such persons are said to have a "tobacco pulse" and a "tobacco heart." The action of the pulse in this respect is not to be mistaken. Persons, who constantly smoke cigarettes, are easily excited, and have a tendency to vertigo, and dimness of vision, besides being troubled by dyspepsia. Bronchial and throat diseases are much more readily caused by cigarette smoking than by cigar smoking, and a large increase in diseases of the air passages, due alone to this habit, has been observed. There is not one-fiftieth as much of the mucous surface covered by cigar smoke as by the inhaled smoke of a cigarette. *Excessive indulgence in any form of tobacco smoking* may produce general paralysis, while by enfeebling the circulation, lowering the vitality of the system, and interfering with assimilation of food, tends to produce anæmia, which is one of the first steps toward softening of the brain. Vertigo, when resulting from smoking strong cigars, or from the inhaling of cigarette smoke, is due to anæmia, or in other words, to a diminished supply of blood to the brain.

By some it is claimed that the paper wrapping of cigarettes is as hurtful as the tobacco. This claim is grounded upon the belief that the products of the imperfect combustion of the paper or other vegetable fibre are pyrogallic and pyroligneous acids, which make their presence unpleasantly felt in the mucous membrane.

The Maniac.

Hallucinations of sight are shown in the look, attitude, language, gesticulation, step, and often in a violent, uncontrollable motion of the muscles. His gait is frequent, distinguished by a constant and rapid pacing to and fro in a given space. He dreams while he wakes, but he acts in his dreams. When he appears angry his swelled face is flushed, his watery eyes, often much inflamed, roll wildly, his mouth foams, and with screams and ravings he destroys all that comes within his reach. Sometimes he suddenly bursts forth without warning into violent paroxysms, and these may continue for weeks together, night as well as day, finally to succumb to exhaustion.

Lunacy.

In the delirious ravings of intoxication, or fever, or in the conversation and actions of lunatics, we have the same evidence of mental operation as in the same persons when sane.

Sensational consciousness, is excited through physiological instrumentality. The impression is analogous to a similar image upon a photographic surface. Its transmission telegraphic.

Each kind of mental activity—sensational, instinctive, emotional, ideational, and volitional—may express itself in bodily movement, each being called forth by a certain part of the brain, which excites corresponding motor nerves whereby particular muscles are called into action.

We have three distinct modes of action,—*automatic*, or the unconscious; *voluntary*, or conscious, permitted or guided; *volitional*, or *willed* to repetition.

The will can reproduce effects once acquired, by calling upon the automatic apparatus for the particular combination of movements which it has *grown into* the power of executing in response to each preconception, unless enervated by disuse or stiffened by other training. Even the strongest will may fail to have complete control over the complex automatic mechanism, however perfect the mental conception, until the organ is trained to execute that conception.

Let a person *will* to look directly at some *point* or at his *own eyes* in a *mirror* and then *will* to move his head from side to side or up or down and his eyes will roll contrariwise in their sockets.

The same will be true of the voluntary movements to make the automatic powers *grow to* the habitual exercise. If an accomplished musician desires to play upon an instrument he has never practiced, but which he understands, it would be sufficient for him to *will* the movements he knows to be requisite to produce the desired results, instead of having to acquire the power by a laborious course of training.

Every one can perfect his natural gifts, by vigorously training them, and exercising them in the manner most fitting to expand and elevate, while restraining them from all that would limit or debase them.

One can determine what shall *not* be regarded by the mind, by keeping the attention *fixed in other directions*. This exercise will form the character by establishing a set of *acquired habitudes*.

The *will* can also improve itself by discipline ; repressing if too strong, fostering and developing where feeble, to healthful energy. Thus will acquires domination over the automatic powers, and ideas and emotions show the influence of habitual control. We are not mere automata without will, mere creatures of impulse.

Animal life differs from the plant by reason of its nervous system, the organs of sense, and the organs of motion. It is in virtue of the *contractility* of the muscles, that all the sensible movements are made.

The *active* powers of the nervous system are concentrated in the *ganglia*, while the *trunks* serve as *conductors* of the influence which is to be propagated towards, or from them. If either be destroyed paralysis ensues as regards either motion or sensation.

A hearty laugh sometimes removes lighter excitement, and depressing emotions are often worked off by a bit of crying, which relieves the pent-up nerve force. Those who die of grief are not those who are loud in their lamentations.

Every one knows the assistance that comes from encourage-

ment when one is doubtful of one's powers, and of the detrimental influence of discouragement when one is previously confident of success.

The fear of danger may nerve one man to dare to avert it, while another is rendered powerless.

Ardent anticipation of success may also unsettle the determinative energy of one while another may be sustained by it in the struggle. There should not be merely a distinct conception of one's purpose, but also a belief that it will be accomplished and all should be concentrated in that direction. It is mainly conviction of success that brings it. The tendency of cheerful or joyous emotions in favorable anticipation increases volitional effort while those of a depressing character decrease it. The former influence the physical powers through the aeration of the blood through the lungs and heart; the heart's impulses being more rigorous and regular. The more completely the mental energy can be brought into one focus and all distracting objects excluded, the more powerful the volitional effort. The mind which is deficient in concentrative is deranged by emotional excitement in volitional effort.

A man suffering some great loss needs complete distraction of his attention before he can rouse himself to new effort. It is not to *repress*; it is to *change* the direction. Not to think of the subject, but to think of something else.

An idea in the brain is an impression made on a living tissue, which is the seat of active nutritive processes. It develops when *least conscious*, in a *thinker's* mind.

A creating and informing spirit, which is *with* us, not *of* us, is the muse of the poet, the inspiration of the actor, the guide of the artist. It comes to the least as a voice that will be heard; it gives light to the dullest; we wonder at it that our naked thought can be so invested with the purple of kings of speech. It not only affects the mind but the emotions.

And though reason may pierce the clouds, yet the conceptions of childhood will remain latent to reappear in every hour of weakness.

Insanity.

Abstraction.—The preliminary state is a fixed gaze upon some unexciting thing. It then tends to become more and more abstract; to unity, then nullity. A mere statue of attention, a perfectly undistracted faculty. Any sensation that appeals is met by this brilliant, diamond-like glare. External influences are sensated, sympathized with, to an extraordinary degree; music sways the body into graces the most affecting; discords jar it, as though they would tear it limb from limb. The whole man is given to each perception. The body trembles like down with the atmosphere; the world plays upon it as if it were a spiritual instrument finely attuned.

With women it is but a step from extreme nervous susceptibility to downright hysteria, and thence to insanity.

In Lady Macbeth the mental condition, though not strictly insanity, is of a pathological character,—a mental disquietude that undermines her weaker constitution and eventually occasions her death. The ideas are stamped upon her brain as with a hot iron. Within the whole round of human wretchedness, there is not a case more deplorable; moral depravity for crime and lack of nervous hardihood to sustain the mental shock.

Applause.—The excellence of a performance is supposed to depend entirely upon the manager, the author, and the actors.

The audience has quite as much to do with it.

Generous but judicious applause is the breath of life which inspires manager, author and actors alike.

In France applause is considered indispensable to a good performance.

Hence the *claque*, which is merely a party of men hired to applaud at the right time.

The question of applause is not a question of the vanity of actors; while a good actor utterly ignores his audience, he is simultaneously most dependent upon its coldness or its kindness. Applause comes to the actor like the spur to the spirited steed; it exhilarates him. It enables him to outdo himself.

When an actor is applauded for his mechanical skill it is merely from astonishment, not pleasure.

Applause should be received as an incentive, not as a reward. Applause in wrong places, and at palpable faults, is the destruction of many actors.

Achievement grows upon appreciation, and the audience which applauds most always sees the best acting.

This is no trouble to an audience. It commits them to no judgment upon the actor's performance; but the effect upon him is magical. He feels at ease, and he will play the better for it.

During the performance an actor who gets no applause is like an artist painting in the dark. The only way to let him know he is right is to applaud him.

The value of applause, then, to an actor is incalculable; but its value to an audience is as great. The one reacts upon the other.

Sit through a play without applauding any thing; then take the same piece and applaud everything that strikes you as good in the dialogue, acting or scenery. Compare your own enjoyment during the two evenings, and you will be astonished to learn the VALUE of APPLAUSE.

Simplicity.—"The only true way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falseness may be a very thick crust, but in the course of time truth will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of all of us, but simplicity and straightforwardness are.

"Write much as you would speak; speak as you think. If with your inferior, speak no coarser than usual; if with your superior, speak no finer. Be what you say, and within the rules of prudence. No one ever was a gainer by singularity of words or in pronunciation. The truly wise man will so speak that no one will observe how he speaks.

"Sidney Smith once remarked: 'After you have written an article, take your pen and strike out half of the words, and you will be surprised to see how much stronger it is.'"

Amusement.—*Man is only entirely a man when he plays.* The most frivolous or most serious subject must be immediately allowed to leave the mind one for the other.

Many-sided is the highest ; serious, lesser ; blend with sportiveness. The lion *labors* when hunger is the incitement to his activity, and *plays* when profusion of vigor calls for it.

What a capital, glorious good thing is a laugh ! What a tonic ! Better than a walk before breakfast or a nap after dinner. In all its phases and on all faces, contorting, relaxing, overwhelming, convulsing, throwing the human form in happy quaking and shaking of idiocy, and turning the human countenance into something approaching to Billy Button's transformation, under every circumstance, and everywhere, a laugh is a glorious thing.

A Piano Duel—Liszt and Chopin.

One evening in the month of May, between eleven and twelve o'clock, the company was assembled in the great drawing-room of the Château at Nohant. The large windows were open, the moon was full, the nightingales sang, the perfumes of roses and mignonette penetrated the room. Liszt played a nocturne of Chopin, and, according to his habit, embroidered it à la Liszt with trills, tremolos and organ-stops. Several times Chopin betrayed signs of impatience, when finally, no longer able to control his wrath, he approached the piano and said to Liszt, with his English phlegm :

"I pray, my dear sir, if you do me the honor to play one of my pieces, play it as it is written or play something else. Nobody but Chopin has the right to change Chopin."

"Very well ; play yourself," replied Liszt, piqued, rising from the stool. "Most willingly," said Chopin.

At this moment the lamp was extinguished by a moth fluttering into the flame. As some one was about to relight it, Chopin cried, "No ! on the contrary, put out all the lights—the moon gives me light enough."

Then he played—played for a whole hour. To relate how would be impossible. There are emotions one experiences which cannot be described. The nightingales ceased their singing to

listen ; the flowers drank as a divine dew those celestial sounds from Heaven ; the audience, in mute ecstasy, hardly dared to breathe, and, when the enchanter finished, all eyes were bathed in tears, and above all, those of Liszt. He hugged Chopin in his arms, crying :

“Ah, my friend, you were right ! The works of a genius like yours are sacred. It is profanation to touch them. You are a real poet, and I am only a mountebank.”

“No more of that !” quickly retorted Chopin. “We each have our kind—you yours and I mine. You know very well that no one in the world can play Weber and Beethoven like you. By the way, I beg you, play me the adagio in *ut dieze* minor of Beethoven ; but play seriously, as you know how when you will.”

Liszt played this adagio, putting into it all his soul and will. The effect produced upon the company was of an entirely different sort. Some wept, some sobbed ; they were no longer the gentle tears Chopin had caused to flow, but the cruel tears of which “Othello” speaks. The melody of the second artist, instead of softly penetrating the heart, plunged into it like a dagger. It was no longer an elegy but a drama.

However, Chopin thought himself victor, that evening, that he had eclipsed Liszt, and he boasted of it in saying, “How angry he is !” Liszt, hearing of this, resolved to avenge himself. The opportunity offered four or five days later. The company was assembled, and at about the same hour, toward midnight, Liszt begged Chopin to play. After a good deal of urging, he consented. Liszt asked that all the lights be put out and that the curtains be drawn, so that the obscurity might be complete. It was the caprice of an artist, and readily granted. But at the moment when Chopin was placing himself at the piano, Liszt whispered a few words in his ear, and took his place. Chopin, who had no suspicion of what Liszt intended to do, noiselessly sat down in an easy chair near the piano. Then Liszt played exactly all the compositions that Chopin had rendered on that memorable evening of which we have spoken, playing them with such marvelous imitation of the style and manner of his rival that it was impossible not to be deceived,

and, in fact, everybody was deceived. The same enchantment, the same emotion acted upon them all. When the ecstasy was at its height, Liszt quickly struck a match and lighted the candle on the piano. A cry of surprise broke out from the company.

“What ! is it you ?”

“As you see,” coolly replied Liszt.

“But we thought it was Chopin !”

“What did you think ?” gayly asked Liszt of his rival.

“I, like everybody else, I thought, too, it was Chopin !”

“You see,” said Liszt, in rising, “that Liszt can be Chopin when he chooses ; but is Chopin able to be Liszt ?”

It was a challenge that Chopin neither wished nor dared to accept. Liszt was revenged.

Money

Is a good thing ; to be independent ; but it is not so good to win when one crawls, or stoops for it. It is unhealthy when it impoverishes the mind, or extinguishes the sense of beauty. When it engrosses one's thought, to live meanly, to do without books, pictures, music, travel and prevents doing good to himself or others.

THE HAIR AND COSTUME.

Hair-dressing is an art. Delicate face, airy tresses. Majestic face, wavy tufts. Soften harshness of features by contrast. The hair-dresser must know at a glance.

The hair is of so much importance to the face that the gracefulness of a woman's head, and the likeness of a man's portrait, depend much upon its arrangement.

Among men long hair suggests honor, freedom, simplicity, independence.

The hair cut imparts the air of austerity, neatness, adherence to rules.

The moustache is a sign of a manly temperament. Bristling, rough, contradictory, conflicting natures. Rounded, turned under, softly curled, gentle, thoughtful character.

The care we bestow on our persons is politeness to others.

Hair falling long on the shoulders, mildness. Combed back, enthusiasm. Simply smoothed down on the forehead, calm, concentrated enthusiasm.

If the head is short, that is, not oval, by drawing back the hair or raising it, we give length to the head. It must, however, terminate in a curve. Bands when worn should be curved on each side.

If the head is long, the hair should be puffed at the sides, or bands worn to give width.

A projecting forehead, deep set eyes, hair nearer the face.

A receding head, hair brought forward.

The shape of the nose is the first of importance to notice. If straight from forehead with slight depression, hair regular, quiet, symmetrical, little ornament.

Antique statues, hair low, deep, with perhaps soft ripples, twisted behind, a curl or two on the neck, a coronet, pearls, horizontal ribbons of victory, severe style. The face must be calm, the nose a little thick, especially at the root, the eye large and full, not roguish, or spirituelle. *A coiffure de genre* suits these, as well as the pretty nose.

If the nose is short and turned up, the hair fanciful, whimsical, little disordered, a stray ringlet, careless bit of ribbon, spray of flowers, a curl on the face, lively, dashing, open mouth, ready speech, bold eye, sprightly air.

A correct profile is by no means the same as a high-bred face.

Heads with character about them, a look of distinction, a remarkable expression, a grand air. The nose a little arched, or almost straight, rather long.

Variety is the enemy of severity. A single color.

Flowers have a great deal of character, so have feathers, ribbons, lace and gauze. It is only as light bond that holds all this idea and our feelings, but it must never be broken. The dahlia is severe, the camellia, serene and noble. Some roses and peonies a certain magnificence; primroses, lilacs, heather, for youth.

Young women should wear hair off of face, but subject to certain conditions as to forehead, etc.

Feathers when stiff, determined, gallant. Pliant, warlike grace. A single feather, elegant and haughty, falling back. Several feathers, curled or tufts, or coronet, richness, style.

The suitableness of a bonnet may vary. For the country a little liberty is allowable. For a pretty woman, of lively manner, even a masculine or military air in her head-dress. Something bravado to contrast with her delicacy. For riding, or with tourists, something manly.

Nothing is more unbecoming than a checked material in the dress, especially in the bodice. The regularity makes defects conspicuous. If the check is very *small* it is not noticeable. Stripes at right angles, less color in one. Scotch or Tartan silks constantly changing in tints are too fancy for dress and suitable only for children when worn short. The same principles which govern greater things rule also the lesser. Unity is a necessity of nobleness in the apparently most frivolous art, as well as the secret of greatness in the highest efforts of the human mind.

The dignity of dress is increased by everything which allows uniformity to predominate, while relieving it by slight variations, without new design or color.

Materials change color by day and gas-light, and the difference must be noted.

The style of dress should also depend upon the shape of the nose. If the nose indicate character, or pride, the dress the same. A severe costume, colors slightly varied, great simplicity even with richness, plain materials, sober trimmings. For an irregular nose, attractive face, alternation, diversity, broken lines, piquant contrasts. Two extremes, austerity and coquetry, pride and grace, the medium quiet elegance.

The bodice, sleeves, collar, ruff, girdle, basques, skirt, tunic, flounces, the cross-bands, ruches, paletot, tippet, jacket, waistcoat, shawl and mantle all decide the character of the toilette as to being made, trimmed and worn.

The *bodice* if high, modesty; open, the same if like a shawl,

or heart shape ; square, low and round attracts attention to the neck, shoulders, and outline of the bust.

The *founce* is an ornament full of character. It adds width, and richness. It changes by being plaited, gathered, ruched, quilled, slashed, with or without a heading.

A deep plaited founce, love of order, well-disciplined mind, (antique) regular, rigid. Flounces on a tall person best. If the founce is gathered, the quick play of its unfinished folds, fanciful freedom. If quilled same as plaited.

The *ruche*, the most delicate invention, made in gauze, muslin, taffeta, or satin, produces a charming succession of small folds in a straight line. Methodical puckering, intentional disorder to a symmetrical effect.

Width, folds, puffed skirts and sleeves add importance to characters, they enlarge ; scantiness dwarfs. Exaggeration defeats this purpose by overwhelming the figure.

The art of disposing the foldings of drapery makes a very considerable part of an actor's study. To make it merely *natural* is a mechanical operation ; whereas it requires the nicest judgment and taste to dispose of it so that the folds shall have an easy communication, and gracefully follow each other, with such easy negligence as to look like the effect of chance, and to show the figure to the best advantage.

Our promenades, drawing-rooms, theatres are crowded with discordant attires. Entire black, with a rose in her bonnet, makes a spot in her costume. Instead of harmonious blue and green, or complementary colors, used in unequal proportions, green and red, violet and yellow, incongruous reddish browns next to fresh tints, pink next to garnet, fiery red to mauve, blue to brown. At home a scarlet waistcoat over a petticoat of groseille des alpes, an optical scandal.

The effect of a toilette is spoiled if the shoes are not in keeping. Evening shoes should match with the dress, even of the same material, perhaps.

One should be graceful in wearing costume from habit.

Colors.—Gayety in light ; mystery and melancholy in shadow ; and sadness in night.

Yellow and black for Nubian, Arab, and Spanish ; bold, defiant. White makes one look taller, larger ; black, smaller, shorter.

Red has an expression of dignity, magnificence, pomp. In some it suggests pride, bravery and license. It asserts strong will, and provokes observation.

Blue expresses purity. It is unimaginative ; ether, blue sea when calm ; celestial. Light blue, innocence. Dark, romantic affections, evening thoughts. Solitude, mystery, silence.

Orange, used sparingly.

Green is the most suitable ground for other colors ; with yellow and blue, heightens red ; amiable gentle thoughts, combined with black, sadness.

Violet expresses inflated wealth, melancholy.

It is the red encroached on by the blue.

The Moor, Negro, Arab and Indian deck with staring lines. Some colors go well with all. Black, light grey, pearl grey, light brown ; they are warm in the shade, cold in the light.

For *blonde* or red hair, soft deep velvet black ; for *brunette* glossy satin or silk, faille or softened like velvet with rich reflections.

Black for fair persons, white for dark. Light grey must have a lustrous surface for a dark person. Yellow and red for brunettes, blue for blondes, but yet there are exceptions.

For swarthy brunette, brilliant yellow and splendid red. A jonquil colored ribbon, scarlet camellia in the hair, poppy-colored bodice, partially softened by chantilly lace will look dashing.

For delicate brunette, slightly jaded features, or skin comparatively fair, eyes velvety black, soft colors ; pale blue. Golden blonde, violets in the hair, deep lilac dress, green medium. Delicate blonde, orange or ruby red, perhaps yellow on some, but match hair.

Chestnut hair, pale yellow, maize, deep yellow, turquoise blue, and hazy blue. Ash-colored hair, half-warm tints. Black velvet, pearls, with garnet, ruby, gold.

Decorations.

Generally speaking, decorations should have a tone, suitable to bring out the colors of dresses, more or less brownish in character. If, however, a red is to be used, or green, or white, the actor should avoid similar colors in his dress, as the one neutralizes the other. If a color must be used in the scene the painter must make it aerial in tone so as not to contrast too violently with the costumes to be worn. Large patterns on either dress or scene tend to dwarf the person, or diminish size of room. Perpendicular stripes increase, horizontal stripes decrease, the height of the person or face. Artificial light renders orange and red warmer; sky-blue has a greenish tint, dark blue, dark, heavy color; green resembles blue; purple becomes redder if it inclines to red, and darker if it inclines to blue. A dress should be selected accordingly.

THE PASSIONS.

MEN vary remarkably in the ardency of their feelings. The external physical character generally indicates the nature and force of the passions. People of warm climates are more apt to be hasty.

Active.

Pleasurable Surprise.
Sudden Mirth.
Jollity.
Frolicsomeness.
Joyful Transport.
Rapture.
Courage.
Rage.
Vexation.
Admiration.
Enthusiasm.
Ecstasy.

Passive.

Helpless Amazement.
Embarrassment.
Perplexity.
Painful Surprise.
Fits of Sorrow and Sadness.
Apprehension.
Depression.
Faint-heartedness.
Shame.
Fear.
Anguish.
Terror.
Horror.
Repentance.
Despair.

The *active*—announced by the general rise, the massive flow, quicker rhythm, with a feeling of power, muscular elasticity, readiness to act, general increase of vitality.

The Passion has to be distinguished from the Affection; affection from violent sensations, (passion of unguarded desires.) When a higher feeling is hurt an affection ensues; when an inclination is thwarted, a passion is excited. Passion is a fixed, predominant disposition towards a certain desire that refuses control of the reason, or an affection rising to intensity.

Love burns, *Care* oppresses, *Remorse* gnaws.

Dizziness is a feeling of sense, an excessive stimulation of the brain by an object of sense. *Expectation* is the hurrying forward of the thoughts into the future; another form is lying-in-wait (Plot-interest). A favorable result gives *Satisfaction*; oppositely, *Disappointment*. When something different ensues then comes *Surprise*, pleasurable, painful, or indifferent; when there is difficulty in reconciling the mind, then *Astonishment*; continued, *Amazement*. The rhythm is then either perfect or destroyed. Hope and fear are special forms of expectation, indeterminate. *Anxiety* is the fear of a great evil to follow; *Fright* follows, *Consternation* and *Terror* are intenser forms. *Care* is continued *Fear*.

Softness of sounds generally produces impressions of calmness, repose, tranquil pleasure, and every gradation of these different states of mind. Loud, boisterous, and piercing sounds excite strong emotions, and are proper for the expression of courage, anger, jealousy, and other violent passions, and sounds, constantly soft, would become wearisome by their uniformity; if always loud they would fatigue both the mind and ear.

Temperaments.

Athletic.—Muscular; feeble intellect; solid.

Sanguine.—Form rounded, heavy; skin rosy; face round; fair hair; ample forehead; eyes blue or grey; prominent.

Lymphatic.—Dull skin; blue veins; morbid air; doughy look.

Nervous.—Face restless ; look pale ; eyes black ; hair black or brown ; veins prominent ; skin transparent, not strong ; quick, high imagination ; melancholic ; ardent.

Bilious.—Brownish, thin visage ; eyes and hair brown ; bushy brows ; look penetrating, nose straight ; lips thin ; body firm ; dry, persevering, (cruel) ambitious.

The *Emotional Temperament*, is generally tender, compassionate and affectionate with all its peculiarities. Tenderness when strongly manifested induces a warm, hearty, genial expression unlike all else ; children ; social ties.

Emotional courage is the efficacy of a high emotional temperament in maintaining the *sang froid*. The essence of this temperament is cheerfulness, hilarity, and fear does not operate until this has been destroyed. The longer this holds out, the longer is fear withstood. *Animal* courage scouts danger, the *emotional* is hopeful and slow to realize danger.

Nervous Temperament.

Fine thin hair, thin skin, small thin muscles, quick muscular motion, pale countenance, often delicate health. The whole nervous system, including the brain, is predominantly active and energetic, and the mental manifestations are proportionally vivacious and powerful.

Bodily strength and endurance depend partly on the muscles and partly on the stimulation from the nerve centres ; and when great *efforts* are put forth the nerves are what are principally drawn upon. A strong nervous system can put forth more of this effort when occasion requires it, and can thereby sustain the energies for a longer time after the muscles have reached the point of exhaustion. It is then that a superior brain makes itself apparent, better by quality than quantity. A sudden and temporary power, excitability from the one, a more enduring flow from the other.

A good digestive system is the basis of vigor to all parts. It sustains mind, and is the prime condition of good animal spirits. It is of more importance than muscles.

The lungs also contribute in a decisive manner to vigor. A broad, deep chest almost of itself makes a powerful frame. The

action of the heart though farther removed determines as well the vigor and duration of life. Overstrained cerebral activity preys on the stomach, on the lungs, and still more upon the heart, and needs to be resisted by great soundness of them all. One may be vigorous, the others weak, or average; or two strong and one weak, or all average.

Some men do with vigor everything they undertake, others are languid in their pursuits. For a mere trifle one is all push the other cannot be driven. *It is will to will strongly.*

The Emotional Temperament.

Not unfrequently a rounded and full habit of body, a constitution apparently of great vigor in the secreting organs, and less inclined to muscularity. Most probably feminine.

Pleasure.—Pain.

The expression of pleasure is an erect body, expanded features, hearty exclamations, increased respiration, and exuberant laughter—all this expenditure being only what the system is able to afford; while in pain the body is bent, the features collapse, the voice groans, respiration is retarded; or, if the acuteness of the shock stimulates convulsive movements, they are what the system cannot afford, and prostration follows. One gives energy to, the other takes it from, the system.

To enjoy much there must be abundant vitality in the system.

There are moments in every one's life, when a small irritation annihilates all the force of resistance that keeps the mind from positive wretchedness; and there are constitutions that can undergo a large abatement without sinking. These are of the genuine well-endowed emotional temperament.

In every aptitude—active, emotional, or intellectual—there are possibilities of great temporary displays beyond the natural strength of the system to support, and they are therefore followed by reaction.

Excitable persons owe their distress not to depressing influences, but to their previous happiness; and if a cause of misery be added, language fails to depict their gloom.

The expression and demeanor of an emotional nature is necessarily abundant and intense. The manifestations of every kind of feeling are vehement and protracted, and always ready. In joy, the tremor of the frame, the glances of the eye, the smile, the laugh, the embrace, are a torrent that cannot be resisted. Even in depressing states, such as would sink an ordinary being into lifeless collapse, this constitution can send forth an energetic wail, and inspire a fury of demonstrative grief that strikes awe into the many and entrances the artist. Hence the emotional temperament is a powerful engine of acting and eloquence.

A consummate actor may assume on the stage, for a half-hour together, an energetic and passionate demeanor; and we all know the tumultuous stir that may be imparted to an audience even by an intense show of feeling. Ascendency is acquired with ease with a copiousness of the emotional fountain. As human beings are constituted, the man of strong feelings becomes the favorite. Being made to feel, to have our choicest emotions induced upon us, is, in reality, the final end of all our labor; and he that can effect this for us at once, is the man after our heart. Sometimes the fact of theirs being the *strong* type, makes them somewhat tyrannical towards such as cannot cope with their vehement modes of sensibility.

A feeble or ordinary temperament, even when really interested, is soon fatigued. The other finds the time too short for its powers. In one the mind becomes weary, in the other it cannot be satisfied. It enjoys richly and often. It is a consequence of this large capacity that such natures are usually nice or difficult to satisfy.

The difference then between the active and emotional temperament is, that the one overflows in action under slight motives; the other is only to be moved by a powerful feeling, but may then be moved strongly. The one works better even though the details are dry, while the other neglects what has not an intense interest. Indolence is the tendency of the purely emotional. The active puts forth effort to ward off evil. The emotional can swallow up a great quantity, before the lowest depths of wretched-

ness are reached. The vehement demonstration, the lively wail, the pathos, the complaint, not to speak of the artistic shapes that these can be made to assume, are the specifics for these, who are peculiarly fitted for the copious venting of their feelings, and for being comforted after that fashion. He that cannot afford this luxury, which would exhaust, must ward off the misery beforehand; his affliction is too deep for tears, too drastic for poetical lament.

The strong emotions make strong beliefs, bright or gloomy. As a general rule the *sanguine* is to be predicated. When such persons believe, their faith in whatever they attempt is thorough, and can carry them over obstacles. They may want intellectual consistency, they may not always be ready for action, because feelings are not enlisted, but they are sincere and energetic at heart when moved.

There being a distaste for operations that have no immediate strong feeling, the dry details of knowledge are repelled.

If the common instrument be bad, it matters little that a powerful blast is operating on it.

The *impulsive* character is when the manifestations are powerful not from an emotional nature but from strong special sensibilities.

So remarkable is the interchange of influence between the mental feelings and bodily conditions, that by imitating the attitude and general expression of a particular passion, the sense of that passion will generally be given in the mind.

Genius, high mental culture and refinement generally go with an excitable temperament, with moral and physical susceptibilities, oftentimes even morbidly delicate. A certain degree of refinement may be desirable, but excess is incompatible and unfits us for the duties of life.

The passions founded on pleasure cause an expansion of vital action. The blood flows more freely, the countenance brightens. The body is buoyant and lively. But even felicity itself, if it exceed the bounds of moderation, will oppress, and sometimes

overwhelm us. When pleasurable feelings are extravagant, they soon become painful. The extremity of pleasure is pain. Great joy is sometimes expressed by sobbing and tears, and great grief and fear by hysterical smiles and laughter even immoderate. Laughter and weeping are oftentimes mingled in joy and sorrow.

Joy.

Joy elevates the tone of the body. Extravagant and unexpected joy unduly excites the nervous system; increases unnaturally and unequally the circulation, and occasions a painful stricture of the heart and lungs, accompanied with sighing, sobbing, and panting as in severe grief. Under its influence, too, the visage will turn pale, the limbs tremble and refuse their support; and in extreme cases, fainting will ensue, convulsions, hysterics, madness, temporary ecstasy, or catalepsy, and even instant death, or transfix one motionless to the spot, his joy ending in idiotism.

Those who live in constant ecstasy of delight die earlier. Grief wears also.

Grief.

In grief, or those passions founded on pain, the tone is depressed, the blood leaves the surface, and thrown in undue quantity upon the internal organs, and there follows that inward oppression and a desire for fresh air. Hence the sighing, a deep inspiration and a similar expiration to relieve the heart and lungs of their suffocative load, that tightness and weight at the chest.

Besides these, a dryness of the mouth, from the suppression of the salivary secretion, almost always attends severe affections of the mind. This produces huskiness of voice, frequent and difficult swallowing. In time grief even makes curly hair straight.

Sometimes grief and anger explode in violent action and vociferation, and tears flow abundantly.

Anger.

Anger is founded on the instinct of self-preservation. It is

aroused by opposition to our ease or security, and urges us to repel or destroy the cause of our unhappiness.

In an extreme paroxysm the most painful phenomena are exhibited. The countenance is distorted, the eye sparkles with a brutal fury. All the vital actions are oppressed, even nearly overwhelmed. The blood recedes from the countenance, leaving it blanched ; and tremors come over the limbs, and sighing and sobbing, spasms, and convulsions are frequent. The motion of the heart is feeble, painful, labored. The breathing is short and suffocative, and a tightness in the chest and throat, a choking wholly interrupting speech.

Fainting, and even death, take place in violent anger at times.

Active Anger.

The heart beats quickly, the blood rushes to the head and face, the lips swell, the eyes redden. The muscles contract with preternatural strength ; the fists clench as for combat. The whole action resembles that of the maniac rather than of a rational being.

Fear.

Some even from childhood are notable for their cowardice. Habit will do much towards conquering timidity.

Even the most delicate and effeminate in body, have faced dangers and borne sufferings under which stouter hearts would have quailed. Terror causes the hair to stand on end, and even blanch.

Acute Fear.

The respiration is strikingly affected. On the first impulse, owing to a spasmodic contraction of the diaphragm, a sudden inspiration takes place, directly succeeded by an incomplete expiration, a spasm or interruption of throat or lungs ; the blood is sent to the heart and makes it beat. The voice trembles, is husky, and thick. Even temporary speechlessness at first. Chills spread over the flesh in streams ; and cold sweats break forth, especially about the forehead. Partial tremors of the limbs, and a chattering of the teeth, as in the ague. An in-

tense misery, wasting the energies, subduing the spirit, impressing the mind, like darkness, doubt and gloom. Under its forcible actions, the eyes glare wildly from their sockets, and the whole countenance is drawn to a repulsive expression. Convulsive sobbing, accompanied by profuse tears. In delicate females, hysterics ensue, or they become dumb and motionless.

Few passions long maintain their simple and original character, but others become blended with them.

In fear the first impulse is flight. But when escape is found to be impracticable, then the victim will be often driven to the most desperate resistance ; and thus, even the greatest cowards have sometimes acquired the fame of heroes from their seeming courage.

Extreme terror will sometimes cause the dumb to speak, the paralytic to walk, and obstinate disease to yield to it. Fear breaks down manliness, degrades the energies. Courage secures to the constitution its full measure of power.

To love is to enjoy, to hate is to suffer.

The greater mind exposes a larger surface to impression. The cultivated have more delicate and refined sensibilities, and are more exposed to vicissitudes of fortune.

Despair abandons every exertion. It either shuns men and seeks the deepest gloom, or seeks to lessen its misery by violent action or dissipation. Sometimes it urges on its reckless victim to the most desperate acts.

Females exempt from business cares and confined at home, oftener pine under wounded affections or loss.

Shame.

The blood flies to the face, and to the neck and ears, suffusing them with crimson. The eyes too often participate in it, and the vision becomes obscured.

Sometimes the memory fails, the thoughts grow confused, the tongue trips, the actions are awkward, the feet totter.

Jealousy.

Often turns even the gentlest nature into that of a fury or demon.

Sensibility.

Persons of a nervous temperament are commonly irresolute, capricious, and unnaturally sensitive. Their passions, good or evil, are roused with facility, and the most trifling causes will elate or sink them. Deep enthusiasm marks their character, and they often display high talent and taste, and they generally make poets, painters, musicians and actors ; but, unfortunately, their occupations often tend to increase their troubles, by increasing their sensibilities.

We can generally choose some of our naturally foremost sensibilities as the subject of special cultivation, and thus make more of them than we found them at first. We can artificially heighten what was originally a little above the other feelings.

Happiness itself may become habitual. Hume said that the habit of looking at the bright side was better than an income of a thousand a year.

A person inclined to kindly feeling may also be a good hater. A tender mother may be violent to one who injures her little ones.

Sometimes direct, sometimes indirect passion. Marc Antony is an example of indirect.

Genuine passion speaks low, little.

Emotion.

Emotion is the very breath and life-blood of thought ; it is dead without it. Indeed, emotion has an independent life. Once raise a thought to its highest power, and it passes from the condition of a thought into that of an emotion altogether.

The art of a fine actor culminates, not in the rounded period, nor even the loud roar and violent gesture of excited passion, but in the breathless silence of intense feeling, as he stands apart and allows the impotency of exhausted symbols—the quivering lips and the glazed eye—to express for him the crisis of inarticulate emotion.

In proportion to its intensity, thought has a tendency to pass into a region of abstract emotion, independent and self-suf-

ficing evaporation of thought in emotion. Even though the emotional region is constantly traversed by thoughts of every description, it has a life of its own, like water with the reflections that pass across its surface.

Language is given to us to indicate the existence of a vast number of truths, which can be *fully* realized by other and more subtle modes of expression.

True Art-Discipline.

The best art is, like Shakespeare's and Titian's, always true to the great, glad aboriginal instincts of our nature ; severely faithful to its foibles ; never rejoicing in the exercise of morbid fancy ; many-sided, without being unbalanced ; tender, without weakness ; and forcible, without losing the fine sense of proportion. If *meaningless*, sure to be *false*.

The highest service that art can accomplish for man is, to become at once the voice of his aspirations, and the steady disciplinarian of his emotions. False, abused, or frivolous emotion is often opposed to true, disciplined, or sublime feeling. It should not be the vamped-up feelings of jaded appetite, or the false, inconsequent spasms of the sentimentalist, but the experience of high or sad moods, and with the truth of life. The one is stagey—it smells of the oil and rouge-pot. The other is real, earnest, natural, and reproduces with irresistible force the deepest emotional experiences of our lives. Emotion produced by shocks, surprises, and spasms, like water charged with electricity, does not recreate, but kindles artificial feelings, and makes reality tasteless. Feeling, not disciplined, becomes weak, diseased, and unnatural.

Styles.

1. Those who study the author and express themselves.
2. Those who express themselves regardless of author.
3. Those who express author regardless of self.
4. Those who caricature both.
5. Those who express other people's views of author.
6. The dullards who express nothing.

There is nothing demoralizing in the experience, at times,

of the highest strung emotions. It is rather a good and healthy function of art to frequently raise our feelings to their highest pitch of intensity. It is part of a right system of discipline, calculated to bring the emotions into high condition and healthy activity, and to keep them in a good state of repair.

The laws which regulate the life and health of the emotions prescribe steady exercise, rest, recreation, and sometimes extreme tension. The habitual exercise and discipline of the emotions is the very condition of moral health. It is the *KIND* of strain that ruins—*excess*. There is peril of *overwrought* powers. When the mind, through excessive artistic excitement, retains only its motion, not its power, then absolute repose is needed. There are bounds to healthful, though intense, excitation. One or two great sustained efforts during the week are enough,—or chronic exhaustion results, and then recourse is had to stimulants.

Passion may be made to blaze forth by one who is destitute of passion, but he alone is able to awaken affection who is himself enlivened by it. Only when the orator or actor succeeds in imparting the idea, which is living and creative in his own mind, to the hearer, in an equal degree of force and clearness, will the idea come forth into activity in both speaker and hearer with equal power—the same affection in each. It is an ethical idea gradually carried up to its highest completeness that awakens affection.

There are men who at first sight inspire confidence, because they assert a distinctive and superior individuality with dignity, and set it forth with modesty, while at the same time they concede its full rights to the individuality of others.

The true way is to earnestly wish for feeling, and be disposed to receive and express it as nature suggests. Passions should be decisive; the instant the tone is relaxed the tragic ceases.

A certain energy of stimulation is necessary to produce those gestures, changes of features, vocal outbursts that are apparent to an observer. One may experience a certain thrill of pleasure, without even a smile; but it is to be inferred that a nervous wave is diffused to the muscles of the face, and the other parts

of the body ; the failure in expression being due to the mechanical inadequacy of the central stimulus.

The energy of the demonstration may vary in different individuals, and in the same person at different times. There is a certain vigor and freshness of limb, feature, and voice disposing those parts to activity, and seeking only an occasion to burst forth. Feebleness, and exhaustion paralyze the display, without destroying the susceptibility of feeling.

It is best to allow feeling to accumulate by restraint, and not incessantly draw upon it. Some of the intensest moments of pleasure are preceded by long privation.

Nervous energy is economized and made up from conspiring nerve currents on the one hand, and wasted by conflicting currents on the other.

Acting of the Passions.

Joy.—Warm, conscious expansion of the heart, vivacity in look, air and accent. For application note the character of the language. Not utter a word until conceived and felt in the character. Look in a mirror to make sure of its sincerity. Forehead opened, raised ; eye smiling ; neck stretched and raised ; new height ; breast inflated ; limbs majestic, braced. If genuine, voice will prove it. Nature's marks imitated till they seem natural.

Grief.—Muscles lax ; tone and look hard and austere (slow time ; dwell on the words) ; limbs nerveless ; throat convulsed ; paroxysm of suffocation.

Fear.—Muscles lax ; voice not plaintive ; eyes wide, not fixed ; mouth still ; steps shifting, apprehensive, nerveless. Not a word until idea felt, look adapted, and nerves express it. Not hurry over language, but adapt as you proceed, or verbal. This rests the voice at every turn, a chance to recover expended breath unnoticed. To audience these pensive pausings will appear strong and natural attitudes of thinking, and the inward agitations of the soul. Otherwise mere memory.

Terror.—The heart with spasm, beats wildly, or fainting, then death-like pallor. The breath is short, labored ; chest elevated ; the nostrils dilated ; gasping and convulsive motion

of lips ; tremor of cheek ; gulping of throat ; eyeballs protrude, or roll, the pupils enormous ; great beads of sweat on brows, elevated to utmost ; the muscles rigid, or convulsive ; hands clenched and opened, alternately ; often twitching ; arms spread to avert danger, or thrown wildly over the head ; muscles of neck and shoulder move.

Love.—(Joy and Fear.) Tenderness, expanded softness in the heart ; nerves braced with warmth to high pitch of joy ; looks tender ; fear and pleasure ; not faint, harsh, insincere, declamatory.

Pity.—Sad look ; braced, animated gesture ; at first strain muscles as for joy, then add sad look, springs on the muscles (for joy), sad look for sorrow. The more strongly the braced nerves opposed to distress of looks, the more beautiful. Then paint to the ear, never any strain in pausing, and yet shake hearts, even in the greatest passions.

Scorn.—Muscles slack ; *contempt*, smiles.

Hatred.—Muscles braced ; sad look ; eyes averted.

Anger.—Impatient, by propension in the eye ; disturbed and threatening air ; voice strong, swift, interrupted by high swells of chopping indignation, sinews braced ; the blood in violent motion ; set teeth ; wide nostrils ; seem to invent ; sometimes hurry.

Rage.—Heart active ; face red, purple or deadly pale ; breath labored ; chest heaves ; wide nostrils, quiver ; teeth set, ground ; almost frantic ; gestures like fighting.

Relaxation of the muscles is seen in the dropping of the jaw, in the collapse of all the organs not specially excited, in the tremblings of the lips and other parts, and a general loosening. The expiration is enfeebled. The heart and circulation is disturbed ; there is either a flushing of the face, or a deadly pallor ; with a cold sweat, a creeping action that lifts the hair. All parts feel the depressing influence.

Increased tension, is shown in the stare of the eye, the raising of the scalp, the inflation of the nostrils, the shrill cry, the violent movements of protection or flight. It is an exaggerated fixing of the attention, and an intense occupation of the thoughts in the same exclusive direction. Whatever move-

ments of expression, or of volition, are suggested by these thoughts, have a similar intensity. Such a physical condition is accompanied with great depression. The prostration affects the sensitive organic powers; the increase of energy is in the movements, which have lesser sensibility.

Mentally, terror is a form of massive pain. The depression of severe fright is for the time, overwhelming. It is a form of formidable suffering. It is accompanied with great excitement.

By mimicking the looks of angry, frightened, or daring men, the mind will turn to the passion imitated.

Darkness has a great effect on the passions, in producing the idea of the sublime. At night the greater the illumination, the grander. In historical ideas, gay or gaudy drapery is never happy; but sad, as black, brown, or deep purple, should be used. The awful striking of a great clock in the silence of the night. Everything great by its quantity must necessarily be one, simple, entire.

Intoxication.—In acting intoxication, amuse but retain respect. Relaxation of limb and face. Not humorous but real. One drunk tries to appear sober, tries not to reel, or to lift the legs, or grimace. His mouth merely lacks tone and his whole strength is used to command motion.

Drunkenness.—The eye heavy as if falling asleep with forcible elevation of brow to counteract; resisting half unconsciously. Puzzled appearance. Relax lower part of face, with slight paralytic obliquity of mouth. Degraded expression.

Laughter.—Full breath thrown out in jets.

In the higher, nobler passions, the upper lip, nostrils and brows are most effective; the angle of the mouth the next important.

Suffocation.—A sudden, wild energy of every feature. Contractions of throat, with gasps and spasmodic twitchings of the face. Heaving chest and shoulders. The hands stretch and catch like a drowning man. There is an oppressive, intolerable sensation at heart. It seems like the utmost exertion. The face goes beyond the voice and increases the effect of vocality. The eye is the chief feature.

Fainting, Death.—The eye turns up, under.

The Eye.—In acting the passions the eye is the most

expressive organ. It is the eye of his opponent the swordsman watches. It is the eye that the gambler follows when a victim has staked his all at play. It is the eye of the actor we note even in his silence on the stage. Its cultivation for effective use is worth perhaps more than that of gesture or attitude. It may be nearly closed, or widely opened; or it may flash or roll, and in a multitude of ways be a potent means of powerful expression.

Acting has an amazing variety which depends on the performer.

Unimpassioned acting,—tones *full, distinct, level*, properly modulated, *medium notes*.

Exclamatory.—Grief, rapture, violence of rage, climaxes of surprise, *upper notes*.

Passages of gloomy rage, despair, revenge, *lower notes*.

Emphasis must come from a knowledge of author and from a refined ear, neither stiff nor mechanical.

Stage deportment must be free and void of all affectation. It is not possible to act with grace except by forgetting audience. The motion, air, step and gesture, all betray restraint through fear of being *ill-received*; or being in the presence of those approving, gives affectation of that pleasure in the carriage. Some never discomposed even if a scene should fall.

It is not enough to know every beauty in the part, but the exact manner to represent them. Not enough to know how to raise the passions, but by just rules to give the degree, circumstances and nature, neither above nor below. Not *execute* graces but *create* them.

A mere start, a pause, a gesture, a sudden, but delicate transition of passion is enough sometimes. A voice scarcely above a whisper, a glance, or quick motion, the minutest display of feature, can be as full of meaning as the most clamorous passion.

Acting after all, is not reality, but the most cultured semblance, and even then restrained.



TRAGEDY.

PART V.

ACTING.

THE first requisite to acting well is never to attempt to imitate a passion till the conception is *so strong* as to appear *perfectly natural* and undesigned. This is not difficult, but easy and delightful. When it is really started in the mind it will instantly appear in the face and on the muscles of the body, and also affect the tones of the voice.

An excellent means to assist the mind in conceiving a part is a diligent use of the pen. Indeed one can hardly use it too much ; to write out the entire character, cues and all ; cannot write it too often. It leads to system of style, helps analysis of the character, makes clearer the meaning. It gives sharpness, aids the whole constructive faculty. When you do this write for the ear as well as the eye ; it gives a grasp and prevents fumbling over the ideas of an author. It arrests thoughts and makes them shine with a sun-like splendor on the intellect and heart. By writing understandingly, the mind can be kept in a state of habitual activity, alertness, and prolific energy. By such means the mind should always be braced to the best condition for the grandest service. It is only through study ;—mere instinct may prove ruinous. This lacking, or being neglected, from a desire to preserve originality, may be the very means of losing it.

The diligence of actors should be at least as emphatic as that of perhaps their very authors. “Tennyson’s “Come into the garden, Maud,” was written over more than fifty times before publication. The first copy of “Locksley Hall” was written in two days, but the most of six weeks for eight hours a day

were spent in re-writing and improving it. Moore thought he did well if he composed seventy lines of "Lalla Rookh" in a week. Buffon's "Studies of Nature" cost fifty years of his life, and he copied the MSS. eighteen times before he was satisfied. In some instances he would alter sentences twenty times; and once spent fourteen hours in finding the word he needed.

Actors of celebrity spend years sometimes on a new character before giving it to the public. With them it is every word, sentence, phrase, *written out in MSS. again and again*, studied, meditated and practiced over and over, till the part sits like a garment upon them.

Aaron Hill was an admirable teacher of the art. He taught Mrs. Cibber. He interlined her part with a kind of commentary upon it; he marked every accent and emphasis; every look, action, and the general deportment proper to the character, in all its different situations, he critically pointed out. She ultimately became one of England's *best* actresses. He was author of the "*Art of Acting*." He once wrote a letter to a beautiful actress, of which the following is a portion. "Though your action, when pleading for life, was beautifully *just*, it was not *strong* enough, nor so *wild* and distracted as it ought to have been; throw yourself with an unreserved boldness and freedom, into the liveliest attitudes of distress, etc."

In some of his letters he complained of the vanity, ignorance and self-sufficiency of the players.

It is thus at all times, for although possessed of undoubted abilities, some never amount to more than clever amateurs, especially if they begin too high on the ladder, and think more of themselves than their acting; they exercise their profession capriciously, with their hearts never in it, except so far as it ministers to their vanity.

Even in learning from others, it is one thing to copy servilely and superficially, but quite another to imitate freely and profoundly. The copyist mistakes defects for excellences, allows little or nothing for circumstances, and assumes the form without being animated by the soul of the master. Most players are mere copyists—we have few originals. The imitator differs in following not so much the production as the method

or principles. It is not to imitate in *all*, but in *many* respects. It is to take many models, not one to the exclusion of others. Elegance and beauty even are not indispensable, but may be positive blemishes if they detract from simplicity and force. It is oneself, however, and not another. It is to respect one's peculiarities, and maintain independence, and other features will take care of themselves.

A deep sympathy is required for any art, and the chief difference between men is their indifference of impressional ability. In players, vanity cripples art at every step. The display of self by part; they do not raise part by sinking self in it, which is art.

Copy is only the trick of the art; imitation is quality, poetry, artistic finish.

Some however seize merely the outward form, instead of the rich abundance of fancy and imagery—such tend to stiffness and formality, and hold neglect of study as the most decisive proofs of genius.

A person may burn to express a feeling and not know how; with such it is a matter of time and adaptability.

For the atmospheric or aerial element, nothing can make amends, and this power can be cultivated to a wonderful extent. One must have a great soul and teach it wings to be effective. One may have talent, though neither extensive in scope nor remarkable in character. Acting is inner life externalized—ecstatic feeling the guide, joy the victory.

Some think training destructive of originality; whereas a right training forms a desirable individuality. It is only by a methodical and thorough training that one can discover what are the highest actualities of his gifts. Many by right means might rise, that fall into obscurity from lack of knowledge, and encouragement derived from a true method. Art will almost alone answer the purpose of nature and yet it may be said that rules and art have little to do in forming a great player; for, what he is, he must be from nature; but every one is formed by rules or imitation. Garrick formed himself by study, and others before him by copying those preceding them. He cultivated with an indefatigable industry his natural talents and

left nothing to impulse. It was all by rules. Acting has an appearance of truth, but the consummate artifice of the actor conceals the art of it ; and in general there is most art where the least is seen.

Art has the advantage over nature of not sharing the fetters. Thus the ordinary uncultivated man will disgrace the *noblest* material, while a refined spirit will ennoble the commonest.

One must create, by penetrating into the depth of the soul, a spiritually organic whole, to seem natural and supernatural ; must strive after artistic truth ; not follow blind instinct after an appearance of naturalness. Such is merely mechanical. Art is like nature, boundless. It is not, however, *all* imaginative lightness ; soft, wavy, without character ; indifferent gracefulness ; for then it is little more than nullity. Neither is one to be a miniaturist, a dot and point maker, nor always like artists sketchy and fanciful,—for true art is both serious and sportive by contrast.

Genius ungoverned and undirected gives unexpected strokes that astonish only to disgust. It must be the natural power but regulated by judgment that comes from rules and method. It is only under such conditions that we can admire.

Nature will carry a man a great way, but she may carry him too far out of his road, and nothing is more contemptible than fury out of season. It is only magnificent when dignified by reason. It must be neither insipidity nor extravagance.

True genius works much because it works easily ; it also works well because it works wisely.

Great actors seem to have a genius clothed in thunder ; a mind that wields the lightning and sunbeams of heaven, and they rush fearlessly where others tremble to approach.

Some say avoid all artificiality, and be natural and easy. It is cultivation which gives this very naturalness desired.

It cannot be denied that success depends upon a deep conviction of reality and the absolute certainty of every word uttered. The burning comes before shining ; ardor of mind is the light of instruction. But this ardor can be tempered even to repose. It is nature but as having passed through a susceptible and amiable mind to render it agreeable. Novelty is only conceit.

Angelo learned of inferiors to fresco and then did his own work and theirs over, and vastly improved the whole. It was with him the higher law, interpretation ; he simply followed the secondary, imitation, until he had learned the way. The same with acting.

If, sometimes, even conception be just acting may fail from lack of voice and bearing, and still more, feeling. When great effects are seen to be produced by the natural language of emotion, the intelligent actor loses his confidence in rant, and conventional expression, too often accepted on the stage in lieu of *creative power*. It is this which allows a strong feeling to express itself through its natural signs. The genuine artist does not merely curl the lips, wrinkle his brows, and "take the stage," never done off the stage, but gives genuine expression which comes from rigorous training.

The great difficulty in elocution is *to be* slow, not to *seem* slow. To speak the phrases with such distinctness, and such management of the breath, that each shall tell, yet due proportion be maintained. Hurry destroys the effect; and actors hurry because they dread, and justly, the heaviness of a slow utterance. Let them study great speakers, and they will find that in passages which seem rapid there is a measured rhythm, that in the most passionate there is a strict regard to time. *Resistent flexibility* is the perfection of elocution.

In German theatres the actors are thoroughly *trained*; they know the principles of their art; a very different thing from knowing "the business." They pay laudable attention to one supremely important point, namely elocution. They understand the mysterious charm which lies in rhythm, and have mastered its music. They can manage the cadences and emphases so as to be at once perfectly easy, natural, yet incisive and effective. On their stage it is the refinement of elocution—a study.

It is an invariable characteristic of good actors that they never seem to be conscious of the audience, but always absorbed in the world of which they represent a part. Bad actors cannot so forget themselves.

An actor's tones and looks are his finest gestures.

Nature looks like affectation, and the highest art is the most

like nature. A thoroughly inartificial actor would be a mere mummy, just as in the Greek theatre a man in his natural face would have seemed mean and insignificant to the spectators accustomed to fixed types of heroic size and set intention. "*Truth to nature*," is art that has been most profoundly studied and concealment most perfectly attained. The best art is the most careful training. It stimulates self-forgetfulness by the very perfection of its self-control; while untrained nature is self-assertion founded on the imperious consciousness of personality.

If man were solely a being of abstract reason, the exercise of thought would be sufficient to his happiness. But he has also heart and imagination which demand gratification. Both clamor for more than they ever obtain. This unfulfilled wish constitutes their ideal, or that subtle aspiration of the soul which is the essence of noble art. This it is which gives a halo to the beauty it evokes; which fires the sentiments and exalts the intellect, imparting an undefinable joy as the object responds to our amorous appeal, a language felt rather than heard. No one need expect to comprehend art in its ultimate sense, unless he is capable of receiving its impressions as spontaneously and supersensuously as he would those of love; for art is first passion, then conviction. Whence its power is not to be ciphered. Ends, not means, it affirms. Unless we apprehend the spiritual element, our satisfaction must limit itself to its technical and material functions.

A man must possess originality of mind, and thought as well as sweetness of character who makes an impression on the time in which he lives.

One may possess emotional, creative power in the use of the methods of dramatic art; he may be versatile and good in many lines and not stop short of the presentation of characters; he may make them clearly visible and inform them with vitality; but, after all, such a one may reach his results through the heart than through the intellect. He may not be therefore, a deep analyst, nor an inveterate student, nor a worker in the mosaic of details. It would be better for him, doubtless, as an actor, being what he is, if he had these attributes besides, other-

wise it is a matter of impulse. A person may be right, may be a genius, and yet not cultivatedly become great.

The rarity of fine acting depends on the difficulty there is in being so deeply moved that the emotion shall spontaneously express itself in symbols universally intelligible, and yet so calm as to be perfect master of effects. To preserve this medium by a tempered spirit is of all the master strokes of an actor the most difficult to reach. To be loud and vehement is the resource of actors who have no faculty.

In endeavoring to express emotions, he will try tones, gestures, accelerating and retarding the rhythm; and during this tentative process his discretion will retain the most effective.

It is because few actors are sufficiently reflective that good acting is so rare; and the tameness of those who are reflective but not passionate, brings discredit on reflection.

If an actor really feel, he cannot act; but he cannot act unless he feel. The secret is *l'optique du théâtre*. It is not *real* feeling, it is rather *symbolical*. The actor feigns and we know that he is feigning. He must be master of himself. He is representing fiction, which is to move us as a fiction and not to lacerate our feelings, but art pain is to be pleasurable. It is mimetic, not real life we see. The actor can at times when assailed by real griefs turn his gaze inward and study himself so as to afterwards interpret them fictionally as may happen. His passion must be ideal—sympathetic, not personal. Everything however must be studied beforehand; meditated upon and regulated in detail. Natural expression but sublimated, poetic, elevated, purified from imperfections of daily speech. Measured, musical, typical, pictorial, but not bombastic; not simply natural, but vivid presentation of life.

From Alger's Life of Edwin Forrest.

The subject-matter of the drama, understood in its full dignity, is nothing less than *the science of human nature and the art of commanding its manifestations*.

The great ones of earth have ever drawn their volitions from such an unsounded reservoir of power; have such latent resources of intuition, can strike such all-staggering blows, that common

men, appalled before their mysteriousness, instinctively revere and obey. In the primeval time such men loomed with the overshadowing port of deities and were worshipped as avatars from a higher world. Such a one has a sphere so dense and vast that the lesser spheres of those around give way on contact with his firmer and weightier gravitation. He is treated as a natural king. He carries his royal credentials in the intrinsic rank of his organism. There is in his nervous system, resulting from the free connection and uninterrupted interplay of all its parts, a centralized unity, a slowly swaying equilibrium, which fills him with the sense of a saturating drench of power. His consciousness seems to float on his surcharged ganglia in an intoxicating dreaminess of balanced force, which, by the transcendent fearlessness and endurance it imparts, lifts him out of the category of common men. The dynamic charge in his nervous centres is so deep and intense that it produces a chronic exaltation above fear into complacency, and raises him towards the eternal ether, among the topmost heads of our race. This high gift, this unimpartable superiority, is a secret safely veiled from vulgar eyes. Fine spirits recognize its occult signals in the pervasive rhythm of the spinal cord, the steadiness of the eye, the enormous potency of function, the willowy massiveness of bearing, and a certain mystic languor whose sleeping surface can with swift and equal ease emit the soft gleams of love to delight or flash the forked bolts to destroy. This gift, as terrible as charming, varies with the temperament and habits of its possessor. Where the spell of this supernal inspiration has been in-breathed, unless it be accompanied by noble employment and gratified affection, either the mind topples into delirium and imbecility, or the temptation to drunkenness is *irresistible*.

The atlantean majesty of such seems self-commanded in their immense stability. Their slowness of action suggests to the consciousness an imaginative apprehension of immense spaces and magnitudes with a corresponding dilation of passion and power. With great actors, when so gifted, their attitudes and gestures cast angles whose lines appear, as the imagination follows them, to reach to elemental distances. And it is the perception or vague feeling of such things as these that mag-

netizes a spell-bound auditory as they gaze. The organic foundation for this exceptional power is the unification of the nervous system by the exact correlation and open communication of all its scattered batteries. This heightens the force of each point by its sympathetic reinforcement with all points. The focal equilibrium that results is the condition of an immovable self-possession. This is an attainment much more common once than it is in our day of external absorption and frittering anxieties. Its signs, the pathetic and sublime indications of this transfused unity, are visible in the immortal masterpieces of antique art. It is now excessively rare. Most of men are but as collections of fragments pieced together, so full of strictures and contractions that no vibratory impact or undulation can circulate freely in us. The few have this open and poised unity in such a degree that when at ease each sways on his centre like a mountain on a pivot, and when volition puts rigidity into his muscles the centre is *solidaire* with the periphery. It is the actor's highest privilege when he can learn the law for exalting his human organism to its greatest perfection—a secret which belongs to the complete training of a dramatic artist and the fascination with which it invests him in the eyes of sensibility.

The dramatic art, based on the science of human nature in the revelation of its inner states through outer signs, is the exercise of that power whereby man can indefinitely multiply his personality and life, by identifying himself with others, or others with himself, by divesting himself of himself, and entering into the characters, situations, and experiences of those whom he beholds, or reads of, or creatively imagines.

One deeply read in all literatures and trained to the facile reproduction of every mode of thought and action, traverses all races and ages, reading their passions, thus enlarging his own soul to the dimensions of collective humanity and enriching himself with its accumulated possessions. The first condition of truly profound and vital acting is to have the knowledge, the liberty, the spiritual energy and skill, to solve this inner side of the problem by reconstructing in the mind and heart the modes of character, passion and conduct which are to be represented. They must be mastered and made one's own before they can be

intelligently exhibited. It is the part of a charlatan to content himself with merely detecting and imitating the outer signs. The greatest actor is the one who is the most perfect master of all the signs of the inner states of men, and can in his own person exhibit those signs with the most vivid power. He must have, to be completely equipped for his work, a mind and a body whose parallel faculties and organs are energetic and harmonic, every muscle of the one so liberated and elastic, every other power of the other so freed and connected, that they can act either singly or in varied combination with others or with the whole, with easy precision and vigor. The absence of prejudices and strictures, contracting ignorance and hate, and the presence of disinterested wisdom and openness, a trained intuitive sensibility, will put all states of all souls in his possession by spontaneous interpretation of their signals. Such an actor, perfected in his own being and crowned with the trophies of human culture in every department, is fitted to pass through all the grades and ranges of society, reflecting everything, subjected to nothing, the sovereign of mankind.

What other people do in a piecemeal, bungling manner, without clear purpose or method, the professional actor does with full consciousness and system, and exhibits for the pleasure and edification of the observers.

The true actor should be a great observer of persons and critically watch them in public places. He should mentally imitate and reproduce them, and in this manner he can become skilled.

Those artists who have plastic nervous systems copiously furnished with force, and who are eager to improve, take possession of one another's knowledge and accomplishments with marvelous celerity. By intuition and instinct they seem to reflect their contents and transmit their habitudes with mutual appropriation. In this unpurposed but saturating school of real life what the superior knows and does passes into the sympathetic observer by a sort of contagion. Those whose nerves are capable of the same kinds and rates of vibration play into each other and are attuned together, as the sounding string of one musical instrument propagates its pulses through the air and

awakens a harmonic sound in the corresponding string of another instrument. This is the scientific basis of what is loosely called human magnetism, and it is a factor of incomparable import in the problem of human life.

An actor needs above all things an easy precision of movement, and a suavity of demeanor. The military art, on the whole, is perhaps the richest in its power, and the most exact in its methods, of all the disciplines. Its drill or an equivalent faithfully applied, nourishes the habit of obedience, and the faculty of command regulates and refines the behavior, lifts the head, throws back the shoulders, brings out the chest, deepens the breathing, frees the circulation, and through its marching time beat exalts the rank of the organism by coördinating its functions in a spirit of rhythm. It changes the contracted and fixed action of the muscles for an action flowing over the shoulders and hips and drawing on the spinal column instead of the brain. And this is a mental economy much needed in these days of deficient vital action. Rhythmic movements, regulated by will until they become automatic, free the muscles and joints, and give the organism a liberal grace, a generous openness, and ease of bearing.

Men and women have arms long enough to reach the stars if they will only put them out. No man *happens* to succeed. Conceit kills many a man on the high road to mastery. Complaining people do not often master the situation. Have a great belief. The greatest study and labor with the greatest assiduity, patience and elaboration. Difficulty is sometimes better than ease. Necessity teaches and compels. Great efforts on the stage only by great preparation, profound and untiring application. Never by halves. Not mere energetic assertion but vast ideas and a mysterious force. Mere bearing, acting of the highest order. Effects should be part of the whole of its coloring and be "*led up to.*" Merely the *whole* manner of one who has *committed* murder will *not* appear as Macbeth, but he must have imagination, elevation of mind, to be a royal murderer. Simply to be in earnest, noisy, and in received tone, or a strange one of our own, with all the tricks of the profession,

even with suitable attitudes, features wrung into expression, is fine, but common. It is a drilled exercise without comprehension; one must study accurately the *whole* situation and *feel* as the only way. There are a thousand delicate shades; with pauses to prevent unmeaning gabble; analysis; and nothing to chance, all to reason. The greatest fault is laboriousness and precision.

Without a sympathetic voice no acting can be effective. The tones need not be musical but they must have a penetrating, vibrating quality.

All but great actors are redundant in gesticulation; not simply overdoing the significant, but unable to repress insignificant movements.

If actors will study fine models they will learn that gestures, to be effective, must be significant by being rare.

Most acting is so hopelessly conventional in its character. Even in acting the *disagreeable* there should be art enough to make it agreeable. To be *natural* in the ordinary way, is what the old French actor condemned, when he said of one of his own performances: "*I was just as I should have been at home. I was therefore wrong. I forgot the perspective of the theatre.*" Another celebrated actor once said—"If I were to speak twice as loud I should not be heard half as well." With a strong voice it is only necessary to speak slowly and well sustained.

Still another great actor was too ill to feel able to perform on a certain occasion, and the theatre was filled to overflowing. He had even dressed for the part and at the last hour informed the manager of his inability. The manager was in despair fearing the displeasure of an excited multitude. But, after a prolonged consultation it was finally agreed upon that the manager should ask the sympathies of the people towards one so indisposed, and state to them that he preferred to act that night than altogether disappoint his friends. In a suppressed style, unlike anything he had ever attempted, he repeated his rôle and to his surprise he never acted better. From this he learned a lesson, and from that time after he completely changed his style in every character.

An actor has no right to trifle with the least important character ; whatever is good enough to play is good enough to play well. Without study, however, one can do nothing. He will simply be a nightly drudge.

Emphasis and pause are the supreme difficulties. They are rarely managed by those who read blank verse, even in a room, and on the stage the difficulty is greater. It is not thought and feeling with all the acuteness and fervor of a bright mind and generous heart alone, but they must be put into that form of physical expression which the stage demands. It is not the introspective but the expressive, which comes from habit. Soul is of no manner of use without a manifesting body and a declaring style. Not the preservation of tradition, but the imitation of nature.

It is the peculiarity of the fine strain of art that its charm is elusive ; a charm felt rather than perceived ; easy to recognize but difficult to define.

True acting is animated by this vital quality—an integral power and an interior grace ; sympathetic to the emotions, but coy to the mind. It is entirely sincere ; it is urged by a clear, firm, propulsive purpose ; it is original in character ; and it is compact and pointed in style. The power that it exercises to please and captivate, may doubtless, be ascribed to temperament.

An artist leaves nothing to chance ; and so the first implications of his acting are deep feeling and strong thought. There is no heedless hit-or-miss quality in such art. There is neither hesitation, nor uncertainty, nor excess, nor error. The spectator is not wearied by inefficiency nor irritated by vain pretension. For the full spring of victory in his acting, therefore, we are to look to the perfect intellectual government which the actor possesses over his own powers ; to his complete understanding of himself ; to his minute and thorough perception of cause and effect in stage art, and to his consummate skill in deducing the one from the other. Intense earnestness, with clear meaning distinctly revealed and unerringly projected, and with the unity of texture and symmetry of form that should characterize a dramatic conception thoroughly fashioned and adequately ex-

pressed. The lesson is trite, perhaps, but not needless, in a time so full of slop work and wild experiments upon public taste—that there is an everlasting power of conquest in the art which understands itself and goes straight to its purpose with the splendid ease of second nature, that makes one totally oblivious of the enormous effort and restless skill which alone can produce such effects of illusion. It is as in lace-work the most delicate threads count.

As to the expression which a great artist gives to his acting, it is the voice of the soul, which is scarcely ever heard in the same tone, even under similar circumstances, and which cannot be expressed to the eye by volumes of signs. Such a multitude of delicate shades of expression, prepared beforehand, would be both ambitious and cold, and would injure, instead of increasing, the effect of the effort. And yet acting rests on laws the most exact and determinate. The best of the best soul. If of itself for glitter and show, it is false and weak. In its right way it is an elastic, unexhausted power, and no sense which is not capable of exquisite performance.

Art may be taught, because it is learned ; nature can neither be taught nor learned. The secrets of art may be said to have a common key to unlock them ; the secrets of nature have but one master-key—the heart.

Whatever is guided by the spirit of affectation, of singularity, that aims to produce effect by variety alone, cannot long survive. Genius in such a channel does more to corrupt than the veriest blockheads. He may secure a crowd of admirers for a while. He hurries on with contempt for petty ornaments, or minuter graces which set off the grander qualities, and injures public taste. It is gold and mud mixed together in the stream that tears its way along.

The greater part of the *traditional rules* concerning *theatrical declamation* have no other object than dignity or beauty, hence that frigid eloquence in most actors.

It is the *whole* character, even when saying little, or even nothing to say. It is the soul, and not from the mouth or costume. It lies deeper than show or sound. One can dilate to

airiness if need be. Repose is the last gained and most important acquirement. Paradoxical as it may seem, the height of eloquence is silence, and the perfection of action is stillness. It takes years for an actor to learn the art of standing still in different attitudes.

Great acting should unite extreme delicacy with marvelous skill in mechanical execution, with the grand, the boundless, and infinite ; it should be a rare and beautiful combination of contrasting elements, conceived by the power of human intellect, and aiming at faultless perfection in the minutest details as well as in the lofty grandeur and comprehensiveness of the general design. The greatest artist is he who is greatest in the highest reaches, not in the details only, of his art. It is not by his faults but by his excellences, that we measure a great man. Even if great, some are as unfit in private as cannons in a parlor, but given a commanding occasion and they display unlooked for powers.

If gifted with a lively imagination, one will often sit, in lonely hours, as though spell-bound, seeking silent expression of the lofty thoughts within his mind.

Yet one must have a care that all is purpose. This is the only way to become continually greater. The mind will only become clear when form has become clear to it.

The life-spring of acting is the rhythm of the actor's emotions—the genius and enthusiasm of humanity.

Man cannot pass beyond himself in sympathies or passions, hence so often exaggeration of self. Listen to a passionate man give words to his passion.

Be willing to suffer before representing suffering. One must have ability to form adequate conception before expressing. It is not will, but sensibility ; neither is it a child in manly robes. A person may excel in the manifestation of grief and yet not express suffering.

Tragic pathos to be grand should be *im*-personal. Instead of our being made to feel that the sufferer is giving himself up to self-pity, we should be made to see in his anguish the expression of a *general* sorrow. The tragic passion identifies its suffering with the suffering of *mankind* in colossal voice and features, with massive mien and step but natural.

So powerful is the mastery of some actors that many accept the conventional signs of dramatic expression ; but physical terror is not metaphysical awe. With such even soliloquies are less communing with one's self, than illustrating the meaning to a listener.

The fear and pity excited by a fine tragedy are phenomena purely fantastical, just as the events which produce them. The one and the other are shadows of the reality, and not the reality itself. The æsthetic theatre is not a miserable stage, fitted up and decorated, but the imagination of the spectator of the play. This is so true, that when the soul is moved, agitated, and mounted on a more elevated register than of real life, even extraordinary phantoms, ghosts, apparitions, appear very natural, and produce sometimes astonishing effects, derived from the skilfulness of the author to excite the imagination by degrees to that kind of illusion.

The æsthetic imagination is the faculty which, in transforming the phantoms into intelligible types, and in giving to the images of the mind a mental life, creates the beautiful.

The highest value and service of histrionic genius consists herein ; that the magical power of its performances evokes in the souls of those who throng to gaze on them the noblest thoughts and sentiments in a degree superior to that in which they experience them in ordinary life. They thus feel themselves exalted to a grander pitch than their native one.

Furthermore, every actor who, excelling in his art, maintains a high character and bearing, and wins a proud social position and fortune, exerts an effective influence in removing the traditional odium or suspicion from his class, and thus confers a benefit on all who are hereafter to be members of it.

The actor's career at best is a checkered one. He lives in an atmosphere electrized with human publicity, and walks between walls lined with mirrors. Everything in his career is calculated to develop an acute self-consciousness. And then by what terrible trials his sensitiveness is beset in his exposure to the opposite extremes of derision and eulogy ! He tastes the sweetness of fame more keenly than others, because no other lives so directly on it or draws the expression of it so openly and directly.

The best lives a varied, wide and profound life. He mingles with all sorts of people, he observes keenly, reflects much, and is exposed to every trial, and thus assimilates into his experience the principal secrets of human nature. The moral substance of the world passes into his soul, and the great lessons of human destiny are epitomized there. He wears the honors, suffers the penalties, and proves the solidity and hollowness of fame, from the wild idolatry of the throngs to the friendship of the gifted and refined.

The exercise of the dramatic faculty by itself is productive of tenderness, largeness, flexibility, and generosity of mind and heart. It is based on a rich, free intelligence and sensibility, and serves directly to quicken and invigorate the imagination and the sympathies. In fact, so far as its offices are fulfilled it delivers one from the hard, narrow limits of self-hood by the conception and feeling of other grades and styles of character. Identification with their varieties develops the whole range of his nature, and makes him, while sensitive to differences, full of charity. But there is a sharp contradiction between this natural tendency of the art by itself and the influence of the practice of it as a means of celebrity and emolument. Thus actors are drawn to one another in kindly sentiment by the intrinsic qualities of their art, but thrown into hostile relation by those conditions which make them selfish competitors for precedence. A great many friendships are therefore fostered, and a great many rankling animosities are bred.

But the true actor stoops to no tricks to get himself talked about ; plans no conspiracies to push his own claims, or hold others back ; bribes no one from writing him down, but by resolution, study and effort wins his way. His is not the folly of living to gain applause, but rather the dignity of living to achieve merit. To him the praise of an artist is dearer than the applause of the masses.

A great player rises beyond criticism of capacity ; he has mastered all the difficulties of his art ; he has learned all the effects which a good actor cannot dispense with ; and all these means he puts to the service of his genius ; and as there is no room for vulgar criticism of his proficiency, one can only ob-

serve the manifestations of his genius. But there are not many such.

Greatness of soul is necessary for a great actor, quick detachableness, and facility of transitions, with full understanding, sensibility and fire ; but cold counterfeits of these are odious. Some are great only when inspired and set off by grand adjuncts ; others by the native build of their being. Some can act in the theatre, and be simple and sincere in the household.

Some actors are so cold and reserved as to eclipse their characters by their mysterious, inexplicable self-repression. They may exist in their minds as ideals, but do not take bold prominence as embodied facts. Some are intelligent, apt, self-poised ; but are deficient in imagination and depth of feeling. Some may be too young, but ingenuous, and some may never really know anything of real emotion. Sometimes, with the feeling of great power and that joined to practice, performers are often led to believe that everything is possible to their efforts, and that they are excluded from a particular walk by prejudice or timidity of those in control. True success after all lies oftenest in humility. It must not be a desire of early prominence. Great effects can be produced only by great causes, and the public does not become enthusiastic for nothing.

It is not by quick, but continual study, and experience, a constant watching of one's own powers, and with an iron will ; and the end to be attained is the medium between too great simplicity and artificiality—the true artistic style.

Acting, like every free existence, has its irregularities, and it must be a poet's nature to transform one's-self into a rôle, even for a female artist, to comprehend and portray the passionate earnestness even of love. For her to express the heart-rending loneliness of her desertion and despair, the deceptive hopes, the wayward fears, which may subside into a yet more fearful calm, that chilling apathy, which breathes less of resignation than despair.

Sometimes unique beauty united with a tremor of nervous condition makes an actress magnetic. Strangeness of composition, a wild luxuriance, and audacious originality will attract,—it stirs the imagination of the spectators. Emotional intensity

and vigor of brain may belong to a startling individuality, but it is not necessarily evidence of dramatic genius. The latter is an intellectual power, suffused with emotion ready to conceive character. It is not fierce and fervid, or pathetic, or even lachrymose temperament. These sometimes create a flutter, but it is not genius; it may be mechanism. It is all self-conscious. Even innocence may be the affected demureness of a knowing woman. It is insincere. Refinement may be patchouly and patent leather.

It may be impressive, very intellectual, but may lack magnetism, intensity, fire of genius, for which no amount of study can compensate. It is mere talent. Some cannot veil self-consciousness; cannot forget artist in character. It is a finished method, mere individuality. Really, perhaps, intent, only the next syllable to it. It should be so studied as to seem studyless. The essence—spirit.

Mere emotion has no æsthetic value; it belongs to the agreeable with which the fine arts have nothing to do; such gratify the sense and relate only to the external, not internal. They only produce exhaustion of the lachrymal sac, and a delightful alleviation of the vessels; but the *spirit* goes away empty; perhaps edified, but nothing is built up. They are excluded from art by a manly taste because they please nothing but the *sense*. Likewise are excluded those which only *torture* the sense without indemnifying the spirit. They oppress the mental by *pain* as the others do by *pleasure*, and cause aversion. The pathetic is æsthetic only so far as it is sublime, which springs only from reason. The one is *common*, the other *noble*. One is sensuousness, the other reason. The one mere design, the other ideas. Mute and stifled pain is more powerful than tears which reduce the pain to the province of animality. Beyond nature lies pathos and tragedy. Medea slaying her children aims at Jason's heart, but inflicts a grievous wound upon herself; her revenge becomes æsthetically sublime as soon as she displays the tenderness of the mother.

Culture should make man free and develop conception; from the beautiful, sensuous, to the sublime, supersensuous; both through all nature, and the susceptibility for both in man

to be assisted by art. Beauty to youth—sublimity to manhood.

Speaking in another character is acting. It is to give own thoughts a corrected exaggeration of natural feelings ; and when needed, sudden fierceness, with tremendous power ; not with typical gesture, academic pose, fixed conventional manner, but with infinite variety of passion. The soul is like a stringed instrument of widest range, and even its lulling continues its vibrations after the impulse has ceased, till they gradually die away.

It is a splendid fiction. Art is difficult and must not appear to need exemption from its trammels. In clog-dancing part of the pleasure is in the clogs. Acting is imitative truth not servile transcript. It is not as common conversation. Imitation produces resemblance and notwithstanding the dissimilarity, the effect is *reality* even though wanting as to the real object. It appears as the thing itself by means far different and distant. It seems unconstrained while under the yoke of rules ; has the charm of ease in the midst of difficulties, yet mere fiction, and has a wonderful existence. The characteristic of art is fiction. It is not to overstrain the improbability but to palliate its result, its effect on the mind. It is to supply the place of reality. The end is ideal beauty and perfection, pleasure. It is to *imagine* we are the reality, its spirit ; not however in individual but general conditions, it is universal. There is no model ; but existenceless ; genius finds it ; first in details, then, in generalization. It is to depict as *should be* and not, as *is* ; it should be raised. It should be pure, simple, not left in detail, but raised to grandeur beyond nature. It is the *intellectual* above *beauty*. First rules, then intellectual, speculative. Generalize at last and show all details at a stroke. It is to be compact in time and expression, restriction. It is unity, condensation. It is to follow the multitude, then imitate nature ; not each, but *all*. This begets inspiration. This process defies analysis. It creates exaltedness and fervor of the conception, with glowing intensity, a worshipping affection. It is an immense elevation above the literality of the actual. The greatest has the greatest amount of thought, feeling, and expression in the highest

degree. He is above pleasing the vulgar whose judgment is mere caprice, tawdry and false. His simplicity and purity is too deep for them. It should be a desire to excel, to love fame but be able to distinguish from the popular.

A great actor, on beginning his career, is conscious of a distinct volition in connection with every expression and movement. When a high degree of skill had been attained he is not further conscious of such volitions. He is conscious only of a general purpose. The operations of his voice and action have become habitual in consequence of long practice. He may not be always able even to tell how he does his work, and yet he knows he does it. Fine acting must have that plastic property—the natural faculty of transforming itself into every variety of shape conceived by the fancy and imagination. Some natures are of harder material, that readily takes polish, but the process by which it receives it is laborious and artificial. One should have a liquid or soft nature that can take spontaneously the most beautiful forms of temporary crystals, to be re-resolved and re-formed again at will.

Some derive only from consummate art and skill that grace and beauty and power of expression which are the natural property of true acting. Some have great gravity, solidity of purpose, and what might be termed momentum or energy, but these are more fit for embodying and expressing the active and practical and not the imaginative and speculative. These come from nervous energy and constitutional vigor, but by no means exhibit the permanency and vitality of soul.

Fine acting has a wonderful vitality, but yet it clings to existence like a plant of such delicate nature, that it can only flourish under a combination of favorable circumstances.

Acting requires exceptional, and rare, natural gifts, a cultivated mind, large experience, a temperament of mercurial quickness, and a passionate sensibility to feel dramatic instincts with fervor and fullness. One should have power of the highest quality, the ability to conceive character with precision and

force. The voice should be rich, full, of a wide compass, and pleasing throughout its whole range. The face should be flexible and plastic, and be able to embody the sentiment expressed with a mobile fidelity, and change with every change of thought and feeling. The action should be thoroughly studied but yet achieve naturalness and grace. A highly intellectual nature, spurning the trammels and conventionalities of the day, and rising in daring opposition to the ruling spirit, must ever concentrate its powers within itself, and can rarely attain great vivacity in the creative faculty of imagination.

Tragedy was not made for tender, weak-nerved spirits. It requires strong shoulders. The upper air of poetry is the atmosphere of sorrow, "*Tragedy*." When a man weeps, the passions that are stirring within him are mightier than those feelings which prompt to joy. The smile that plays upon the face, and the laugh is a momentary impulse; but the tear rises slowly and silently from the deep places of the heart; the symbol, and relief of overwhelming feeling—the language of those emotions words cannot give utterance. In one's heart are passions whose very might and depth give them a sanctity, which we instinctively recognize by veiling them from the gaze of others. They are sacred and the common touch would profane them. *Innocence* sheds tears without restraint or disguise. But, when the self-consciousness of manhood has taught us that tears are the expression of passions too sacred for exposure, the heart will break in silence rather than violate this instinct. To tragedy belong the most awful emotions of human nature. Salutary influences belong to tragic poetry, calculated to chasten, to elevate and to purify. The strange mystery of the human heart,—its unknown power, energy, endurance. Tragedy has a moral design and its uses may be neglected, and feelings however high will perish unless converted into active principles. The murder scene in *Macbeth* is the most appalling in English literature. The third act of *Othello* is the most masterly in drama. Silent, weary suffering files away the soft heart of man, attenuates his reason into a dull instinct, or cracks the stout heart as you would shiver a flint.

There is seldom a line of glory written upon the earth's face but a line of suffering runs parallel.

A too literal interpretation of the passages of a play—the un-imaginative reading, is fatal to the spirit of poetry. It should be simplicity and variety, intricacy and regularity. One color will not constitute a picture ; and yet over a variety of colors there must be thrown one tint and color.

The passion for the marvelous, when excessive, is shown in the fondness for hearing, seeing and telling whatever is strange and unaccountable ; exaggeration ; aversion to explain away, or soften down the circumstances. Superstitious, romantic.

Even in technicality an actor may become extraordinary and fine, and as regards mechanism may rank with the best. Embodiments resulting from this means may not possess the illumination of genius or the imperial claim of a fascinating personality, but it is beautiful in form, in construction, and there the limit of its superlative excellence is reached. It may possess motive adequate and even tremendous, but not the motive that shines forth as the potential soul which is the exclusive attribute of human greatness, and which never leaves the sensitive mind in doubt of its presence. Such may, however, be artistic and have the wealth of fine attributes ; may have even stalwart faculties for dealing with the primal elements of dramatic art. More fail for want of spirit than this very sense.

The greatest player is he who can most perfectly represent the largest scale of characters, keeping each in its exact truth and grade, yet passing freely through them all, making them throb with life itself.

The right development of soul power, feeling, depends upon sequestration, meditation. Incessant mingling with men taxes and tasks one. It wears out the finer sensibilities. It exhausts upon externals the whole force of the mind. To be in crowds tends to produce super-excitability. There are two kinds ; one of nerves, and one cerebral. There is excitement that produces not thought or feeling, but merely a kind of fever of exaltation,

vague and aimless. Excitement that produces thought or emotion, and arouses a man to the full use of himself, is always wholesome, but it must be regulated.

To a man of genius, leisure is the first of benefits, as well as of luxuries :

Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation, the mind
Can plume her feathers, and let grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired.

The actor must have a great spirit of enjoyment within himself, strong impulses, strong passions, and a strong sense of pleasure to imitate the one, and communicate the other.

How many circumstances must favorably unite, before the beautiful, in all its glory, can appear.

Lofty, deep intention, and great ideality; enthusiasm; technical power and facility; an inward need of giving and receiving; a momentarily favorable mood both in artist and listener; a fortunate combination of outward circumstances; sympathy of impressions, feelings, views; a reflection of artistic joy from others. A happy combination, with six dice, of six times six.

While you acknowledge the letter, do not deny the spirit. Psyche in repose, with her wings folded, is only half beautiful; she should float through the air. The mind may err but not the heart. The first conception is always the most natural. Rules may assist, but if not constructed on broad philosophical principles are more likely to cramp the actor. A pedantic skill is detrimental. A system imperfectly comprehended, or not familiarized by practice, will prove an impediment rather than a help, as in all other arts. No special system can be devised for men whose natural powers are different. A rightly varying system does not impede nature.

Extravagance, rant and assurance require no knowledge, scarce any understanding, and are often owing to the absence of modesty, and good qualities, rather than the possession of any others; yet these things the multitude sometimes admire. On the contrary, dignity of deportment, a just expression, a perfect comprehension of an elegant author, and a perfect de-

livery of his meaning, are the true requisites of him who hopes high success in the loftier walks of tragedy. These may all be possessed without show, and the vulgar eye not discover them. With such, things that are very great are overlooked, while extravagance and effrontery carry all before them. Petty interests cramp and demean expression.

Elevation of thought gives grandeur and delicacy of expression to passion. The expansion and refinement of the soul are seen in the face. An enlargement of purpose gives expansion of form. The mind acts over the whole body. Above coarseness and below refinement is where propriety resides.

The drama attempts to represent characters, actions, and actual speech as precisely and accurately as possible.

In an actor the unremitting analysis of his own heart, his study of the passions and of their physical expression, are for him but the means of manifesting outwardly the militant energy with which he is carried away. Sometimes, however, the abuse of technique and the force of routine expel lively invention, naturalness, and the great transports of the heart, and the perfect truth, and even though one be superior to others he may yet be inferior to himself.

By excess of literal imitation the actor gives less pleasure.

It is essential to closely imitate something, but not everything. It must be the leading idea, the essence.

The actor must experience *original sensation*; in feeling a character the effect is a strong, peculiar impression. His perceptions must be delicate and quick; he must have a sure and watchful tact to know and distinguish various shades, the plaintive heroic in sound, listlessness or stateliness in attitude. Through this faculty he penetrates to the very heart of things, and seems more clear-sighted than others. This sensation is not inactive; by a counter-stroke the whole nervous and thinking machinery is affected by it. Man involuntarily expresses his emotions; the body makes signs, its attitude becomes mimetic; he is obliged to figure externally his conception of an object; the voice seeks imitative inflections, the tongue finds pictorial terms, unforeseen forms, a figurative, inventive, exag-

gerated style. Under the force of the original impulse, the active brain re-casts and transforms the idea, to illumine and ennoble, or to distort and grotesquely pervert it.

A beautiful art but sometimes crippled by imperfect intuition ; the tones may be round, with possible elegance of delivery and variety of rich and dazzling embellishments, and marvel of florid vocal display, mechanical skill, intense passion, great excellence, yet leave the imagination cold, the spirit unsatisfied. It lacks romance, fascination. It is intellectual perception, and not spontaneous sympathy. No tears because no pathos ; not saddened to the heart's core. It is lively sentiment, but not hallowed. A broken series of splendid effects ; not electrical, continuous identity. It is finished, but not great acting.

The desire is to see great effects produced with the smallest expenditure of means, and the appearance of ease on the part of the actor. Like a slender stem on an extended base, which may prove efficient and gratify the mind with a large effect from a small outlay ; or a tree with spreading roots, supporting an expanded foliage—is a fine example of the reconciliation of adequate sustaining power with small outlay of material, and a striking contrast to the grossness of the pyramid. Thus an actor feels bound to suppress all the appearances of labor and fatigue, and to put, as much as possible, the mechanism of the scenes out of sight. The greatest are those who have a passion for perfect work, and can afford to suppress many failures which seem as steps of progress. Thus the labor of love, which may seem in vain to others, has its reward at last to testify to the earnest mind and devoted heart.

The little bit of stick, the insignificant sound-post, is so important in helping to communicate and mix the vibrations, that the French have called it the "*soul of the violin* ;" indeed, by moving it only a hair's breadth a sensible difference in the quality of the tone is produced, and a whole morning may sometimes be wasted in putting it up and shifting it about from one side to the other. So it is with the sensitive actor's voice to fit it to every possible and infinite variety of shade of emo-

tion. There seems to be a strangely sensitive, almost human element about the violin which exists in no other instrument, and yields to some all its hidden and mysterious sweetness. No instrument, however, is so capricious or so absorbing. If one string chances to be a little too thick, the others will rebel; it will take to some particular bridge, and reject others; it will have its bridge in one place, and only one; it feels every change in the weather, like a barometer, and has to be rubbed, and coaxed, and warmed into good humor like a child. Sometimes after being caressed, and above all, played into a splendid condition, the sensitive way in which it responds to each tiny vibration of the touch will entrance and astonish the player himself, and, like the actor with his voice, he will often find as much power as he brought; and if at times either dictate, they, as instruments, will as often subdue him, and carry him away with their own sweetness, until he forgets his own mind, and follows the lead, as the case may be, of either marvelous companion.

In order to make his effort a living whole, to give it individuality, the actor must impart to it characteristics of the most precise stamp.

A striving after perfection never to be absolutely reached, must be a constant progress, seeking to approach continually, and without intermission, the prescribed goal. One cannot always move forward in direct line, and with even pace, because of obstructions, or in preparation for a work which cannot succeed at once. But progress itself receives its perfection from the steady constancy prevailing in it, as each part of the process serves in its turn for the preparation of what follows.

So unceasing and vehement is progress that it detests every thought that does not bring it nearer the goal.

If there is no enthusiasm for a great and beautiful idea, it is because of lack of contemplation of all its relations, or of depression of mind by difficulties, so that it cannot freely and readily yield itself up to such influences.

In some there is too great proneness to excesses of the volitional discharge, while in others it is not easy to procure an energetic burst. These very intense efforts are less the result of any association than of the stimulation and excitement grow-

ing out of the circumstances of the moment. Education does not show itself so much in preparing for vehement exertions, as in giving proper direction to the active impulses, and in graduating them for delicacy of execution. The fixing of the exact degree of power to be put forth at every stage of a work of skill, is one of the nice points of volitional acquirement. There is a certain primitive quality of the constitution favorable to such an acquirement, and there are great individual differences. In the senses, delicacy of organ implies susceptibility to minute shades of difference, so, in the putting forth of muscular power, there must be a similar appreciation of minute gradations of force. This constitutes dexterity and nicety of mechanical manipulation.

This exposition of imitation might be carried on into all the postures, gesticulations and motions of the body at large. As regards the lower limbs and trunk there is no essential difference. The feet seem much less prepared originally for varied voluntary movements than the hands; their accomplishments are more limited and laborious. The greatest difficulty of imitation is with the head and features. The best medium of discernment is a mirror. Another way is to have some one at hand to observe the movements.

The action of sobbing which the actor can command without the emotion itself, might be forced on by movements of the parts concerned. Where connection between an organic process and the organs is wanting, or very remote, as in the heart's action and the gastric secretion, no power is possessed. Blushing cannot be induced or restrained by will. From such natural connections and those that grow artificially, the range of control is extended much beyond its original sphere.

In the command of the emotional states, it is practicable to check, or further, diffusive manifestation made up of movements of the voluntary organs. The play of the features, the vocal exclamations, gesticulations—these come under the domain of volition.

It is not to be supposed that the personation of a feeling by

an actor calls up the reality. There may be a certain tendency to do so, but various things may come between the manifestation and the mental state in accord. The appearances assumed are not precisely coincident with genuine feeling; they are rather adaptations. It is rather a construction after a model, with improvements as a work of art. The mind of the actor is to this end and not with assumption of inward feeling in his own person. He may catch the infection and come under the reality, and derive suggestions as to the outward embodiment, but it is not absolutely requisite.

The submission of the various parts to motives operating on the mind, might be easily extended to displays of feeling. The control arrived at over the features, the voice, the upper and lower extremities, and the rest, is available for any purpose of restraining or inducing action that can ever arise. Usually, however, the control of the feelings is not postponed till the volition is fully educated in all other respects.

The intervention of ideas is more thoroughgoing than the muscular command of the organs of expression, seeing that we can only resuscitate the feeling itself, all the diffusive accompaniments are sure to follow.

Tender Emotion.

Tenderness is an outgoing of pleasurable emotion, comprehending the warm affections, and benevolent sentiments, and drawing human beings into mutual embrace.

Among its stimulants, *first*, all the pleasures that are massive, rather than acute, slow, dying movements, repose after exercise, repletion, agreeable warmth, soft contacts, gentle, voluminous sounds. *Next*, great pleasures; under the agitation of extreme joy, the affections burst out into warm displays, and demand response.

The high and mellow note, sometimes in the wail of grief, has especial efficacy in touching the tender chords. It is only by experience that we can interpret the expression put on by the features, remarkable as that may be; but the pathetic wail, and the watery eye-ball, have an original tendency to affect others with the same feeling.

The physical side of tender emotion is characteristic, and in no small degree, complicated. The full, out-spoken manifestation of the feeling, is the loving embrace.

First of all the lachrymal gland and sac is specifically acted on during an outburst of tender feeling. During a genial exercise of the emotion it is merely a slight increase of the secretion; a profuse flooding of the eyes in pain and grief is a morbid stimulation of the gland.

Next, the movements of the pharynx, or muscular cavity where the food is swallowed. In violent grief these muscles are so convulsed as to prevent one from swallowing; in ordinary tenderness they are the seat of an indescribable sensibility, characteristic of the emotion. These muscles affect the entire chest, however.

Lastly, the features, voice and carriage take on a pleasing and tranquil expression, ending all in the embrace.

These are varied with the soft touch, the rich and glossy tints appearing on the surface, the lustre of the eye, and certain strains of vocal utterance,—united with the rounding of the form, and the more graceful movements.

Bodily exercise, *generally* is antagonistic to the development of feeling. Acting and feeling tend to exclude one another. Bodily labor restricts the play of emotion. Muscular quiescence.

The idea that if a man feels he makes others feel implies an outward power of manifestation—in which men vastly differ. Every one has not the strength and nerve of a Kean.

With inward excitement and outward demonstration we have the power to move as we are moved, while a great actor with the latter can actually dispense with the former and yet produce all the effects desired.

To put on, by suggestion, the outward gesticulation, the play of feature, the vocal tones, the watery eye, the interior nerve currents—excited in a burst of grief—we should have the very emotion, as if inspired by its true motive. But it is only an approximation that is possible in any case; a sincere sympathy will penetrate a great way; the player learns to draw a line between the *visible* manifestations and the *invisible* movements in

the interior of the brain. We can acquire a habit of assuming the amount of expression that appears outwardly and no more ; thus checking the course of the sympathetic process, and setting up a merely mechanical echo of true sentiments. A consummate actor is not supposed to feel in himself the emotion he portrays externally, although he *has* had, originally, secondary emotions by the *idea* of the situation.

His organs of expression under emotion are nearly all under the control of the will, and may therefore be made to simulate the manifestations of the feelings, while the performer at heart is unmoved. Still, when the outward signs are prompted, the wave passing into the interior inflames all concerned in the embodiment of the feeling, and gives birth more or less to the accompanying state.

A certain predisposition to love, or admire another is necessary to our entering cordially into an outburst of self-gratulation. The more tranquil delights of the intellectual workings are difficult to impart, except to minds prepared by much experience ; and in proportion as any feeling is quiet in its exterior manifestations do we need language and art to evoke it by the force of sympathy.

The eye and ear are the great avenues to the mind for æsthetic influences.

There is nothing so nobly represents the great thought, as impetuosity and fire ; the voice cannot be too loud, the countenance too much inflamed, nor the action too pointed ; but it is only when the thought properly requires it, that they are beautiful, or right.

This can only be done by a performer of judgment and genius ; but although such force and vehemence, such transports which display themselves in the voice, look, gesture, and whole frame and deportment, be so great and commendable with such, the same efforts made by others are neither great nor graceful, nor do they have any effect, and the reason is from their being forced and untimed from the very lack of judgment. When out of place we despise the player.

To be able to surprise, astonish, is the first quality of an actor,

but he must know where and how to do so. Nature gives the power, but judgment conducts it, and unless these concur the effect is lost. Even judgment may indeed in some degree be the gift of nature ; but to improve and render it useful rules are to be observed. Acting is a science, and is to be studied as a science ; and he who with all that nature can do for a man, expects to succeed without study will deceive himself.

Nature gives an actor powers ; a strong voice, fine physique and he thinks he has nothing to do but employ them. Judgment will tell him even where there is merit in letting them lie unexerted ; and this he can have from art and those rules to guide. A hundred people know how to indulge their natural powers, for one who has the art to check them ; but on such a regulation depends all the glory of the finished actor. This lack of judgment is the cause of many failures of those who attempt to enter the profession.

Many times persons ever so well calculated by nature, but without advice, fail while others of inferior abilities under instruction succeed. Nature alone, though capable of doing much by guidance, will be bewildered and lost from want of cautions and direction as to proper course. So great an error is it that nature alone makes the actor, and so great the advantages which even the highest talent will acquire from regulation.

A good understanding is the principal advantage, for to that the actor owes the proper use of all the rest.

It is necessary that a man should comprehend his words perfectly before he can deliver them properly, and this requires, among many poets, this very understanding most of all.

Many can pronounce all the words but miss a great part of their true meaning.

The greatest defect of a performer is the not understanding an author, for he cannot have true feeling without. He may substitute rant and stride but not be really the character.

It is peculiar to dramatic writing, that the dispositions and tempers of the characters are not described but represented. This the player is above all things to study. It is more easy

where violence and passion are pointed out, but more delicate and graceful and often more great in the tranquil scene. Here comes in judgment. Noise and violence are not the certain marks of dignity. The divine spirit is often missed in the lightning and whirlwind, to distinguish it in the still small voice. Thus is shown the greatest discernment of an actor, and his highest judgment in so acting. The great beauty of some passages is to throw off all that is understood as beauty in theatrical recitation.

The public of to-day are, perhaps, hardly aware of the height to which the art of acting may rise. Yet those who have been familiar with the creations of Rachel and Salvini will not only credit the assertion that the genius of Mrs. Siddons in representing the characters of Murphy, Lillo, Southerne, and Otway, was greatly superior to that of the writers, but that, even when representing Shakespeare, she supplied much which enriched the conceptions of the poet.

An actor, when he receives the manuscript, has to create his part in the sense of conceiving a complete human being who, under the given circumstances, employs the words which the author has supplied. They know that no critic could, by reading a play, evolve a portrait of the man whom an original actor will represent as the embodiment of some new part. They know that each new actor of real merit recreates the persons of the older drama, sending traditions to the winds, and producing a new person on the stage using the old words, but with marvelous differences of manner, voice, gesture, and intonation. They know that there is not merely one good way of representing a great part, but as many ways as there are great actors. Each actor is bound so to fashion his conception that his own physical attributes and mental powers will lend themselves to its execution, and thus the great parts on the French stage have bound up with them a long series of portraits each representing the creation of a separate actor—all the creations good and to be judged of on their own merits, not by reference simply to the mind of the author.

The majesty of Shakespeare's name overawes us when we hear that a Mrs. Siddons created a part which Shakespeare

wrote—when we are told that an actor's first business is not to think how Shakespeare conceived his character as standing or looking, but how he, the actor, can make a real human being stand and look while speaking Shakespeare's words. Yet the words of the part do not by themselves supply the actor with one-hundredth part of the actions he has to perform. Every single word has to be spoken with just intonation and emphasis, while not a single intonation or emphasis is indicated by the printed copy. The actor must find the expression of face, the attitude of body, the action of the limbs, the pauses, the hurries—the life, in fact. There is no logical process by which all these things can be evolved out of the mere words of a part. The actor must go direct to nature and his own heart for the tones and action by which he is to move his audience; these his author cannot give him, and in creating these, if he be a great actor, his art may be supremely great.

In tragedy we feel, and the sentiment has all the praise; in comedy we expect only to laugh, and provided we do so we are satisfied, and never regard whether it is the actor or the part we are laughing at, and the matter may be, even, ever so foolish.

The manner of the comic actor may be ever so faulty and it passes unnoticed. It is far otherwise in tragedy. There the least excess is distasteful, and nothing tolerated but a perfect and proper sense of the character, even though the actor may have many excellences. Tragedy aims at the heart, comedy at the fancy. The applause for comedy is more violent, for tragedy more felt. In tragedy the least faults are shocking, in comedy very great ones often have the effect of beauties.

Tragedy is in magnificent language, and will admit at times of pompous and magnificent swellings. It is creative, beyond mimetic art. It is not drama, it interprets ideals; its poetry has an abstract beauty. It must glow. It has a lift and elevation. To be effective one must feel its pangs. It is not hysterical, but the implacable purpose. It is like a statue of heroic proportions. It must transport the soul; it must sink deep; it satisfies then even the mass. In drama it is emotion, in tragedy passion in all its awfulness of good or evil. The picture of men's souls are on the one, on the other shadows of every-day

life. Such are the demands of tragedy that repose is often necessary to the actor off the stage even to being mute. More talents and a better understanding are therefore required in tragedy.

The tragedian must weep himself to make others weep ; but the comedian must commonly curb his own merriment to make his audience laugh, and not seem to notice the effect produced. All must be done inattentively and not look to the consequences, and not as if expecting to raise a laugh. In the tragedian there must be that unassuming sense of importance, a dignity too great for pride in all his gestures and delivery. He must be above the rest of mankind, and yet feel that it is only human nature that he expresses. It is not a flash, but continued fire,—forever burning on an altar.

It would be well that the tragic actor preserved this dignity to himself, in his ordinary thoughts, but it ought never to escape into his external deportment and conversation. Nothing is so contemptible in the actor as not to be able to throw off his grandeur with his buskins, but always appearing to his friends as if in state, or giving commands to inferiors, with the air of a Roman general. There is nothing, however, so like true greatness as false. The greatest are not the most ostentatious and lofty in common affairs, but the most plain and humble. In the same manner let the actor in common life be simple, serene, pleasant. Then it will not be the man who acts but the character. This is the true characteristic which distinguishes the great from the common actor. The greatest prince that ever reigned could never command a tear, but the actor who has sensibility, and the power of feeling what he is to represent, does this at his pleasure. The sovereign rules the body, but he who has this power rules the heart and soul.

They are many who can feel themselves but not make others feel in the same manner ; and this sometimes arises from a care in remembering the words, but we must use language as if we did not know it, and sometimes from not understanding the parts they attempt, and sometimes from the terror of an audience. The last happens not only to a new player, but to one not established, in a new part. While some are afraid to exert

their real talents, because they doubt their reality, and will remain for years in this situation from modesty.

However it may be with the other passions, no illusions can be well sustained in a love-scene, unless the persons themselves have hearts naturally susceptible of the passion. A man need not be tyrannical in his nature, to act well a Richard III., nor a savage to play a Shylock ; but to play a Romeo he must be a lover. In this, nature can only keep up the delusion.

Voice is necessary to all actors. If the comedian be distinct and clear it is enough ; but in tragedy is needed the full, sonorous, together with every variety of soft and forcible. For love smoothness ; for rage and anger, the shrill, piercing tones ; for majesty, the fell, deep tones ; for tyranny, the rough notes but not necessarily harsh.

A voice under perfect command and ready for a thousand changes for comedy ; not too full and great ; for people in comedy talk like men, not like heroes.

Ease is the character of comedy, as dignity of tragedy. Let the voice for the one be familiar, and for the other great. In comedy tender scenes touch, in tragedy they pierce the heart.

Comedy requires a melodious voice, such as can be heard distinctly, and it must be managed gracefully. Tragedy requires a great voice.

Comedy requires a graceful, genteel, easy figure ; tragedy a majestic, striking figure. The representation must be supported by external appearances.

Few are fit for the profession in all qualifications, and very few for the higher walks.

The truth of playing appears when every look and gesture, and accent, agree with the condition and situation of the character and the immediate circumstances of the moment. The general character continues the same, but the passions vary it, in part, continually. To be exactly right, is to act exactly as the person represented would have done in the same circumstances, and without restraint. Though he speak not a word, at times, he may act expressively.

This truth of action consists principally in three things ; the changes of countenance, attitude, and gesture ; and all depends upon their being conducted with judgment.

To make the changes of countenance to affect as they ought, the passion must be truly and forcibly expressed by the eyes. This marking a passion strongly depends most upon the eyes, and if they have not strength and vivacity, nothing is possible. People who mark things weakly are not fit for the stage.

Things shown there are seen from a distance, and they are proportioned for that view. An expression of countenance that does for conversation, is lost on the stage. A Saint Paul of the natural size might have done for the choir, but that for the dome needed to be a Colossus. The actor is to consider his pictures in this light. His looks and gestures are so many pictures to be seen at a distance, and they must often be extravagant in themselves, that they may not soften into nothing.

All this must be done, however, with judgment. False apprehension may produce exaggeration, but in the strictest adherence to nature's rules, though on an enlarged scale, lies this truth. Enlargement does not necessarily imply distortion, and while the passions animate, they need not disfigure the countenance.

By gestures also can every passion be expressed. Often the actor is not allowed words, and when he is, these give them double force and energy. Our best players have too many of them ; but there are scenes of passion where they can hardly be too violent.

Ideas can sometimes be expressed, not found in the mere words, or far beyond, at least, what they express.

In beginning such a course of study the best way is to speak each passage used as in common life ; then add more force, preserving the same accent, for the stage. If faulty in the inflections correct them, and otherwise be simply natural. Tragedy has no peculiar tone, but spoken the same as common speech, only with more energy.

First avoid the common faults of the stage, and the greatest is the tope among the lesser actors. And when all formal cadence is laid aside, a proper understanding of the passion will

instruct a person how to pronounce it naturally ; and this, enlarged without distortion, will give the truth of expression.

Many have supposed something different belonged to tragedy, because of the grandeur and sublimity of its manner. But things may be sublime without being pompous.

Force is not loudness, but energy. The greatest obstacle is straining the voice. Force is not noise but is the abating of boisterousness rather. In striving to be loud persons grow out of tune, and discord is the result.

When some violent passion is to be expressed, no force of voice can be too great ; but when it is only a moral sentiment, a lofty and sonorous voice, and majestic manner, are bombastic and ridiculous.

We see the best actors much inferior to themselves in a new part. It comes from the confusion of not being certain of their memory, rather not hitting every phase of the passions.

The perfect player ought to know the substance of every person's part in the scene as well as the words of his own, not like him who knows his cues.

As some actors in comedy mistake impudence and negligence for politeness and ease, so in tragedy, many mean, by natural playing, the putting on the air and manner of a private person for a hero. It would simply be the man not the character, and though called natural, nothing could be less so.

Natural acting, when it flows from a perfect understanding of the whole art and its rules, is the excellence of expression, but those who use the term, generally employ it to express that dependence upon nature which excludes all assistance of art, and such nature will never make an actor.

That acting which appears natural, because divested of all pomp and ceremony, is the greatest ; but natural as it appears, it is the result of perfect art. Indeed, sometimes, in scenes of tenderness, the pathos touches a thousand times more if it endeavor to be hidden. It must not be natural to the actor but *natural* to the character, and this is what truly deserves the name of natural acting.

Force up to a certain degree, is strength, and beauty, but carried a little farther, tragedy becomes farce. It is not then force but something else—madness. But even this at special times is allowable both in comedy and tragedy.

Finesse, etc.

Often a speech is very good, but too long, and the finesse of the player does not omit, but passes lightly over some lines, and pronounces others rapidly, yet seems natural though in reality constrained. And a speech may be too short for the circumstances, perhaps also too slight; the same finesse will teach him to add to this by his deliberate enunciation, and weight, by the energy it will bear, though not absolutely called for. Some characters without this feature in part would even appear insipid or languid.

Every man can talk loud; but often the true way is to speak low, but forcibly, and sometimes the great mastery is to seem composed. It is the character of a great soul to be above discomposure, unless on very great occasions; and the character will therefore appear the greater, the less way is given to passion. The greatest designs acquire a new dignity, when the person who has laid them, speaks of them without pride or ostentation. The actor can learn a lesson from this;—said one, “Sir, do you not see the enemy approaching; were you never in an engagement before?” “Yes, in so many that I can see one without discomposure.” Finesse might be termed cultivated nature.

Judgment is necessary to show where finesse is to be used, and their quality. A plain sentiment often needs weight, and sometimes a mass of *strained* figures can be passed over without effort to save the actor’s credit. The great care must be not to lose the character in the artifice. Majesty, and dignity must be preserved, together with the address of the actor. The occasions in comedy are innumerable.

Circumstances occur continually, and they prescribe of themselves what shall be done; the actor’s great point is to have the courage to obey these dictates, however new or unprecedented, but they must be done discreetly nevertheless and never forced,

nor allowed to interrupt the scene by making one character considerable at the expense of another. It is a good rule never to use finesse but where the success is certain ; otherwise it is contemptible.

Stage tricks, by-plays, are not finesse even though sometimes used by the best. The throwing back the chair in the closet-scene in Hamlet. In low-comedy stage-tricks might be very proper. The Italians are excellent in this in burlettas, etc. Graces to the tragedian and comedian, stage-tricks to the low-comedian. He who has true dignity will always succeed in tragedy, and he who has elegance, in comedy. The secret of success is in the culture of the imagination. If destitute of imagination there is little hope for the aspirant to high honors.

The great difficulty is to act according to natural feeling ; for it cannot be so, if not natural to common humanity ; and it is difficult to find this common feeling.

And the knowledge comes in part from precepts and rules of taste, which are founded on feeling, and not on demonstrative reasoning. But added to these are circumstances, or situations which require the nicest attention.

He who cannot therefore penetrate into the spirit of precepts must be at fault by lacking that grasp of mind which would perceive, at a glance, how conformable these precepts are to the original dictates of nature.

Let us study nature forever ; and he who studies books has the advantage of studying nature at every sentence he reads ; every time he doubts, he looks to nature more rigidly than one who discards books and trusts to her alone. The man, then, who studies nature alone and contemns authority, studies her only once, but the man who studies through books, studies her over and over, through the opinions of others as well as by his own.

Sensibility, the power of feeling, is the disposition to receive impressions by which our passions are affected, and is possessed in various degrees by different persons ; some with much, some with much less than others.

It is in tragedy we see it most frequently and most advantageously. It is distinct from understanding. It is in reality, a giving way to the passions, which philosophy would teach us to get the better of, or at the least to disguise. It is a total lack of self-consciousness even in the wildest situations. The actor wrapt in his performance is forgetful of time and place, and is careless as to whether artists or princes listen.

If it lack the essential "*something great*," acting, be it as careful and clever as it may be, is not tragic.

Tragedians, when they take the habit of kings and heroes, change their whole deportment, and manner of address. It is with them not the medallion, but the colossal statue. To one of taste it is not sublimity eked out with theatrical tricks.

A tragedian needs the powerful and reposeful port, the elemental poise and swing of the colossal figures of Angelo, the preponderance of the universal over the individual, the workings of the forces of nature rather than the straining of the will. This makes a personality memorable.

The art of moving the passions and affections of the soul like the strings of a musical instrument, requires the touch of a masterly and delicate hand to make it splendid, ample and royal. And when the world asks for acting it accepts only such as represents the genius and the devotion of a life.

Nothing contributes more to the sublime, at times, than some sudden stroke of the pathetic beautifully given. This sensibility and dignity which characterize an understanding equal to the highest efforts of tragedy, beautifully set off each other.

One may read unmoved what would so affect another that tears would interrupt his delivery and disturb his acting. The perfect player should have all the sensibility of the latter and yet perfect command over it. His voice may give the exact tones, and his manner be all that is just and necessary to affect others. Here is the great perfection of the science. By such means he can affect others to the utmost and not lose control of himself. Dignity we admire, but there is nothing in the actor's art that produces more effect than this duly regulated sensibility. The two are distinctly different and yet both may be required in the same character. Sensibility is the greatest for it takes

hold of the heart and carries us out of ourselves in the illusion of the scene. Even though the actor is required to have command over this sensibility there are passages which even call for the most reckless abandon to the feelings, regarding no sway or regulation whatever, and instead of being a blemish it will become the greatest beauty. Nature then triumphs over art and we praise it justly. But such effects, though exceedingly beautiful, must be executed sparingly, and one must have the judgment to know it. Strokes of this, enliven, elevate, but to eternally introduce them robs them of all their force and merit. People who feel the most are not always those who understand best what they read, for people may be tender and foolish. This sensibility is not confined, however, merely to the pathetic, it must be compounded of all the passions in balance. Even the same character has its varieties.

A noted French actor, with less action than many, could stand in his place on the stage, and with his arms neatly disposed, and without stirring hand or foot, go through a scene of the greatest variety, depending mainly on the expression of his countenance.

Grief ought rather to be read upon the cheek, love in the eye, rage upon the forehead, than expressed by violent action, which is in reality none of them. The motion of the arms has very little to do with grace and deportment. And yet with the French generally, a great fault is seeking after what they call *spirit and fire*, thus outstripping nature.

Mere association cannot command, at once, a massive expenditure ; we must first stimulate the active powers, and chiefly by the exciting agency of a continuing effort. Combatants strike their heaviest blows after the fight has begun.

The comedian is expected to feel more passions than the tragedian, while the tragedian must feel them more strongly. The comedian must feel them like a common man, and feel all ; the tragedian a few, but feel them like a hero.

Nothing is more dreaded by some than to be accused of insensibility ; but there is nothing one ought to avoid so much as affectation of it in rant and roaring, and he will always be affected if he force it.

He who would excel in this great requisite must study the need and extent to convey the expression justly. Sensibility without this may prove even destructive, for the best things, when perverted, become the worst.

Romeo, on hearing the death of Juliet, gives utterance to but five words, "*Then I defy you stars.*" More would have been impertinent. This is also too great a grief for noisy exclamation. We ought to read in the actor's eye, voice, and gesture, the most perfect despair, and see him braving even heaven in defiance, but with strength refusing loudness. Resolute, not insolent, not broken, but struck to death and above raving about it, conveying the terror to others he refuses himself. Feigning sensibility is very common but as equally contemptible. And so delicate is the line, that one tear may be great where weeping would weaken the effect. Indeed one should rather weep with the voice than with the eyes. It should be mind over matter, soul over body; not yell of distress even, but lamentation.

As a rule the actor is not to add or alter words, but give expression only. Mr. Barry could utter the two words, "*Look there!*" with such broken, scarcely articulate voice, that no words could possibly express his anguish, and raised the meaning beyond any conception in the bare reading.

It is not how much power, but its regulation. Some may have enough, but the passion is their *own*, not the character. It may be *real*, but feeling of the wrong kind. In the anger of a *king* it should not be given as that of a *cook*, but *every inch a king*. Courage is one thing in one person, and another, in another; the same with sorrow, anger, in fact with all the passions. Besides there are parts merely to be observed, though preserved. All are to be in keeping.

The gestures are to be as much studied as the voice, and this, understanding must direct, else all again is as nothing. Some passages require plainness and yet even these are full of beauty when pronounced properly. In imitative efforts unguided by study, we see only the man himself, and sooner or later the deception vanishes.

In the primitive effects of movement are included the curve line, and the dying fall.

A varying curvature is preferable to the uniformity of a circle. To the curved outline are added the associations of ease, freedom, the absence of restraint. Straight lines are unpleasing in themselves. They suggest severity. The arms and lower limbs describe curves with their extremities. The movements as well as attitudes, of a graceful form can hardly be other than graceful.

Part of the expression of a sufferer is made up of postures and efforts of a voluntary kind, prompted with a view to relief; these vary with the circumstances. The enhancing additions may be found in the faltering voice, the burning blush, the languid, or clouded eye, the sudden sweat, and mortal paleness.

Physiognomic expressions of strength and weakness, activity and idleness, and the pathonomic ones of anger, love, joy and grief are intelligible, and produce the same class of impressions upon all.

Dramatic torture of whatever kind should never be long continued; it should be soon over, or it becomes weak. It should oftener be a slight touch and then turn to something else. In painting, not the *gash*, but a slight touch of red.

Sometimes, in the dramatic art, when the poet mingles comic incidents with his most harrowing scenes, his aim is not to vary the impression, but to render sorrow more sorrowful, tragedy more tragic by contrast. Tears are close to laughter, and laughter is close to tears. It is light and shade.

Acting is felicitous adaptation between the inner and the outer man—rather than of either pure intellectual or physical expression. Emotion is always weakened by thought, whereas thoughts are always strengthened by emotion—emotion through the head not the heart. It is excitement, not magnetism. Passion is not tradition. It must be the superb aplomb of a child without disagreeable infatuation.

The reading attentively and deliberately alone, abstracted from all other thoughts, heroic poetry, no matter whether ever brought directly into use, is one great means of cultivating *general sensibility, sublimity and greatness* of manner. In the original *Cedipus* of Sophocles, there is more true greatness, and

more real pathos than all ever written of poetry. Next comes Milton's *Paradise Lost*. In this there is more magnificence, more sublimity than anything of English. There are passages that will affect the heart, that has true sensibility, more strongly than any that occur in our best tragedies. He who has but the seeds of this great quality in him, if he will in perfect retirement, with a mind divested of all other thoughts, read daily from this great poem, stop at the passages which affect him most, which fill his heart with greatness, and his eyes with tears of admiration, which elevate and carry him out of himself, he will soon find those seeds dilate and grow within him.

When affected thus let nature have full scope. Never read them over the second time for the first effect is the greatest.

Give way without restraint to the emotions and, without adding or abridging, throw all into action. This should not be minutely done but as a whole. Repeat and encourage the whole; and by such a practice will be acquired the habit of giving a-loose on the stage when needed. The action and expression will arise from the occasion, unstudied, unpremeditated, and as it were natural; and being so will produce the effect desired. This is the character of true sensibility.

One with natural sensibility indulging such feelings will find his mind enlarge and dilate, and take in sensations he never knew before and for which there is no name. It will reject what is low and mean and indulge itself only in what is magnificent and sublime. It will dignify all the passions to those of heroes alone. The expression will be that of ease, for it will be natural, not of artifice, and rise out of the occasion. The sensibility of a great mind must be great. When tears, let them be, "*Tears such as angels shed.*" And even of these but a few, and but for a moment.

The actor should obtain a complete command over all that tends to debase his mind, otherwise his character will be blended with the grosser ideas and be spoiled proportionally as they control him.

An actor has no right to be affected, at the same time, with a *personal passion*; his only thought is the portrayal of the

character and its expression. The passions and concerns of the man are not to affect those of the actor. His should be too manly a constancy of mind to let anything in ordinary life ruffle, or in any manner affect the temper. This serenity of mind, in real life, gives full scope to every assumed passion, and allows that more consummate spirit and propriety.

Fire.—An actor may have understanding and sensibility, and after all be lacking still in one great essential, and that is spirit, or fire; call it fire. False fire is the copper, and has not the ring of the true golden metal.

The actor of true spirit, when it is directed by understanding, and awakened by sensibility, is no longer seemingly himself, when he assumes his character; he seems to be the character, and he lives, not acts the scene. He glows with transports not his own, and treads the earth with majesty that is real.

There are passages where no fire can be too much, and he who has understanding and sensibility combined with it can never be at fault.

The business of the stage is with the passions; but the strained look, contorted gesture, and roaring voice are not fire. An actor owes his best more to true fire than any other quality. It consists in a daring spirit, a vivacity of imagination, and a rapidity of thought, that have no connection with noise and bluster, though they are continually connected with it, and mistaken for it.

Sometimes this fire is to be exerted by degrees; it is to be graded from the most slight step to the most exalted height. Those who have feeling without fire, are not able to give expression; and those with whom spirit gets the better of sensibility always let it run into excess.

The first thing is to possess a sufficient portion of this Promethean heat, and then to be able to regulate it with discretion. The man who feels in himself this sensibility and fire, who glows in seeing a good performance, need not be discouraged from attempting to shine in the profession.

The Face.

It is well also to have the piercing eye and a countenance formed for expression, although it can be cultivated if one has the other qualities. Persons may have a fine *stage* face and yet not be fine looking, for it is at a distance that a player is seen, and then there is the advantage of lights in a particular situation, yet some please better with their manners than figure, but generally features a little larger and stronger than symmetry would authorize, are the best.

The study of facial expression itself is an essential part of acting. The play of feature is seen in some persons to be originally very various and flexible; in fact, the characteristic of flexibility is best understood by noticing the features of a good actor, and comparing them with those of an immovable countenance. It is possible to be faultily faultless, and yet careful study of the facial expression of others, and above all untiring practice in the methods of delineation, with imagination, accomplishes marvels.

Barristers and physicians—men who seem to turn their faces, like their minds, to the critical questions they have to work out—silently acquire the intelligent air as of those who think and have thought; but the actor's face shows this more pointedly, because he has to consider his face, as he thinks and feels, and tries, often instinctively, to make it correspond with what is within. These efforts, this old "purifying the passions with pity and terror," form a process that tells upon the lines and cordage of the face, as training does on the athlete; all the unintelligent fat and flesh seems to wear off. It is, moreover, some test of the truth of physiognomy that all great actors have come to their profession with fine faces, that is, with effective features, large and well cut, that offer shadows. Hardly one fails in this respect. But this characteristic is capable of extraordinary development with long and varied practice.

Garrick's was a massive face, with a quick vivacity in the movements of the neck; eyes of startling brilliancy, with a darting, searching expression, which he was fond of applying; with recesses about his lips, where lurked the humors of com-

edy ; while in his brow, full and overarching, lay vast tragic forces. The muscles of his cheeks seemed flexible to an extraordinary degree, and were as expressive as any other part of his action and his voice. These were prodigious advantages.

Le Kain, Talma, Betterton, Henderson and others, found the plainness of their features no obstruction to the full display of those emotions which deep study awakened.

Delsarte's System.—Synopsis.

He who rejects Time, Time rejects.

Art is motion passed through thought and fixed in form. Its acme is the motion subjected to the deepest scrutiny of thought and fixed in the noblest form.

The trinity is the immutable law which governs all developments. This is a light showing the source of all harmonies. The principles must be co-existent, co-necessary, co-efficient.

Dramatic expression is a manifestation of thought by movement, and its science and art cover the agents it employs and the forms it assumes.

Human nature is a form of being that lives, thinks and loves. The vital, the mental, and the affectional. The life, mind and soul. These are intermixed and exhibit phases of each other. Vitality is the source of passion, of sensation, of feeling, but has instinct, which is the mind of the vital, and sympathy, which is its soul. Induction is the mind of the mind, but judgment is its vitality and conscience its soul. Love is the soul of the soul, but affection is its vitality, and intuition its mind.

In the VITAL the *mouth* expresses the repellent ; the contented or excitability, in the trembling of the lips. The *shoulder* shows sentiment, and may be taken as the thermometer of passion. The *wrist* expresses vital energy.

In the MENTAL, the *eyes* express the mind, as contentment, observation, stupor ; the *hand*, exasperation, prostration, or struggle ; the *legs*, action, vehemence, firmness, or prostration.

In *will*, the *head* shows great will or its absence ; when exalted, defiance or energy. The *nose* expresses sentiment, insensibility, scorn, hate.

There are three zones in the *vital*. The *abdominal*, sensuality ; the soul of passion, and the respiratory zone, honor and esteem.

The *mental* zones, occipital ; the temporal, cunning, speculation ; parietal, conscience.

The *soul* zones, interior maxillary, sensual, or affectionate ; superior maxillary, moral, sympathetic ; the frontal, reflective.

The science of expression is composed of active and passive agents, of opposites as well as amities. The law of equilibrium is the law of opposition. In saluting we do not bend the head, arms and body in the same direction, but opposite to make it graceful.

Three forms of movement ; eccentric, concentric, normal. First, expansion ; second, contraction ; third, between these. Head bowed in thought ; raised in action. Trinities and opposites.

In sculpture, it is the suiting of expression to the mind, of attitude and drapery to expression. In painting, the composing and grouping. In speech, the suiting of the action to the word, the sound to the sense. In poetry, (music and painting,) the scope for fine harmonies has no limit.

A man may have a mind of extraordinary opulence of conceptions, but with little æsthetic sensibility in their employment. Thus an artist of high genius may be inferior to an uncreative mind, in taste, the only characteristic of fine art. The prime requisite is delicate sensibility ; that being present, the active organ will be moved to the best of its powers, and improved by use. The sensibility to stage display is one of the many æsthetic elements of the mind, and when accompanied with the requisite active endowments, lays the foundation of the actor ; without the corresponding active organs, it would be merely a strong play-going taste. One must have the poetry of acting.

The characters of Shakespeare do not declaim like boys, but speak and act like men, in real life, with real hearts of flesh and blood. In Macbeth an actor, to realize the character, must look like a man who has encountered the weird sisters. There should be nothing tight or compact, no tenseness of fibre, nor

pointed decision of manner. All his energy and manliness of soul are subject to all the skyey influences. He is sure of nothing. All is left at issue. He runs a-tilt with fortune, and is baffled with preternatural riddles. The agitation of his mind resembles the rolling of the sea in a storm ; or, he is like a lion in the toils—fierce, impetuous and ungovernable. In the last act, busy and turbulent, a giddy whirl to the desperate end.

In *double* acting never betray to *audience* more than to fellow actors, but in soliloquies, the most difficult of all acting, only, appear *true* character. In villains no discernment ; manner fathomless ; mystery to all. That Othello sees in Iago an honest man is the fact ; that we see a villain is the truth.

In Macbeth the hallucination of the dagger is the idea, converted into material impression. The “sleep-walking scene,” is intermediate between sensation and conception. In somnambulism the eyes are fixed, sometimes closed,—the countenance moves to changes of sentiment, and the appearance is, in a measure, as of reality, but the movements are involuntary. The speech resembles reveries of *absent-minded* persons, or, at times, even the ravings of maniacs, or *lispings* of idiots ; the voice usually natural ; the action automatic, senses apathetic. The person moves in straight lines ; not around objects, and if in the way, pushes against them, and perhaps bursts into tears. The hands are used as when employed.

In ordinary acting there must be exaggeration to produce an effect which shall not seem exaggerated, as can be seen in the case of amateurs doing so simple a thing as walking across the stage, which itself requires acting to look like ordinary walking. Players are not seen under the ordinary conditions of life. They are placed in a conspicuous position, with a strong light on them and every motion brought into prominence. The mere careless tones of every-day life would not do for the theatre, and must be overdone to attract attention and have weight. Here comes the abuse. The true actor learns nicely the exact force and weight of such exaggeration and proportions, so that it does not seem unnatural. The vulgar actor makes himself more conspicuous and bellows and mouths, and strides and stamps.

In comedy the most exquisite humor is that which provokes the least mirth ; not external but laughter of the mind. The secret of interest is the candor, not the manner of revelation. Once let affectation overlay what is being told, and it becomes so much deceit. It is not color and light. It must not be heavy, laborious, stilted, stiff, the stereotyped sufferings of heroes in stalkings and mouthings. Never to audience but to fanciful hearers. Fine theatrical art is the struggling to keep back as much as is expressed—*indicating* rather *giving* emotion. It should be *disciplined fury, suppressed agitation, half* revealed in eyes, mouth, figure, attitude ; sometimes shrinking in terror, —or a torrent of words stumbling and tripping over each other ; or unconscious retreating and cowering ; life-like air ; nothing conventional, but as in real situation, even to trifles like the tying and untwisting of a handkerchief, or going to a door in uncertainty, or not knowing what to do or say.

An amateur cannot impart weight to the most trivial sentence. He knows not the secret, the measure of the coarse strokes. It does not follow that the born gentleman will appear a gentleman on the stage with better effect than the actor who imitates one. *Real* acting is to show human nature ; human character. Then there is dignity, command, power. *Real* acting is not *self*-exhibition ; it is an appeal to the intellect, and the passions. Self is but the means. Some actors have not the power to color a part. They cannot grasp the idea. They “*make-up*,” and have this “*speech*,” and that “*tell*,” but seem to have no *study* and *observation*.

All art acquires its greatest effects by contrast. Trifles help us to get at real dramatic principles.

In acting, the colors and strokes should be thick and large and strong, which at a distance appear delicate and refined ; even facial expression, but all must be governed by nice rules. Real acting is speaking in its intelligence, in its vivacity, and produces lines and channels of thought, and restless ideas, wearing into the very cheeks. The roving, brilliant eyes ; the lips eloquent ; all by sheer training and intellect to force the features to signify what is represented. This *triumphs* over the space of a theatre. So also with the voice to fill the largest

building. Steady, massive. Faces now on the stage are smooth, in tedious sameness. No weight, no interest. It is dress, scenery. Tame, tranquil bearing is not dramatic. It must be situation and character. Many aim at mere correctness and consider it natural and easy. Soul of knowledge is the secret of secrets; it is spirit not flesh. Some *imagine* the less experience they have in acting the more they know of it, and that the more experience people have in criticism the *less* they know of it. They repay forbearance of lenient judges by abusing them for want of capacity. There are always some ready to be ardent advocates of what is to them new and unintelligible. If they affect to comprehend what is to most persons obscure, they acquire a certain agreeable fillip to their vanity, and a certain amount of conspicuousness; and with the uninstructed this may pass for magnificence. A revolt against recognized laws or usages, no matter how good or right they may be, always has charms for those who, having much ambition and little knowledge, fail to distinguish between aspiration and imprudence, between courage and temerity. To such philosophers, neophytes, who seek to grasp in a day the sweets and laurels of a life-time, can always safely appeal, and it is only by the bitter test of experience that the applause of a whole army of these philosophers is considerably less than worthless. The path to real success is hard and flinty, and not strewn with primroses. To be sure it was the formalism of Kemble, as well as his own fiery genius, that helped to make Kean, but this does not always follow.

Yet love, hate, and joy are not to be expressed by undeviating mathematical laws. It is inspirational, not progressive.

As a rule much mischief is done by the majority of teachers. Generally, what they have taught has to be unlearned before the pupil can act. Human idiosyncracies differ, and to familiarize expression by inflexible rules is to produce the artificial.

Failure in acting.—This arises sometimes not from lack of feeling, for there may be plenty of it, but inability to impart it to others. It is not strong excitement and hurried recitation of the lines, but methodical training and even assumption of passion, better than the *unskilled*, but genuine. Natural on

stage does not mean individual peculiarities and deficiencies. Innate dramatic force and fire cannot take proper shape unaided ; it requires polish. It is apprenticeship to toilsome drudgery. The sudden flashes which electrify the world are the carefully prepared result of long years of training. Fanny Kemble walked about her house every day for *three years*, in the *dress* of a tragedy queen, that she might acquire ease in these unusual garments. She looked a queen when she appeared. This minute training was given to every word and movement.

Earnestness will be undaunted before any criticism. It will not be disturbed in the most delicate and sensitive processes of mind. It will not be harassed by undue self-distrust. It will rather be invigorated and quickened in power, and made more natural, and self-possessed, fearless and ardent. It will be perfectly careless of criticism and expect success. It will give no special thought to the perfection of finish, but get as much as possible without being hindered. If criticism comes it will bear it and never be overcome by it. It will be like the blast of the storm-wind to the eagle ; a force against him that lifts him higher.

Experience will often find that it was the very criticism which stung which brought it to what it is. Forget unjust criticism, but when just, reap whatever of personal benefit you can. Success is certain in the end. Seize it with your hope beforehand.

Lack of preparation generally gives a bald and very commonplace repetition of merely the text ; there can in fact be no character at all in the performance, which is usually disappointing to all. It must be every word, every pause, for the very pauses have eloquence.

When you act do not trouble yourself as to who is listening, yet always act as though before the greatest and the best.

Perfection comes through series of disgusts. Sources of expression should be tracked to their subtlest retreats. Enthusiasm comes of heat of blood, reinforcing the purer motions of the intellect with almost physical excitement. Beauty of art is higher sensibility than nature ; the tears at the play have no pain. On how fine a needle's point shades are balanced. Noth-

ing accidental which distracts the simple effect of the supreme types. Transitory, never fixed. To all but the highest culture, the reserved faces of the gods have something of insipidity. Never abandonment to one special gift. That naïve, rough sense of freedom limited by a will stronger than one's own. Natural laws we never shall modify, embarrass us as they may, but there is something noble, or less so, in the attitude with which we watch their fatal combinations. Who, if he foresaw all, would fret against circumstances which endow one at the end with so high an experience. Always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy. To burn always with this hard, gem-like flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life. Catch at every exquisite passion, or contribution to knowledge that seems by a lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment. Discriminate every moment some passionate attitude in those about us, in the brilliance of their gifts, some tragic dividing of forces, sense of the splendor of our experience. No sacrifice of any part of this experience, in consideration of some interest into which we cannot enter, or some abstract morality we have not identified with ourselves, or what is conventional, has real claim upon us. Some listless, some in high passions; the wisest in art and song. High passions give one this quickened sense of life, ecstasy and sorrow of love, or enthusiasm of humanity. Only be sure it is passion, that it yields you this fruit of a quickened, multiplied consciousness. The poetic passion, the desire of beauty, the love of art for art's sake—art professes frankly to give nothing but the highest quality of life for life's sake.

In Rubens' martyrs we see bodies free of all social restraint or interference. Their careless drapery is not an obstruction but rather a decoration. Nowhere have freer attitudes, more impetuous action, more vigorous and ampler muscles been found. In his female saints the fuming wine of health and joyousness circulates impetuously; it overflows like superabundant sap in splendid carnations, in unrestrained gestures, in the superb fury of excitement.

One may not be wanting in inspiration; he may have it in a natural and vigorous way; he may have talent; noble feelings

may flit obscurely through the depths of the soul, but processes may yet be unknown to him ; he may not know how to externally express his ideas and how to employ his resources.

Greek tragedy—a dithyrambic chant, with gigantic forms of divine or heroic legend in their full stature, when fatality, arbiter of human life and justice, spun and cut the threads of destiny, to the sounds of a poesy obscure like an oracle, terrible as a prophecy, and sublime as a vision.

Gusto.—The blood circulating in the blue veins, the rest distinguished only by that tingling sensation to the eye which the body feels within itself. This is gusto ; an internal, living principle. Not smooth surface, but warm, moving mass. Michael Angelo's forms full of gusto. They everywhere obtrude the sense of power upon the eye. His limbs convey an idea of muscular strength, moral grandeur, even intellectual dignity ; firm, broad, massy. They express energy with sensibility,—Correggio's exquisite sensibility. Sentiment enough in a hand of his to set up a school of painters.

The actor who is content with what does not satisfy himself is not an artist but an artisan ; for though his reward be only praise, his pay is that of a mechanic for his time, not his art.

Popularity sometimes kills ambition, spoils study, creates unwillingness to practice expression of conceptions. It is soul hampered by the flesh. Popularity closes the door on genius ; it is not for other minds but our own. Reputation is not fame. Reputation is of to-day. Fame is the eternal shadow of excellence. It is only visible in the light of an intellect kindred with that of its author. It is infinitely beyond merely pleasing the public.

All excellence is but variety of truth. That beyond the truth is false. How little then is there of truth in art, but how much is that little to him who feels it. In search of truth the only competition worthy of a man is with himself.

He that has no pleasure in looking up, is not fit to look down ; he is only a mannerist in art.

Before we can think rightly, we must feel deeply. Sorrow makes our experience, teaches us to feel properly. It is not in the tempest of passions we can reflect,—but when they have

passed over our soul. The thoughts that follow are like rich gems from the wreck that the wild waves wash ashore. Such are the thoughts left by the retiring passions.

Reflection is the result of feeling; from that absorbing, heart-rending compassion for one's self, springs a deeper sympathy for all. When once we have shed those inexpressibly bitter tears, which fall unregarded, and which we forget to wipe away, how we shudder at unkindness, and think all harshness, even in thought, cruelty. The lessons of sorrow are as old as the world itself. The natural influence of weeping over the misfortunes and wrongs or worshipping the virtues of a saintly sufferer, who resists not, complains not, resents not, but bears all with angelic patience, sweetness, and fortitude, is to soften and expand the heart and cultivate the tenderest graces of human nature.

It is the artist's lofty mission to shed light on the depths of the human heart. He does it with his heart's blood, the essence of his being; and he gives his best to the world.

The merely mechanical actor often loses in the tumult of the world, his most priceless possession—that ingenuous, unaffected, cheerful art-power, until it is completely buried under the routine of life, while an artistic nature preserves its inward, elevated freshness entire.

It is not mere flexibility and execution, but a man's own nature can be mirrored in his acting. It must be raised above judgment to enjoyment. True talent takes time captive. But the bell must freely swing if it is to sound. First win, then reject originality. Eventually comes technical repose which betrays perfected schooling. Excess of power falls back on itself at last; yet stands forth complete and assured. No one does more than he knows. No one knows more than he does.

The Hands.

When meditating intensely, a slow stretching out, or applying of the hands to the bosom, *before utterance*, produces profound emotion.

The *open* hand expresses joy, confidence, abandon. The

closed, vexation, doubt, suspicion ; and when these are strongly felt the fingers are firm against the palm.

He who intends to deceive, instinctively hides the palm. "My word of honor," says the sincere man with open hand. "I swear it," says the villain, with hands on breast palms downward.

He who keeps his own counsel and will joins his fingers, palms downwards concentrately.

He who yields his soul and abandons itself to another, turns palms up, and extends his fingers.

Invocation and prayer hands open, fingers apart.

Faith, Hope, Charity, open hands ; acts of will, resolve, unite the fingers ; Anger clenches.

The peasant gesticulates with the whole body ; the mechanic with his arms ; the man of the world with his hands ; the diplomat with his fingers ; sometimes only with eyes.

The Neapolitans are extremely quick, sharp, and intelligent. They are the only people in Europe who can express to each other their inmost thoughts by a mere lifting of the eyebrows or a movement of the hand.

The cultivated actor may study a work of Raphael, the painter a play of Shakespeare with equal advantage. In the sculptor the actor's art becomes fixed, the actor transforms the sculptor's work into living forms, the painter turns a poem into a painting, the musician sets a picture to music.

The æsthetic principle is the same in every art ; only the material differs.

The finished actor should have an *eye* for the glowing tints and flowing lines of Painting, the proportions of Architecture, and the symmetry of Statuary ; an *ear* for the ravishing delights of Music ; a *perception* of the vital graces of look, attitude, and motion, far above all that the theatre can teach him ; and a *soul* tremblingly alive to all the enthusiasm of Poetry, and all the poignancy of sentiment and pathos.

Eloquence derives her rhythm from music, her imagery from poetry, her graphic descriptions from painting. Dancing combines poetry with motion and gesture, regulated by music.

Sculpture lends her aid to architecture ; and the eclectic art of Drama unites them all.

With all his study, an actor is not always the most competent judge of the value of his own acting, and it frequently happens that he may fail in a rôle without being aware of it. He feels that he alone can appreciate the grandeur of his aim, the earnest struggle of his genius, and thus is frequently led to attach peculiar value to a character, and judging it from his own standard to estimate his conception of it too highly.

Many soul-worn, weary days must be spent in grasping the meaning of the author. Intense fatigue endured, and but the few are able to bear the strain ; but it is only by learning the secret of studying and practicing well that there is any possibility of learning to act well. Even then foes may be quick to blame, and friends afraid to praise. Bitter taunts, biting irony, keen satire ; and defeat and failure oftener than success.

A good free man loves to reverence a superior ; but the slave of envy feels elevated only in looking down on those he fancies less favored. It is a frightful and disheartening phase of human nature ; but it ought to be recognized that we may be guarded against it in others, and stimulated to outgrow it in ourselves. No other profession is so beset by this odious spirit as the histrionic.

Ladies and gentlemen on the stage must be so in life. To burlesque Hamlet must be able to play it. To redden the end of the nose is not necessarily funny. The fine gentleman in comedy should be regulated by high manners, and seem as if born in polished life and educated in drawing-rooms. If necessary to wear a sword, it should be managed gracefully. The mode of approaching a lady should be exceedingly respectful, and it requires the most delicate address to lead and seat her on the stage. Some assume the refined manners with great ease, and seem to attain the station rather than to have been born to it. Act the lady or gentleman and you will be one. The real lady or gentleman will be composed under every trying circumstance. They have taught themselves self-control.

Abandon.

Some suppress too much, when they ought to cultivate *abandon*. No one can tell just how loud and long they can speak until they try. "Open your mouth and give way to your 'true inwardness,'" will make an actor of almost any one of soul and intelligence.

Rest.

An artist's heart needs rest after a storm.

The excessive or repeated mimic expression of the passions may bring on these very sensations. Garrick, after acting passionate rôles, passed hours in convulsions in bed. Less discriminating artists are likely to transfer *their* characters to ordinary life. Excess of imagination produces the same result as of a strain of the senses, only it can be carried on longer without perceptible exhaustion, in a still higher degree. It causes excitement, then according to the organic law of compensation, torpor. The visionary is lunacy.

Too little exercise of the imagination is like too little employment of the senses. The same may be said of thinking. Intense, too earnestly continued, meditation is the frequent source of impeded breathing, indigestion, particularly so if carried on in a sitting posture. Thought impedes digestion; digestion impedes thought. Intense thought, however, fatigues much more in walking than at rest. Thought also impedes the action of the senses and feeling. Intense exercise of fancy has a more powerful effect upon the organs than that of pure thought has, because the former has more to do with organic ideal images from which the latter abstracts the attention, and because the former comes more in contact with the emotions.

Voice of Actors.

The most distinguished actors produce their most powerful effects with the lowest tones of the voice, the full, rich sound of which is best fitted to touch the tenderest chords of the soul; and in woman's voice, likewise, these tones have often a wondrously touching melody.

The consequences of the grades of men as to the voice alone, when cultivating the art of acting or singing, are prodigious. In alliance with the voice are the tongue and the lips,—organs remarkable for mobility and compass, and on which persons may be very differently endowed in respect of discrimination of degrees of movement. Perhaps even still more important is the group of muscles concerned in moving the eyes, which in the average of men are very sensitive; when these are more discriminative than usual, there is a great increase in the power which can hardly be overestimated.

Of the infinity of sounds that fall on the ear, that pain or please, the great mass are neutral; but it is these neutral sounds that have *meanings* beyond themselves. Articulate speech gives intrinsically little of delight to the ear, but an immense scope for the discriminating intelligence. *Cultivation will increase the aptitude for discrimination.*

If the nervous centre of the muscles of voice is of a high order, and if the general plasticity is good, there will be a ready retentiveness for vocal effects.

Aptitude.—Cultivation.

We may even excel in a study by the force of strong interest alone, the natural power being by no means remarkable. Some try to act from feeling the aptitude for it, while others are carried away by a strong liking. The most notable instances are a combination for both. We find taste without power, and we also meet with power without enthusiasm, although perhaps a pleasure in its exercise.

Acting that charms is remembered when indifferent playing is forgotten.

It is necessary for the actor to enter closely into all nicer shades of feeling of his characters; but yet it is not expected of him to actually fancy himself the person represented. Such a notion is unreasonable. He must merely adhere to nature as closely as he can, and form in his own mind all the circumstances, situations and feelings of the characters.

The face is commonly the most certain index of the passions

of the mind. When it is pale it betrays the agitation of the soul. It is of great force and power in all we do. On it orators depend; they behold it and know our feelings before we speak; by it they understand a multitude of things.

To be effective must be significant—rare. To even stand still and gracefully is very difficult and rarely mastered.

Vehemence without real emotion is rant; even with emotion but without art is turbulence. To preserve the medium between mouthing and meaning too little, to effect by a *tempered* spirit rather than by vehemence is one of the master-strokes and the most difficult to acquire. It is tremulous will-power.

It is not nature from one's own stand-point, but nature from a character in its life.

Great wrath is not to be expressed in spurts, but flow in one mighty tide.

The ability of lapsing from the wildness of rage to calmness and the gradation and after-glow of passion will come from identity of character.

Conventional Acting.

When an actor feels a vivid sympathy with the character he represents, he personates or speaks through it, and for the time is what he represents. He can only do this in proportion to the vividness of his sympathy, and the plasticity of his organism which enables him to express what he feels; there are certain limits however to every organization. But within these limits it is the honest reliance on individual expression, in strict preference to *conventional expression* which may be accepted on the stage. It is the *creative* power. The conventional artist either does not feel, or cannot express what he feels, or has not energy of self-reliance to trust himself, and cannot *be* the part, but tries to act it, and is obliged to adopt the conventional means of the stage. Instead of allowing feelings to express themselves through *natural* signs he uses the *conventional*; or no feelings move him, or he is not artist enough to give them *genuine expression*.

The manner may be light, but it should spring from a deep nature; a certain ground-swell of emotion should be felt beneath.

Truths of emotion are difficult to read and explain.

Movement.

Slow movements have a close alliance with the emotions of awe, solemnity, and veneration; the funeral pace, slow enunciation in tragedy, the long-drawn tones of organ music.

Movements gradually increasing or diminishing give rise to a still greater degree of pleasurable feeling, in every sort of activity, in gesture, the dance, in facial expression. It is this peculiarity that seems to constitute the beauty of curved lines and rounded forms. It is the great law of the mind that connects all sensibility with change of impression; in these rising and falling movements there is unceasing variation of effect.

Quick movements, or of great rapidity, whether the energy expended be great or little, have a tendency to excite the nerves; a kind of stimulant, like a loud noise, or glare of light. The mind is quickened. The effect may be agreeable or otherwise. If the nervous system be strong, it may be agreeable, and end in a kind of intoxication; in a jaded condition of the nerves, the effect is apt to be acutely painful. Under excitement, the delirious pleasure may be paid for by protracted depression.

Inward liberty and external necessity are the poles of the tragic world. It is only by contrast with its opposite, that each of these ideas is brought into full manifestation.

Tragedy fails unless we take a warm interest in its personages, but man even in its highest moods must not forget nature. We possess an involuntary and immediate veneration for truth, and this belongs to the innermost emotions of the moral sense. Extraordinary situations, which intensely occupy the mind and throw mighty passions into play, give elevation and tension to the soul.

FROM ALGER'S FORREST.

AN actor to be thorough must master three provinces of knowledge: the characters of men in their vast variety; the modes of manifestation whereby those characters reveal their inward states through outward signs; the manner in which those characters and those modes of manifestation are affected by changes of consciousness, or situation; how they are modified by the reflex play of their own experience.

Every man has three types of character, in all of which he must be studied before he can be adequately represented. First he has his inherited constitutional or temperamental character, his fixed native character, in which the collective experience and qualities of his progenitors are consolidated, stamped, and transmitted. Next he has his peculiar fugitive or passional character, which is the modification of his stable average character, under the influence of exciting impulses, temporary exaltations of instinct or sentiment. And then he has his acquired habitual character, gradually formed in him by the moulding power of his occupation and associations. The first is ancestral. The second his personal, by his own experience and discipline. The third his social, what he has been made by caste.

The original estimate by nature is indicated in his form, his physical and mental make-up. The estimate he puts upon himself, is seen in the transitive modifications of his form by movements made under the stimulus of passions. The conventional estimate or social value is suggested by the permanent modifications in his form and bearing by his customary actions and relations with others. Thus the triple type of character possessed by every man is to be studied by means of an analysis of the forms of his organs in repose and of his movements in passion or habit.

The classes of character are as numerous as the temperaments. The *osseous*, in which the bones and ligaments are most developed; the *lymphatic*, in which the adipose and mucous membrane preponderate; the *sanguine*, in which the heart and arteries give the chief emphasis; the *melancholic*, in which the liver and veins oversway; the *executive*, in which the capillaries

and the nerves take the lead ; the *mental*, in which the brain is enthroned ; the *visceral*, in which the vital appetites reign ; the *spiritual*, in which there is a fine harmony of the whole. Each denotes a distinct style of character, distinguished by definite modes of manifesting itself, the principal sign of every character, the key-note from which all its expressions are modulated, being the quality and rate of movement or the *nervous rhythm* of the organism in which it is embodied.

To know how consistently to construct an ideal character of any one of these kinds, at any given height or depth in the historic gamut of humanity, and to be able to embody and enact it with the harmonious truth of nature, is the task of the consummate actor.

Dramatic Languages.

FORMS.—With man, his generic nature, his specific inheritance, his individual peculiarities, are signalized in his form and physiognomy with an accuracy and particularity proportioned to the interpreting power of the spectator. The truth is all there for the competent gazer. The actor modifies *his* form and features by artifice and will to correspond with what should be the form of the person whose character he impersonates,—in outline and color and costume.

ATTITUDE.—Attitudes are living modifications of shape, or fluencies of form. There are nine elementary attitudes of the feet, hands, toes, and head, which may be combined in an exhaustless series. Every one of these has its meaning and value. All emotions strong enough to pronounce themselves find expression in appropriate attitudes or significant changes of the form in itself and in its relations to others. He who has the key for interpreting the reactions of human nature on the agencies that affect it, easily reads in the *outer* signs of attitude the *inner* states of *defiance*, *doubt*, *exaltation*, *prostration*, *nonchalance*, *respect*, *fear*, *misery*, or *supplication*, and so on.

AUTOMATIC MOVEMENTS.—Are unconscious escapes of character, unpurposed motions through which the states of the mover are betrayed, sometimes with surprising clearness and force. *Impatience*, *vexation*, or *restrained anger*, breaks

out in a nervous tapping of the foot or finger. The fidgety manner of one in embarrassment, with the degree and kind of embarrassment, together with the personal culture of the subject will be revealed in the peculiar nature of the fidgeting. A class of these movements, as *trembling, nodding, shaking the head, biting the lips, the shiver of the flesh, the quiver of the mouth, or eyelids, the shudder of the bones*, and they compose a rich language of revelation, perfectly intelligible and common to all.

GESTURES.—This is the language so marvelously flexible, copious and powerful among many barbarous peoples. It was carried to such a pitch of perfection by the mimes of ancient Rome that Roscius and Cicero had a contest to decide which could express a given idea in the best manner by gestures or words.

Gestures are a purposed system of bodily motions, both spontaneous and deliberate, intended as preparatory, auxiliary, or substitutional for the expressions by speech. There is hardly any state of consciousness which cannot be revealed more vividly by pantomime than is possible in mere verbal terms. As *fixed attitudes are inflected form*, and *automatic movements inflected attitude*, so *pantomimic gestures are systematically inflected motion*.

The wealth of meaning and power in gesticulation depends on the richness, freedom, and harmony of the character and organism. The beauty or deformity, nobleness or baseness, of its pictures are determined by the zones of the body from which the gestures start, the direction and elevation at which they terminate, their rate of moving, and the nature and proportions of the figures, segments of which their lines and curves describe. Music has no clearer rhythm, melody and harmony to the ear than inflected gesture has to the eye. The first law of gesture is, that it follows the look or the eye, and precedes the sound or the voice. The second law is that its velocity is precisely proportional to the mass moved. The third and profoundest law is that efferent or outward lines of movement reveal the sensitive life or vital nature of the man ; that afferent or inward lines reveal the percipient and reflective life or mental

nature, and that immanent or curved lines, blended of the other two, reveal the affectional life or moral nature.

FACIAL EXPRESSION.—This consists of muscular contractions and relaxations, dilations and diminutions, the fixing or flitting of nervous lights and shades over the organism. Its changes are not motions of masses of the body, but visible modifications of parts of its periphery, as in smiles, frowns, tears. The girding up or letting down of the sinews, the tightening or loosening or horripilating creep of the skin, changes of color, as in paleness and blushing, and all the innumerable alterations of look and meaning in the brows, the eyes, the nose, mouth and chin, come under this head. The delicacy, power, and comprehensiveness of this language are inexhaustible. So numerous and infinitely adjustable, for instance, are the nerves of the mouth that every state of the soul can be understood from the modulation of the lips alone.

INARTICULATE NOISES.—The undigested rudiments of the voice. All our organic and emotional states, when keen enough to seek expression, and we are under no restraint, reveal themselves in crude noises, each one the appropriate effect of a corresponding cause. We *breathe aloud, whistle, gasp, sigh, choke, whimper, sob, groan, grunt, sneeze, snore, snort, smack, gurgle, hawk, spit, hiccup*, and give the *death-rattle*. These are the rawest elements of expression. This is the broadest and vulgarst language of unrefined vernacular man. The lower the style of acting the larger part this will play in it. From the representation of high characters it is more and more strained out and sublimated away, the other languages quite superseding it.

INFLECTED TONES, VOCALIZED AND MODULATED BREATH.—The mere tones of the sounding apparatus of the voice, in the variety of their quality, pitch, and cadence, reveal the emotional nature of man through the whole range of his feelings, both in kind and degree. The *moan of pain*, the *howl of anguish*, the *yell of rage*, the *shriek of despair*, the *wail of sorrow*, the *ringing laugh of joy*, the *ecstatic and smothering murmur of love*, the *penetrative tremor of pathos*, the *solemn monotone of sublimity*, and the *dissolving whisper of wonder and adoration*, are some of the inflected sounds in which the emotions are reflected.

ARTICULATED WORDS.—The final medium of the intellect.

Vocal sounds articulated in verbal forms are the pure vehicle of the thoughts of the head, and the inflected tones with which they are expressed convey the accompanying comments of the heart upon those thoughts. What a man thinks goes out in words, what he feels, is shown in the purity or harshness of the tones, the pitch, rate, emphasis, direction and length of slide with which the words are enunciated. The word reveals the intellectual state; the tone, the sensitive; the inflection, the moral. The character of the man is best seen in his voice. In its clang-tints all the colors and shades of his being are mingled and symbolized. But it requires a commensurate wisdom, sensibility, trained skill and impartiality, to interpret what it implies. Give a man a completely developed and freed voice and there is nothing in his experience which he cannot suggest by it. Nothing can be clearer or more impressive than the revelation of character by the voice: the *stutter* of the frightened dolt, the *lisp* of the fop, the *broad blast* of the boor, the *clarion note* of the leader, the *nasal whine* of the hypocrite, the *muddy and rancous vocality* of vice and disease, the *crystal clarity* and *precision* of honest health and refinement. Cooke spoke with two voices, one harsh and severe, one mild and caressing. His greatest effects were produced by a rapid transition from one to the other.

ACTIONS.—Actions speak louder than words. This language is deeds, the completest single expression of the whole man. The thoughts, affections, designs, expose and execute themselves in rounded revelation and fulfillment in a deed. The deeds of every man betray what he has been, demonstrate what he is, and prophecy what he will become. Deeds are, above all, the special dramatic language, because the dramatic art seeks to unveil human nature by a representation of it, not in description, but in living action.

These nine languages or sets of outer signs for revealing inner states, are all sustained and pervaded by a system of invisible motions or molecular vibrations in the brain and the other nerve-centres. From the differing nature, extent, and combination of these occult vibrations in the secret nerve-cen-

tres originate the characteristic peculiarities of individuals. Every vital or conscious state of man is accompanied by appropriate kinds and rates of organic undulations or pulses of force, and if revealed it is by means of these. The forms and measures of these vibrations—whether *rectilinear*, *spherical*, *circular*, *elliptical* or *spiral*,—the width of their gamut, the slowness and swiftness of the beats of their extremes, and the complexity and harmony of their co-operation, determine the quality and scale of the man. The signals of these concealed things hint the kind and degree of his power, the scope and rank of his being, because suggestive of the subtlety and power of the modes of motion vibrating within. The variety of modes and degrees in which characters are modified under the influence of passion,—the variety of changes in the adaptation of expression to character, perpetually altering with the situations,—such are the elements of the dramatic art. What cannot be said can be looked; what cannot be looked can be gesticulated, and be understood. The knowledge of these elements formulated and systematized composes the true standard of dramatic action.

Without it the player has to depend on intuition, inspiration, instinct, luck, guess-work and imitation. He has not the safe guidance of fundamental principles. One of the greatest causes of error in acting is the difficulty of determining exactly how a character in given circumstances will deport himself,—with what specific combinations of the nine dramatic languages, in what prominence or subtlety, by what degree of reserve or explosiveness will he reveal his inner states through outer signs. The differences and the chances for truthful skill are innumerable; every particular in expression will be modified by every particular in the character acted. The taciturnity of an iron pride, the demonstrativeness of restless vanity, the abundance of unpurposed movements and unvocalized sounds of vulgarity, the careful repression of automatic language by the man of finished culture, are illustrations.

And then the degree of harmony in the different modes of expression by which a given person reveals himself is a point of profound delicacy for actor and critic. In a type of ideal perfection every signal of thought or feeling, of being or purpose,

will denote precisely what it is intended to denote and nothing else, and all the simultaneous signals will agree with one another. But real characters, so far as they fall short of perfection, are inconsistent in their expressions, continually indefinite, superfluous or defective, often flatly contradictory. Multitudes of characters are so undeveloped or ill-developed that they fall into attitudes without fitness or direct significance, employ gestures vaguely or unmeaningly, and are so insincere or little in earnest that their postures, looks, motions and voices carry opposite meanings and thus belie one another. It requires no superficial art to be able to instantly detect every incongruity of this sort, to assign it to its just cause, and to decide whether the fault arises from conscious falsity in the character or from some incompetency of the physical organism to reflect the states of its spiritual occupant. For instance, in sarcastic speech the meaning of the tone contradicts the meaning of the words. The voice is of the head, but the tone is of the heart. So when the voice is soft, the language of the eyes and fingers may be ferocious. In like manner the revelations in form and attitude are deeper and more massive than those of gesture. But in order that all the expressions of the soul through the body should be marked by truth and agreement, it is necessary the soul be completely sincere and unembarrassed, and the body be also free and flexible to reflect its passing states. No character furnishes these conditions perfectly, and it will therefore betray more or less inconsistency in its manifestations. Still every character has a general unity of design and coloring in its type which must be kept prevailingly in view.

The one thing demanded of every actor is that he shall conceive his part with distinctness and represent it coherently. He must have a full and vivid conception of his rôle and present a consistent living picture of it. But this essential condition met, there may be much truth and great merit in many different conceptions and renderings of the same rôle. Then the degree of intellectuality, nobleness, beauty, passion and power, will depend on the quality of the actor. It is one of the most imposing and benign elements in the mission of the stage to show through magnificent examples of depth of passion, force

of will, compass of voice and organic play of revelation, how much wider is the gamut of humanity, how much more intense and exquisite its love, how much more blasting its wrath, more awful its sorrow, more hideous its crime and revenge, more god-like its saintliness and heroism.

The perfect player must have a detached, imaginative, mercurial, yet impassioned mind, lodged in a rich, symmetrical body as full of elastic grace as of commanding power. The spirit must be freely attuned to the whole range of humanity, and the articulations and muscles of the frame so liberated and co-operative as to furnish an instrument responsive to all the play of thought and emotion.

The elements of the art of acting are the applied elements of the science of human nature. They are the same on the stage as in life, save they are there systematized and pronounced, set in relief, and consequently excite a more vivid interest.

There are three natures in man ; the *vital*, the *mental* and *moral*. These express and reveal themselves in three kinds or directions of movement.

The *vital* betrays or asserts itself in *eccentric movement*, movement *from a centre*.

The *mental*, in *ac-centric movement*, movement *towards a centre*.

The *moral*, in *con-centric movement*, movement *around a centre*.

Outward lines of motion express *vital* activity, *inward* lines express *mental*, *curved* lines, which are a blending of the other two, express *moral* or *affectional* activity. This physiological philosophy is the basis of all sound and safe gymnastic. The essential evil and danger of the heavy and violent gymnastic of the circus is that it consists so largely of the outward and inward lives which express the individual will or vital energy and mental purpose. Each of these tends exclusively to strengthen the part it exercises. But two directions of exertion tend to expand and contract, one vital, one mental. Both are expansive in their drain on the volition, but one tends to enlarge the physical organism, the other to shrink it and to produce strict-

ures at every weak point. The former gives a heavy development, the latter an irritable, constricted condition. A true system of gymnastic will perfect all the three natures by not allowing one or the other to become dominant, or its special motions to preponderate, but blending them in those rotatory elliptical or spiral movements which combine the generous expansion of the vital organs and the selfish concentration of the mental faculties in just proportion and thereby constitute the language of the moral nature. Rigid *outward* movements enlarge the bulk and strengthen sensuality. Rigid *inward* movements cramp the organism and break the unity and liberty of its circulations, leading to disease. But *flowing* musical movements justly blent of the other two, in which rhythm is observed, and the extensor muscles are used in preponderance over the contractile so as to neutralize the modern instinctive tendency to use the contractile more than the extensor,—movements in which the motor nerves are, for the same reason, used more than the sensory,—will economize the expenditure of force, soothe the sensibilities, and secure a balanced and harmonious development of the whole man in equal strength and grace. Such a system would remove the tendency to a monstrous force in one part and a dwarfed proportion in another. It will secure health and beauty in a rounded fullness equally removed from shriveled meagreness and repulsive corpulence. The man whose every limb is a whip is thrice more puissant than the man whose every limb is a club.

The deepest secret of the final result of this æsthetic gymnastic is that it gives one the perfect possession of himself in the perfected unity of his organism, *the connective tissue being so developed by the practice of a slow and rhythmical extensor action that it serves as an unbroken bed of solidarity for the whole muscular coating of the man.* Nothing else can be so conducive as this to equilibrium, and consequently to longevity. When this unity is broken by strictures at the articulations or elsewhere, the waves of motion ever beating through the webs of nerves are interrupted, or reflected by devitalized wrinkles which they cannot pass. Hence come inflammations in the outer membrane and catarrh in the inner.

The æsthetic gymnastic is one whose measured and curvilinear movements will not be wasteful of force, but conservative of it, by keeping the molecular vibrations circulating in the organism in perpetual translations of their power instead of shaking them out by sharp angles and shocks. This will develop brain, nerves, the genius and character, as the old system developed muscles and the viscera. It will lead to harmony, inspiration, long life.

The chest and neck, the arm and hand, the face and head, and the voice, depend on and contribute to one another, and each in its turn may be made the most potent of the agents of expression. If the primacy be assigned to any organ it must be to the central and royal faculty of voice, since this is the most varied and complex and intellectual of all the channels of thought and emotion. A perfected voice can reveal almost everything which human nature is capable of thinking or feeling. For this high result not only uncommon endowment by nature is necessary, but likewise an exquisite artistic training, prolonged with skill and patience.

The *perfection of voice* is a detached vocal mentality which uses the column of respiratory air alone as an instrument, sending its vibrations freely into the sonorous surfaces around it, at will, in such varying texture and quality of sound, such modified degrees of softness, or hardness, energy or gentleness, as would suggest bolts of steel, of gold, of silver, of opal ; waves of velvet or fire ; ribbons of satin or crystal. This to come from a mass of electric sensibility, all alive, and in response to the touches of ideas within, to give out tones through the whole diapason of humanity. The muscular connections of the thoracic and abdominal structure are brought into unity, every part playing into all and propagating every vibration and undulation. At the slightest volition the entire space sounding becomes a vital whole ; all its walls compressing and relaxing with elastic exactitude, or yielding in supple undulation so as to reveal in the sounds emitted precisely the thought and emotion. Then the voice appears a pure mental agent. It seems to reside in the centre of the breath, using air alone to articulate its syllables.

Such a voice requires a systematic drill based on ultimate laws, and presided over by a consummate ideal, an ideal which is the result of traditions of vocal training.

Voice is the soul of the drama, facial expression is its life.

The mechanism of the dramatic art must be a second nature. At times the personality is so deep and the emotion so strong, and perhaps so private, that artificiality—the inevitable blemish of inexperienced art—will always, in a novice's work, render the performance tame, mere routine at best, imitative at that.

Some are of that shallow nature, as denoted in overweening attention to dress, obtrusive self-consciousness, and the paltry triviality of an attitudinizing manner, utterly opposed to genius and extraordinary ability. It is rather of the angular form, passionless spirit, the situations perhaps forcible in themselves, deriving no magnetism from the thin soul poured into them.

The Schools of Acting.

The *Romantic* school of acting, in its separate purity, is sensational or *natural*, exhibiting characters of physical and mental realism; the *Classic* school is reflective or *artistic*, representing characters of the imagination. The former springs from strong and sincere *impulses*, the latter from clear and mastered *perceptions*. That is based on the instincts and passions, and is predominantly imitative or reproductive; this rests on the intellect and imagination, and is predominantly creative.

The one projects the thing in reflex life as it exists in reality; the other reveals it, as in a glass. That is nature brought alive on the stage; this is art repeating nature refined at one mental remove. They *resemble* and *contrast each other* as the hurtless image of the bird mirrored in the lake would correspond with its concrete cause above, could it while yet remaining a mere reflection, address our other senses as it now does the eye. The sensational acting of crude nature is characteristically sympathetic and mimetic in its origin, enslaved, expensive of force, and mainly seated in the nervous centres of the body. The artistic acting of the accomplished master is characteristically spiritual and self-creative in its origin, free, economical of exertion, and

mainly seated in the nervous centres of the brain. The one actor lives his part, and is the character he represents ; the other plays his part, and truly portrays the character he imagines.

The *Classic* is self-controlled, stately, deliberately does what it consciously predetermines to do, trusts as much to the expressive power of attitudes and poses as to facial changes and voice. It elaborates its rôle by systematic critical study, leaving nothing to chance, caprice, or instinct.

The *Romantic* permeates itself with the situations and feeling of its rôle, and then is full of impetuosity and abandon, giving free vent to the passions of the part and open swing to the energies of the performer. The one is marked by careful consistency and studious finish, the other by impulsive truth, abrupt force, electric bursts. That abounds in the refinements of polished art, this abounds in the sensational effects of aroused and free nature. The former is adapted to delight the cultivated, the latter thrills the unsophisticated.

Sensational acting takes its origin in the senses and passes thence through the muscles without the intervention of the mind. This is the acting of the parrot,—mimicry. *Artistic* acting originates in the mind and is freely sent thence through the proper channels of expression. The true definition of art is *feeling passed through thought and fixed in form*. When the intellectualized feeling is fixed in its just form, it should be made over to the automatic nerves, and the brain be relieved from the care of its oversight and direction. Then playing becomes beautiful, because it is at ease in unconscious spontaneity. Otherwise it becomes repulsive to the delicate observer, because it is laborious. The brain must cease to do the work, and the volition must not cause friction and an organic expense to make the sensitive shrink.

Melodramatic acting is physical rather than mental movement, and which makes more interest of the situations than of the revelation of the characters. For example, the pantomimic expression of great passions is melodramatic.

Sensation is to be desired in a play. The spectators desire to feel more keenly, more nobly. To be capable of such astounding outbursts of power and passion as to electrify all



THE STAGE.—“BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.”

who behold, curdle their very marrow, and cause them ever after to remember, is a glorious endowment. True sensationalism is the very desideratum and glory of the stage.

Actors of genius substitute—only enlarging the scale—the abruptness, the changes, the conversational vivacity of tone, emphasis and inflection, natural to a man with a voice, played upon by genuine passions, uttering thoughts and sentiments.

The *Classic* school modulates from the idea of dignity. Its attributes are unity, calmness, gravity, symmetry, power, harmonic severity.

The *Romantic* school modulates from the idea of sensational effect. Its attributes are variety, change, excitement, sudden contrasts, alternations of accord and discord, vehement extremes. The vices of the *former* are proud rigidity, and frigidity, pompous formality and mechanical bombast. The vices of the *latter* are incongruity, sensational extravagance, and affectation. The *classic* virtue is unity set in relief, but a mathematical chill was its fault. The *romantic* virtue is variety set in relief, but its bane was inconsistency.

The *Romantic* school early began to branch in two directions; the *melodramatic*, which has no system, is but instinct and passion let loose and run wild, and the *natural*.

The *Classic* also had two directions, one branch led to death in icy formalism, and slavish subserviency to empiric rules; the other to the perfecting of vital genius and skill in the rounded fullness of truth; not truth as refracted in crude individualities, but as generalized into a scientific art. This higher result of the *classic*, joined with that of the *romantic*, constitutes the *artistic*.

The *Natural* is merely empirical, grasped by intuition, instinct, observation, and practice, with no commanded insight of ultimate principles.

The *Artistic* is scientific, the materials and methods being mastered by a philosophical study which employs all the means of enlightenment and inspiration systematically co-ordinated and applied.

Betterton was of the classic, with the romantic and the

natural and a strong determination towards the artistic. Garrick was more of the natural and artistic. He introduced the conversational manner.

The *Natural*, as a rule, does not enough discriminate between the terror that paralyzes the brain and the horror that turns the stomach.

The *Artistic* lowers and absorbs the minor details in its broad grasp of the whole.

The *Classic* is the idea of grandeur, dignity,—its attribute is power in repose. The *romantic* is effectiveness, its attribute is power in excitement. The *natural* is sincerity, its attribute is alternation of power in repose and excitement. The *artistic* is truth, its attributes are freedom from personal crudity, and prejudice, liberation of the faculties of the soul and the functions of the body, and an exact discrimination of the accidental and the individual from the essential and the universal; not as the workings of nature in any given person, however sincere, but as they are generalized into laws by a mastery of all the standards of comparison and classification. Sincerity is individual truth, but truth is universal sincerity. The sincere *natural* is limited to the reflections of nature in the refracting individuality of the actor. The true *artistic* purifies, corrects, supplements and harmonizes individual perceptions by the consensus of averages, or elimination of the personal equation, which dispels illusions and reveals permanent principles.

The perfect artist will build a form of character in the cold marble of pure intellect and then transfuse it with passion till it blushes and burns. He will also reverse the process, seize the spiritual shape born flaming from intuitive passion, change it into critical perception, and deposit it in memory for subsequent evocation at will. This is more than nature. Garrick, Siddons, Talma, Rachel, Ristori and Salvini were natural, and, more,—artistic.

The *Artistic* practically still lies in the future, although its boundaries have been mapped, and its contents thus far sketched.

By a scientifically *artistic* school of acting is not meant, as some perversely understand, a cold-blooded procedure on me-

chanical calculations, but a systematic application of the exact methods of science to the materials and practice of the dramatic art. One must have spontaneous genius, passion, inspiration, and mimetic instinct, and a patient training in the actual exercise of his profession, no less than if he were of the two other schools; while in addition he seizes the laws of revelation by analysis and generalization, and gains a complete possession of the organic apparatus for their display in his own person by a physical and mental drill, minute and systematic to the last degree. It is a combination of all the others perfected by knowledge and a drill methodically applied.

The business of the actor is to reveal the secrets of the characters he represents by giving them open manifestation. This is the art of commanding the discriminated manifestations of human nature. If not based on the science of the structure and workings of human nature it is not an art but empiricism.

Every *form* has its meaning, every *attitude*, every *motion*, every *sound*. Every combination of these has its meaning. These meanings are intrinsic or conventional, or both. Their purport, value, rank, beauty, merit, may be exactly determined, fixed, defined, portrayed. The knowledge of all this with reference to human nature, methodically arranged, constitutes the scientific foundation for the dramatic representation. Then the art consists in setting it all in free living play. The first thing is a complete analysis and synthesis of the actions and reactions of our nature in its three divisions of intelligence, instinct, and passion; mind, heart, and conscience; mentality, vitality, and morality. The second thing is a complete command of the whole apparatus of expression, so that when it is known exactly what the action of each muscle or of each combination of muscles signifies, the actor may have the power to effect the requisite muscular adjustment and excitation. The first requisite, then, is a competent psychological knowledge of the spiritual functions of men, with a sympathetic quickness to summon them into life; and the second, a correspondent knowledge of anatomy and physiology applied in a gymnastic drill to liberate all the parts of the organism from

stiffness and stricture and unify it into a flexible and elastic whole. This æsthetic gymnastic is a series of exercises aiming to invigorate the tissues and free the articulations of the body, so as to give every joint and muscle the greatest possible ease and breadth of movement, and secure at once the fullest liberty of each part and the exactest co-operation of all. This finished, the actor is competent to exemplify every physical feat and capacity of man. Furthermore are certain gambuts of expression for the face, the practice of which gives the brows, eyes, nose, and mouth their utmost vital mobility. For these one needs to sit before a mirror and cause to pass over the face, from ideas within, series of revelatory pictures, beginning, perhaps, with death, and ascending through idiocy, drunkenness, despair, interest, curiosity, surprise, wonder, astonishment, fear, and terror, to horror; or from grief, through pity, love, joy, delight, to ecstasy. Then reverse, phase by phase, to starting-point of expression. When able at will to instantly summon the distinct and vivid picture of the feeling needed, he is so far ready for his professional career.

Such is the training of the artistic school demanded of the consummate actor. It is absurd to suppose that the perfecting of his mechanism makes a man mechanical. It spiritualizes him. It is a ridiculous prejudice which so fancies. It releases the organism from strictures, and so far from preventing inspiration, invites and enhances it by fit preparation and conditions. The circulating curves of this æsthetic gymnastic, whose soft elliptical lines supersede the hard and violent angles of the vulgar style, and raise man towards the likeness of a god, then as the influence of thought and feeling breathes through him, the changes of the features and the movements of the limbs and of the different zones of the body are so fused and inter-fluent, that they modulate the flesh as if it were materialized music.

Such a system teaches the actor to shrink and diminish his stature under the shriveling contraction of meanness and cowardice, or suspicion and crime, until it seems dwarfed, or lift and dilate it under the inspiration of grand ideas and magnanimous passions, until it seems gigantic, and awes the spectator as something supernatural.

True art arises from the desire to convert conceptions into perceptions, which enhance and prolong in order to revive at will, and impart to others.

Grace without force is the product of weakness, and can please none save those whose sensibilities are drained. Force without grace is like a figure flayed and shocks taste. Grace in force and force in grace, combined impetuosity and moderation, power revealed hinting a far mightier power reserved, this irresistibly charms all. Only the few attain this to a superlative degree, for it requires richness of soul, spontaneous instinct, analytic study, systematic drill, patience, delicacy and energy. The elements of the stage are those of life, but more pronounced and more distinctly prominent. The greater art is better than the greater nature. The grand movements of the soul lift man into an ideal nature. It is originality superseded by ideality.

Adherence to mere authority, tradition, usage, or dry technicality, is fatal to inspiration. This carried to an extreme makes the most cultivated a mere mechanician. There is an infinite distance from such external elaboration to the surprises of feeling which open the soul directly upon the mysteries of experience, send cold waves of awe through the nerves, and convert the man into a sublime automaton of elemental nature, or a hand with which God himself gesticulates. Then the acting is not from the surface of the brain but from dynamic deeps of the system. Then the arms become instruments of a visible music of passion mysteriously powerful. Action from the distal extremities of the nerves is feverish, twitching, anxious, with a fidgety and wasteful expensiveness of force, while action from their central extremities is steady, harmonious, commanding, economical of force. The nearer to the central insertions of the muscles the initial impulses take effect, so much the longer the lines they fling, the acuter angles they subtend, the vaster the segments they cut and the areas they sweep. This suggests to the imagination of the spectator a god-like dignity and greatness.

The consummate artist, observing principles, does everything easily; the empiric, striving at facts, does everything laboriously. Feeling transmuted into art by being passed through thought and fixed in form is transferred for its exem-

plification from the volition of the cerebral nerves to the automatic execution of the spinal. This does not exhaust the strength. But when feeling is livingly radiated into form by the will freshly exerted each time, the exaction on the forces of the organism is great. It is then nature in her expansiveness that is seen, rather than art. In Barry excessive sensibility overcame his powers. It was heart, not head. Garrick never lost possession of himself and of his acting. The one felt all he said : the other remained cool, and yet by his kingly self-control forced his audience to feel so much more.

In the *artistic* school the actor is like a lens of ice. The player who can pour the full fire of passion through his soul while his nerves remain firm and calm, has command of every power of nature, and reaches the greatest effects without waste.

Everything repulsive or petty lessens and lowers us. The signs of such states are to be withheld. The signs of beautiful, powerful, and sublime states enrich and exalt those who recognize and reproduce their meaning.

In the sculptures of Phidias the most exquisite living development into unity of all the organs and faculties of man is petrified for posterity to behold.

Average persons and their average lives are prosaic, often mean and tiresome. They have no conception of the august or appalling extremes reached by those of the greatest endowments, the intensities of their experience, the grandeurs and the mysteries of their fate. Garrick, Salvini, Rachel or Ristori carrying the graduated signals of love to the climax of beatific bliss, or the signals of jealousy to the explosive point of madness, makes common persons feel that they had not dreamed what these passions were. They are brought to see the exceptional greatness of humanity and initiated into some appreciation of those astonishing passions, feats, and utterances of genius which must otherwise have remained sealed mysteries to them. Rachel used to stand, every nerve seeming an adder, and freeze and thrill the audience with terror, as her fusing gestures, perfectly automatic although guided by will, glided in slow continuity of curves, or darted in electric starts. The com-

manding majesty, intelligence and passion of Mrs. Siddons seemed to bring her audience before her and not her before her audience.

The spiritual sphere of an individual is attractive or repulsive, strong or weak, vast or little, harmonious or discordant.

A tragedian advances on the stage with a quiet step and countenance calm. Without a gesture or a word, he simply is and looks. Yet, as he approaches, awe spreads around. A breathless silence all over the theatre, a rooted attention from all. As he speaks his voice, quick and deep, seems to pronounce supernatural oracles. By what transcendent faculty does he render hate so terrible, irony so frightful, disdain so superhuman, devotion so entrancing, love so inexpressibly sweet, while the whole assembly rivet their eyes and hold their breath as their hearts throb under the mystic influence. The secret is purely a matter of law without anything of chance.

It has two elements, beauty and power—both expressed in shape, features, motions, tones. Shapes, features and tones, are results and revelations of modes of motion. The face is shaped and modulated by the ideal forces within, the rhythmical vibrations which preside over the processes of nutrition. All those shapes or movements which in their completeness constitute, or in their segments imply, returning curves or undulations, such as circles, ellipses, and spirals, are beautiful. They suggest economy of force, ease of function, sustained vitality, and potency. Abrupt changes of direction, sudden snatches, and breaks of movement, sharp angles, are ugly and repellent, because they suggest waste of force, difficulty of function, discord of the individual with the universal.

Endless lines or undulations circling in themselves, is the law of beauty which, just in proportion to its pervasive prevalence and exhibition in any one, gives its possessor charm. The subtle indication of this in the incessant and innumerable play of the person fascinates and delights all who see it; and those who do not consciously perceive it are still influenced in the unconscious depths of their nature.

The element of power is closely allied in its mode of revela-

tion and influence with that of beauty. Every attitude, gesture or facial expression is composed of contours and lines, static, dynamic, latent and explicit, fragmentary and complete, straight, curved, or angularly crooked. Now, the nature of these lines, the degree in which their curves return or do not return into themselves, the nature and sizes of the figures they describe, or would describe if completed according to their indicative commencements, determine their beauty or ugliness and decide what effect they shall produce on the spectator. The beauty is proportioned to the preponderance of endless lines and therefore of perfect grace. The power by exertion made to effect produced. All force expended passes off on angular lines. The angles of movement may be obtuse or sharp in varying degrees, and consequently subtend lines of different lengths. All attitudes and gestures compose curves and figures, or cast lines and form angles, which constitute their æsthetic and dynamic values, those measuring beauty, these power. For, on the principle of lever and momentum, the power expended at the end of a line is equal to that exerted at the beginning of the line multiplied by its length. The amounts of exertion and the lengths of lines are unconsciously estimated by the intuitions of the observer, and the unconscious interpretations to which he is led are what yield the impressions experienced. The greatest sense of power is received when the smallest weight at the central extremity balances the largest one at the distal. The law of combined beauty and power of action, then, is contained in the relations of returning lines and lengths of straight lines. The measure of dramatic expression is this : impression of grace from preponderance of perpetuating curves, and strength, by degrees of the angles formed by the straight lines.

The organism with the greatest freedom of the parts, and the greatest unity of the whole, the most perfect co-operation of all the nerve-centres in a free dynamic solidarity and the most complete surrender of the individual will to universal principles, will have the greatest influence, or "the greatest personal magnetism." The divinest character expresses itself in softly flowing forms and inexpensive movements. The most royal and august majesty of function indicates its rank of power by the

slightest exertions implying the vastest effects. Frivolous, false and vulgar characters are ever full of short lines, incongruous and broken motions, curves everywhere subordinated and angles obtrusive. Such persons are, it is said, destitute of magnetism. They cannot possibly charm or awe. The quality, grade, and measure of a personality are revealed primarily in the proportions, secondarily in the movements. The truth is all there, though all may not be competent to interpret. The most harmonious and perfect character will show the most exquisite symmetry and grace of repose and action. Beauty of motion, the implication of endless lines, is the normal sign of loveliness of soul. Grandeur of soul or dynamic greatness of mind is indicated by implicit extent and ponderous slowness of motion. When the smallest displays of motion at the centres suggest the most sustained and extended lines, the impression given of power is the most mysterious and overwhelming. The most tremendous exertions in lines and angles whose invisible complements are small, produce a weak impression, because they do not appeal to the imagination. The beauty of the figures implied in the forms of the movements of a man is the analogue of his goodness ; the dimensions of the figures, of his strength.

The charm of a delicious, musical, powerful voice, has these four elements : beautiful forms in its vibrations, perfect rhythm or equidistance of them, with varying breadth, and also varying extent of vibratory surface in the sounding mechanism. Without knowing these conditions, the sensitive hearer accurately responds. It is the same with the geometrical lines and figures involved in the bearing of a person. This is the law of personal magnetism which always exerts the vastest swing of power from the most exactly centred equilibrium. The mysteries of God are revealed in space and time through form and motion. They are concentrated in rhythm, which is the simultaneous vibration of number, weight and measure. The secret of the delight that waits on the perception or feeling of beauty and power is the recognition of sequent ratios which express symmetry in space or geometric law. Spatial symmetry is the law of equilibrium, the adjustment of the individual with the universal, and measures power. Temporal symmetry is the law of

health, the pulsating adjustment of function with its norm, and measures the melodious flow of life.

Rhythm is the constant dynamic reproduction of symmetry in space and time combined. It is the secret of personal magnetism. Its charm and its power are at their height when the symmetries are most varied in detail and most perfect in unity.

The dilettante, in his dryness, is incapable of enthusiasm. And there are multitudes so harassed and exhausted in the selfish contest, their hearts and imaginations so perverted and shriveled, that it is one of the supreme benefactions that a great actor intensifies and illuminates the language of a character, and fixes attention on its import by lifting all its modes of expression to their highest pitch.

Of the tragedians, it may be said that the Othello of *Quin* was a jealous plebeian ; of *Kean*, a jealous king and a jealous savage ; of the elder *Vanderhoff*, a jealous general ; of *Macready*, a jealous theatrical player ; of *Brooke*, a jealous knight ; of *Salvini*, a jealous lover transformed into a jealous tiger.

Nothing is so charming as a just and vivid play of the spiritual faculties through all the languages of their outer signs, in the friendly intercourse of real life. The suppression of the free play of the organism stiffens and sterilizes human nature, impoverishes the interchanges of souls, makes existence formal and barren. A man grooved in bigotry with no alert intelligence and sympathy is a repulsive companion. He moves like a puppet and talks like a galvanized corpse. But one thoroughly possessed by the dramatic spirit, with his faculties all free and earnest, speaks like an angel and moves like a god.

As a guiding hint, the central law of dramatic expression may here be explicitly formulated. All *emotions* that betoken the *exaltation of life*, or the recognition of influences that tend to *heighten life*, confirm the face, but *expand* and *brighten* it.

All *emotions* that indicate the *sinking of life*, or the recognition of influences that threaten to *lower life*, *relax* and *vacate* the face if these emotions are *negative* ; *contract* and *darken* it

if positive. In answer to the *exalting* influences the face either grasps what it has, or opens and smiles to hail and receive what is offered; in answer to the *depressing* influences it either *droops* under its load, or *shuts* and *frowns* to oppose and exclude what is threatened. The *eyes* reveal the mental states; the muscles reveal the effects of those states in the body. In *genial* states *active*, the *eyes* and *muscles* are both intense, but the eyes are smiling. In *genial* states *passive*, the eyes are intense, the muscles languid. In *hostile* states *active*, both *eyes* and *muscles* are *intense*, but the *eyes* are *frowning*. In *hostile* states *passive*, the *eyes* are *languid*, the *muscles* *intense*. In *simple* or *harmonious* states, the *eyes* and *muscles* agree in their excitement or relaxation. In *complex* and *inconsistent* states, the *eyes* and *muscles* are opposed in their expression. The whole philosophy would comprehend a volume.

The active Sublime—Marches, rushes or stalks straight to its object, like the soldier, lion, eagle, lightning. It is stately and majestic, not threatening. It is armor, artillery, trumpets, man. It has two colors strong in contrast; sudden harmony. It is compressed, concentrated, abrupt, energetic, vast, definite; no accessories, to the point; distinct, compels conviction. Volition, not sentiment. It is turbulent, rapid, harsh, broken, sharp contrast. It delights in crushing, grinding, tearing. It is the Greek ode,—Tragedy.

The passive Sublime—Is slow movement, like the sailing of a balloon, soaring of an eagle. It is heavy drapery; few folds to make the *great flexures* of the body; the small ones being unseen. It has no ornaments. It is like the ocean-murmur, or a deep bell. It is serene, equable, grave, sonorous, a vast tide swelling to a full volume, long. It is blank verse,—Religion.

The Beautiful—Is undulating, gentle; reclines; is sprightly; it springs, leaps, runs, sings, dances. It is light, soft, long, waving drapery; sinuous folds. Its ornaments are few, pearly, opalaceous, iridescent, not sparkling, intense, but delicate; on points of rest, not motion. It blends, it is the flute, is woman. It is the sonnet.

The Vivid—Is angles, jewels ; like rockets ; voice in keeping deep or light, petty emphasis, and glittering accessories. Shows all parts, hands, arms, feet ; dress elastic, parti-colored ; ornaments many, sparkling. It is birds ; children. It is short, brilliant, witty, rapid. It is crackling, crisp. It is satire,—Comedy.

The eye of *man* is direct, steadfast ; surveys, observes, is serious ; that of *woman* is gentle, waving ; it glances, is joyant.

Stimulants.—You cannot hide any secret. If the actor resort to stimulants his work will characterize itself as the effect of such. You put the spectator in the same state of mind and in the same proportion. There are no secrets. Society is a masked ball, where every one hides his real character, and reveals it by hiding.

He who has acquired the ability may wait securely the occasion of making it felt. Men talk as if victory were fortune. Work is success.

To make our word or act sublime, we must make it real. It is system ; not a single word or action. Use whatever language you can, never say anything but what you are.

'Tis incredible what force the will has.

The faithful can reverse all former warnings under guidance of a deeper instinct. He learns that adversity is the prosperity of the great. He learns the greatness of humility. He shall work in the dark, against failure, pain and ill-will. If insulted he can be insulted ; he is not to insult. In the greatest trials it surprises him with a feeling of elasticity which makes nothing of all.

A true actor feels at once the effect of every touch in his rôle, as some men sensitively discern at once whether they offend or delight, while to others less keen no such indications are apparent.

Realistic Acting.

A player capering nimbly about and talking in what he calls natural tones, without regard for the old didactic forms of

speech ; maundering in his realistic *far niente* style through the old comedies ; this realistic acting, and repeating unelocutionized colloquy at times, seems to get the better of the stage and its creatures, and those who cannot act, set the fashion for those who can, and real art seems at once submerged by the rose-water sea of society drama. But the art is not yet utterly lost, as occasionally evinced by those few of the artistic who oppose themselves to the miserable, shallow, so-called realistic, and such genuine actors as they have never found it necessary to unlearn their art in order that they might drone through a part, and make themselves stupid in order that they might be natural. How stupid to attempt to break down the principles of art that made them great. This "high polite" style of performance where the entire dialogue is in a state of mental coma, and the speech and action are mere reproductions in tone and movement of what we hear and see every day on the street and in the drawing-room is becoming monotonous. It is not art either, it is mere mimicry. It is a low grade of talent actors are reducing themselves to. There is not enough variety in their subject to raise its reproduction to the dignity of an art. It is melancholy indeed to see an actor of natural abilities falling into such errors, and the great wonder is that he can be content to chain down his ambition and relinquish the freedom of a possible genius to smother the art voice within him to the minor key and monotone of the new realistic school of talk and play. Every gentleman who is represented on the stage nowadays is a sort of creature of the "strike-you-with-a-feather sort." Why can't our actors give over being so very nice ? Why must they make a character an ass as a preliminary to making it a gentleman ? Why can't a gentleman of to-day be portrayed on the stage with the qualities of a man, just as they are—pure and simple, brusque, hearty, and manly ?

Why ? Because of this same realistic (!) style which is pervading the theatres and making the air of the coulisses heavy with its anæsthetic odors.

The artist never thinks any more of bringing out the mental qualities of the gentleman of to-day, or of building up the character by mental pictures and reproduction of subtle points of

character. That would be too much like acting, and it would be dealing with the mind as well as the body, and would detract from the "realism" of the scene. Can't one be a gentleman and manly at the same time? Is there anything in the good round full voice of mature manhood, or in the frank, healthy ways of the perfect man that is opposed to the quality of a gentleman? Yet not a single gentleman as represented on the stage is manly—he has all the qualities of Hildebrand Montrose, but none of those rugged ways of the genuine man. His ways are what the boarding-school misses call "refined," his voice is of the "sucking dove" modulation and of the "Ta-ta, George" timbre.

This is the new school. Another of the lost arts of the stage—lost because sunk in the whelming overflow of stupid "realistic" notions—is the art of "make-up." The "gentleman" of the mimic scene knows of no make-up art but that which makes him beautiful. The whole process consists merely in the gumming of a moustache, a greasing and powdering of face and hands, a blackening of eyebrows and eyelashes and a painting of the ears. The vanities of this stage gentleman are ridiculous. If you get close enough to the stage any night, you may see a red spot on the chin of the actor who is made up to be a pretty "perfect gentleman." That red spot represents a dimple. All his make-up powers are effeminate and point merely to the beautification of his vain self. No actor can be said to know his business until he has acquired this art of "make-up," which seems likely to prove another of the lost arts of the stage. As for the ladies—the actresses—they have lost the art of artistic make-up altogether.

Our actresses have taken to the French methods of make-up. They put the black cosmetic on their eyelids very thickly from a heated hair-pin, plaster their faces with a chalky paste, paint their lips with rouge, thus destroying all expression, redden their cheek-bones high up on the side of the face, and paint the eyelids all around with shaded vermilion. A black mark around the nostrils, pink dabs on the ears, and a plentiful use of "whitewash" for the arms and neck, constitute all the art. The make-up is the same for an old woman as a young one, and

the result is that our actresses look like French ballerinas in long clothes, and their features plastered with pigments inartistically laid on, are capable of no expression at all, or at most, of only the ballerina's grin. This is why when you sit back in the parquette and view their features as they act, they are a mere whitewashed and reddened blank, utterly lacking nobility, and giving not the faintest expression to the spoken emotion of the play. Stage art, as far as the women of the stage are concerned, has given place to artfulness.

The arts they have imitated from the French ballet people are not arts at all, but mere artfulness, which does not become the ladies of our stage. There is no woman who can give emotional expression to her lines with her lips reddened with vermilion and half her mouth "painted out" with white plaster, while the lips are "painted in," in the shape of ridiculous proportions of what is intended to represent a rosebud. Such ridiculous vanity is not becoming to women of brains, and the principles of stage make-up should be remodeled entirely if they would improve their acting-faces to something more than mere rude masks.

Dramatic art, no matter how low the subject, should always treat it in a clean, high, poetic manner. No photography is wanted; and, furthermore, it always offends and always fails. Tenderness or strength are more frequently required in a more than conventional degree; something deeper, broader and more sonorous than is exacted in the lighter ephemeral "society plays." Such pieces are passions of the nerves, not heart. Playing in society is more injurious than useful, even if in standard pieces.

The best rule for a performer is to forget, if possible, that any audience is listening. One performs best of all in his closet, and next best to crowded houses; but scarcely ever is there a good performer who sees his audience.

The Power of Minuteness.

It is scarcely credible upon how minute an article of sound depends the greatest beauty or delicacy of poetical numbers,

especially where the sentiments are pathetic. The least syllable too long or too slightly dwelt upon in a period, depreciates it to nothing ; which very syllable, if rightly touched, shall, like the heightening stroke from a master's pencil, give life and spirit to the whole. There is also a kind of language in agreeable sounds, which, like the aspect of beauty, without words, speaks to the imagination.

Authors.

Some authors, in reading their plays to the actors, for the first time, may give the plain sense, yet on the whole be cold, flat, and unaffecting ; while others, as is instanced of Lee, may be quite the reverse. The author mentioned read on one occasion so effectively that a leading actor threw down his part saying, "Unless I were able to *play* it as well as you read it why should I undertake it ?" And yet this very author was unable to act himself. This proves that let one's conception of a part be ever so just, or so true, there must go with them a certain freedom and grace, which is easier to conceive than describe.

Eye and Ear.

The eye is much more affected and its observations strike deeper into the memory, than those by the ear. On the stage both senses are in conjunction.

Level speaking is regarded as highly precious by actors ; it is one of the rarest of histrionic gifts and accomplishments. It was the distinguishing characteristics of the elder Kean's delivery. It is on the middle voice. Inspiration quick, expiration slow.

Women—Acting.

As to the idea that acting is incompatible with female virtue and modesty, it is not merely an insult to the estimable women who have and still adorn the stage, but to all womankind. Vanity, jealousy, selfishness, the spirit of intrigue, the morbid effects of over-excitement are not confined to actresses ; if women placed in this position do require caution and dignity to ward off temptation, and self-control to resist it, and some knowledge of their own structures and the liabilities incurred by their profession, in order to manage better their own health,

moral and physical, then they only require what all women should possess—what every woman needs, no matter what her position.

An artist, properly so called, is a woman who is not ashamed of the public exercise of her talent, but rather feels a just pride in its possession and her ability to use it, as a gift for the use of which she will be held responsible. As an artist she takes her place in society, content to be known and honored as such ; not shunning the refined and aristocratic, nor those of any life since she belongs to none, but is the delight of all. The sentiments she utters in public are not parodized by private deportment. She is queenly in both. An artist among artists, identifying herself with their interests, sympathetic, helpful, she keeps aloof from degrading competitions, and low or sensual habits ; and doomed to go in company with all that is most painful, most abhorrent to her feelings, turns that necessity to glorious gain. She moves through the vulgar and prosaic accompaniments of her *behind-the-scenes* existence, without allowing it to trench upon the poetry of her conceptions ; and throws herself upon the sympathy of an excited and admiring public without being the slave of its caprices. She feels that on her, of her own class, is laid the deep responsibility of elevating or degrading the whole profession, to the gifted and high-minded a really elegant and exalted vocation. Such it is to the conscientious and the pure-hearted.

The life of an actress has its special dangers, yet there is nothing in it inconsistent with virtue. But the career of one risen to be petted by the public, flattered by the great, thrown in close relations with various strange men, and unable to select her own associates, is beset with extraordinary temptation, and friends even should take extraordinary pains to guard against them.

It seems almost improbable that any fashionably educated woman—one brought up to figure in society—can ever become a *great* or *good tragic* actress. All they have been *taught* goes to extinguish the materials out of which an actress is formed—acquaintance with the *passions*, the feelings common to all, and indulged and expressed with comparative freedom in the poorer

conditions of life, but subjugated, restrained, and concealed generally by high-bred persons.

Dramatic Screams.

To scream is a terribly difficult thing to do, except after long practice. There is no happy medium in a scream ; it is either thrilling, or so funny as to set the audience laughing, which is ruin to a serious "situation." An actress declared she couldn't scream. The star insisted she should scream at rehearsal. In vain she opened her mouth and scraped her throat—no sound came. At home, before the glass, on the stairs, at table, everywhere she was trying to scream, but without result. The last rehearsal came, and Adams, a trifle out of patience at her voiceless efforts, thought he would start her screaming with sudden pain ; so he seized her arm and gave it a fierce nip between his fingers ; but all she did was to gasp out an indignant, "Edwin Adams—you—you—"

At night she succeeded no better than at rehearsal, and brought down the house with a roar by a queer little screech. This ruined the play. The star raved, and the manager threatened to discharge her. Mortified, crestfallen, almost heart-broken, the poor actress wept herself to sleep, refusing to be comforted. About two o'clock the next morning the whole house was aroused and alarmed by a terrifically tragic, blood-curdling yell, as if murder was being done, accompanied by the words, "*Adwin Edams—you—you—*"

Garrick and Mrs. Siddons were distinctly heard in the softest sounds, when others were scarcely intelligible, though offensively loud. This quality comes from dwelling with nearly uniform loudness on the whole of every syllable and confining the compass of the voice to a few tones, and in general a deliberate instead of rapid measure.

Dissipation.

If, inflated by success, the young actor commence a life of pleasure or profligacy ; if he mix with the dissolute great or tasteless vulgar, he will not long retain the desire or the power to

cultivate his art. He will be contented with his first thoughts and his judgment will never ripen ; he will pall by unvaried repetition, and grow careless when he excites but little interest. Commencing his career with popularity, he will close it in neglect.

Old Age of Actors.

The longevity of players is remarkable. There was George Holland who died at 78 ; and there is Charles Matthews who frolics still the lightest of light comedians at 74. Edwin Forrest was 65 when he died, and Macready lived till he was 82. Fanny Kemble lives and enjoys life at 60. In the last century we find that Wilkes lived 88 years, Quin 73, Garrick 65, Mrs. Clive 75, Beard 75, Rich 70, Macklin 107, Betterton 75, Mrs. Siddons 77, Quick 80, Colley Cibber 86, Cumberland 79, Murphy 78, Yates 97, Bannister 77, Mrs. Bracegirdle 85, Braham 79, Downton 88, Farren 85, Mrs. Glover 68, Harley 72, Incedon 69, Liston 69, A. Pope 73, J. Russell 79, Mrs. Sparkes 83.

The Day of Performance.

On the day of performance the mind should be kept as intent as possible on the subject of the actor's portraiture, even to the very moment of his entrance on the scene. He meditates himself, as it were, into the very thought and feeling of the being he is to represent ; enwrapt in the idea of the person he assumes, he moves, he looks, and thus almost identifies with the creature of his imagination. It is hardly possible to conceive the representation of character without this preliminary preparation or some such mental process. It was the case with elder Booth, especially so with Macready ; and Ristori for some time before each representation occupies herself in "silent prayer" and meditation. Mrs. Siddons left her home "in character."

At night, the voice and face being stamped with the spirit, the nerves instinctively relax or brace without restraint or affectation.

Keep up part while listening to others and not relax. Go out of yourself, in seeming, into the character.

In tragedy, fuller tone, power ; more pomp ; dwell on the

words. Keep the eyes raised ; the neck erect, easy. Open breast. Save the voice by pauses and looks. It will then be better for great expressions.

Have a significant, silent expression while listening to the rest. Forget you are acting, be absorbed as in life, and not think of audience.

If a hero, not too complaisant, too flexible, but be grand, majestic. Speak like an angel, move like a god. Weigh, by dwelling on the words as if to stamp them upon the understanding, as if parted with reluctantly, till convinced of its effect ; as if the voice hung upon the sound with pleasure but not affectedly. To prevent the slightest affectation give them pathos.

When more than ordinary, draw the breath hard and let it go with a sigh in the same moment. Let the words swim down the sigh.

Two different readings of the same work are often equally good. Soliloquies the most difficult of all reading. In the character of Macbeth, an actor of no great elevation of mind, but of strong imagination, may throw out in his whole manner, so speaking a terror that he shall certainly be the true and perfect image of one who had committed a murder ; but still he may leave a doubt as to whether that murderer be Macbeth.

The moral progression of the part must be the constant inspirer of the actor ; above all, he must keep before him the influence of those *spirits who know all mortal consequences* ; without this mental discipline to regulate the whole, the mere *external* demonstrations will often appear forced, disjointed and unnatural ; a regard to this principle removes all seeming inconsistency, and combines the whole into one great and consistent character.

The difficulties of such a task may well astonish us, and it may be reasonably asked whether all this is done by an actor on the stage ? Such must be the process ; in all efforts approaching to perfection this is done. There is a mode of passing through a character with no more effort than will satisfy a common knowledge of it. If the actor seem to be in earnest, is sufficiently noisy, declaim in the received tone, or has a strange

one of his own—if he practice all the tricks of his profession—if his body be disposed to suitable attitudes, his features wrung into what he calls expression, and he looks successfully, there will be usually little doubt of its being a very fine performance; so no doubt it is. Is this nature well understood? Is this art in its perfection? It is a drilled exercise, which one can do without comprehending the reason of it.

The passions have a thousand shades admitting of palpable discrimination, and it is no light study that he takes up, who would indeed become an actor. The short and royal road is—ask your own heart, what is the situation? and how you would feel in a similar situation.

This can be known only by accurate study, and expressed by the most entire assimilation of the actor to the part. All the delicacies of character must be conceived, or they cannot be expressed; without much refinement in the actor, they will not even be suspected. He should therefore strive to be a man, mentally and personally, highly accomplished.

This style of acting is critical, academic, and is built on a metaphysical search into our nature, and a close attention to all the minutiae of language. It deals therefore in *pauses*, which were not before made; for the unlearned actor cares little about the transitions of thought. He never examines, of the associations of our ideas, how much in dramatic dialogue is suppressed,—and never dreams that the rapid junction of ideas totally unconnected is violent and unmeaning. It lays a peculiar *stress* upon words which before received no emphasis; because it analyzes everything by which meaning is conveyed, and can leave nothing to chance which ought to be settled by reason. To be a just representative of the part, the actor is to become a living commentary on the poet.

The great poet knows his meaning perfectly, and always shows it to his intelligent reader. He gives, at times, passages of high, sublime music, which must be sustained by the actor's organs. He, at intervals, throws in brief touches of feeling, in the language of daily life; and the simpler the expressions are the more brilliant are the effects they produce. The whole play, in such a diction, would be creeping and vulgar.

The learned and perfect actor will at all times be the genuine representative of the poet in the character. The flights of fancy will seem to spring from *his* imagination; the verse will flow from organs accustomed to be delighted with its music.

Even the expression of violent passion is not always the most excellent in proportion as it is the most natural; so great terror and such disagreeable sensations, may be communicated to the audience, that the balance may be destroyed by which pleasure is preserved, and holds its predominancy in the mind; violent distortion of action, harsh screams of the voice, however natural on such an occasion, are not admissible in the theatric art. Many of these allowed deviations from nature arise from the necessity that everything should be raised and enlarged, that the full extent may come home to the spectator which would otherwise be lost in the comparatively extensive space of the theatre. Hence the deliberate and stately step, the studied grace of action which seems to enlarge the dimensions of the actor, and alone to fill the stage. Great actors like space.

All this unnaturalness, though right and proper in its place, would appear affected and ridiculous in a private room, like canons buried in flowers, and reversely certain things that might give pleasure in a parlor would be little and displeasing in a theatre. The *idea* is to be perfectly suited to the *form*, and the *form* to the *idea*. Ideas address themselves to ideas. The labor is the working of the raw material into the smoothness of graceful habit.

An intelligent repose, at times, watchful of all that is said, and yet completely undemonstrative, is the highest and most difficult attainment in acting, and it is its want that leads to excess. The Greek gave to the Thunderer a cheerful face.

The genuine actor has in him a force of enthusiasm that sometimes makes a fool of him, but in the end carries him triumphant. In the meantime his labors are pursued with a pleasurable zest, and perhaps even with such delicious thrills as can be appreciated by him alone. The consciousness of being in the right imparts true color which the wrong could only imitate in part. It resembles the difficulty of appearing the honest man; and one is far more readily taken for an honest

man if he really is one and above suspicion. Expression which spontaneously comes even with the *silent* emotions of the heart, is always noble and simple ; if, therefore, the actor would penetrate into our inner life, he must employ the same language with which we commune with ourselves. Every strange expression tears us away from ourselves instead of leading us back into ourselves.

Material illusion is not the object—not wax figures, but rather statues of antiquity. Yet do not command grandeur by size until command of grace comes by minuteness. Refinement in detail distinguishes the lofty-minded from the mediocre. It should be a wealth of grace in every movement—the clearest, purest poetic vitality. It requires deep knowledge in one's art, and courage in the full consciousness of one's power. Great spaces require great minds to fill them. Genius also demands absolute freedom. If talent however of the second rank masters the form it finds we are satisfied ; but of the first rank we demand enlarged form.

Sometimes in a powerful, youthful mind, we find a fount of strength ; rough, of forcible effect, unpolished by criticism into the usual form of artistic efforts. It is vain to seek to refine by art, or to confine it forcibly within bounds, *until* it has learned to be prudent with its means, and to find the right direction and the goal in its own way. He does not try to be pretty and elegant ; what he hates he grasps fiercely ; what he loves, he almost crushes in his fervor. But such a one is not to be measured by a rule. And creative minds overlook the common rules on which the ordinary tamely lean ; intellect does not flow, but spouts heavenward in a hundred varied directions.

A delicate yet overflowing life, that stirs at the faintest breath ; or a wealth of uncommon qualities, a power of interweaving and disentangling the deep mysteries of meaning, such is high dramatic art, with enthusiasm of poetry, that can be happy in grief, and sad in joy ; that can be understood by those whose inward thinkings almost break their hearts—those who are already acquainted with the mysterious passwords of a rare order of artists.

There come to such, sometimes, high luminous moments of

vision and intuition, when they see at a glance what before had been hidden, and realms of thought are instantly opened ; when a moment will do for them, what previous hours had failed to accomplish. It is partly from instinct of skill—that better and swifter success that comes of the thought within.

Actors must not only be able to feel their characters but to have an executive capacity corresponding to their importance. Their temperaments qualify their performances, sometimes in harmony with inspiring motives, but often contrary to them. Universal masters have a lively joy in artistic work of every kind. Their aim is consummate and varied art, finding something æsthetically good in everything. Greatness is best fulfilled by completeness. Therefore he is greatest who displays the most varied capacity and thoroughness. There are occasions when a great artist is forced out of his legitimate course, and although producing masterly characteristic work, makes apparent his want of entire sympathy with or perfect comprehension of his subject.

Genuine work is sure to incite genuine enjoyment finally.

Sublime energy elevates the mind of the spectator by the idea of power on a large scale ; an elation that is pleasurable even to fascination. One that fascinates us, inspires our tender regard even to love. The actor should make his characters lovely in sentiment as well as natural in features. His work should not have the appearance of *acting* but of *being*. The rule seems to be, no ideas, no serious work, no profound motives, no regard for high art, nothing to indicate a desire to make acting as the incarnation of mind.

Gymnasts of acting are such when they do not affect the merely sentimental ; for their chief object is to startle by displays of vigor and force. Their art is the antithesis of puerile, but their sense may be coarse and unfeeling. They are the actors of the multitude. They may act freely and off-hand, and in the main truth-telling, but it is done by action, without sentiment, and no higher intellectual aim than declamation. Such are clever, not great. Their acting is hearty ; done in a masterly but narrow vein. They do not act ideas or even emotions. If an actor cannot personify a passion by a simple volition ex-

tending to the features, voice and gestures, he may by recollection, induce the reality actively or not. Our feelings govern our ideas. Nothing is harder than to introduce into a mind roused in some direction thoughts of an opposite kind. The organs first and prominently affected by the diffused wave of nervous influence, are the moving members, and of these, by preference, the features of the face, whose movements constitute the expression of the countenance.

A sudden shock of feeling is accompanied with movements of the body generally, and other effects. The intensity of the feeling is seen in the extent and energy of the manifestations.

It is not to make up faces, and contortions of the body, but to let expression come. It is not to "work up" to tears; for nothing is more disgusting than vamped-up feeling. But natural feeling is one of the most powerful of attributes. Then again the mere sensual gratification arising from the melody of an actor's voice, is a very small part of the pleasure we receive, but, nevertheless, if a single note be absolutely cracked, so as to offend the ear, it will completely destroy the effect of the most skillful acting.

Besides loud effort in the exercise of the voice, there is the silent preparation. It is to mentally practice, or go over passages in imagination. Mrs. Siddons, Garrick and Kean, all prepared themselves for great effects by this silent, meditative process.

Stage Fright.

Garrick, Macready, and a host of tragedians always kept in bed nearly the whole of the day to calm their nerves before acting a new part. On the first night of a new piece the Keeleys were always very ill from fright. Céleste used to dash on in sheer desperation from it, saying to herself: "Well, dey cannot keel me for it." Alfred Wigan, one of the letter-perfect actors, was a martyr to fright, so much that he occasionally totally forgot the words; as for his accomplished wife, he was obliged to divert her attention during the day, lest the dread of a first night should overpower her, and at night she, on one occasion, had to throw herself on the gound to subdue the beating of her heart

from fright. "Feel my hand," said Charles Kean when he was playing *Cardinal Wolsey* for the hundredth time in the provinces. It trembled as if he had the ague. Mrs. Stirling would never venture on the stage without the manuscript of her part in her pocket, as a charm to keep the words in her head. Mr. Irving's nervousness is simply indescribable; even Mr. Toole will not be seen by his most intimate friend on a first night; while Mrs. Kendal complains that her "stage-fright" increases every year, and with Mr. John Parry every one knows it amounted to a positive disease.

Persons in power are approached with dread by those below them. But more discomposing is the presence of an audience. The power of the concentrated gaze of many faces is something appalling to one appearing for the first time. It is agonizing and unsettling to one's nerves.

The dread of censure, or the loss of good opinion, keeps up a certain tremulousness, until usage has set us at our ease. The uncertainty of our position in contact with others, is a source of disquiet and pain until familiarity has set all doubts at rest.

Nervous agitation under eventful trials of mind and body, and the effort to master it, the dazzled vision, the short, quick breath, the dry palate, the throbbing of the heart, all, however painfully felt by great artists, are effectually disguised in the character.

In the first place, robustness of constitution is a means of overcoming fear, in common with other depressing passions. Health begets composure of mind, while exhaustion and disease have the opposite effect. In the next place, the active or energetic disposition is naturally related to courage. Resoluteness is another quality.

Courage is one of the results of habit. A public speaker acquires composure.

Courage is one of the most essential, the most comforting characteristics of the human mind. The power to retain composure under vast responsibility partakes of the sublime.

With an *important* new part, especially should this apply to a *novice*, eat a substantial, early supper, repair to the theatre, and in *good time* be dressed, and "made up" for the character.

Carefully *read* over your words; and then, if possible, move *leisurely* about the scenes, and on the stage an hour, if possible, before the time, moving the muscles of the face, flexing the limbs, *murmuring* some of your "lines," all of which will tend to dissipate nervousness and beget more and more of ease. Then as the audience assemble, seek some out-of-the-way place, sit down and rest, till the time comes for your entrance upon the scene of the play.

The malady is too universal for stage managers not to provide themselves against it in novices. The worst thing possible for any actor to do is to try to gain courage by hanging about the wings till his "call" comes. "Keep in the green-room, sir," says the prompter to the novice. When the "call" comes the novice is somehow hustled on to the stage, and, like a dog thrown for the first time into the water, he generally struggles out of his difficulty.

GOOD WORDS FROM GOETHE, OF THE WEIMAR THEATRE.

In order to overcome mannerisms in speech rigid distinctness should be observed even to a degree of severity not required. Even exaggeration is advisable without fear of results; the excess will become equalized by the recurrence of the accustomed habits.

A full and clear enunciation is the groundwork of all higher effort. Pronunciation is complete when not a letter of a word is lost, and each is given its true value. When the word is so uttered its sense is correctly and truly understood. Perfect enunciation should be the first object of an actor's care. To acquire this the beginner should speak very slowly, pronouncing each syllable and especially the end syllable firmly and with decision, so that in rapid delivery no part of a word shall be indistinctly rendered. It is also advisable to speak in as deep a tone as possible, and then to gradually ascend the scale; for, by this means the voice acquires great scope, and is rendered capable of all manner of modulation, which is so necessary to an actor

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An improper style is often caused by not memorizing correctly. Before trusting to memory that which is to be learned, the language should be carefully and slowly read ; at the same time abstaining from all sympathy, expression or play of the imagination ; care being taken to learn accurately. This will prevent many a fault.

Acting in its higher sense means more than mere expression of the sense ; it means transformation of character and a disguisal of one's own individuality, but yet it is based upon the method here inculcated. One's real character is to be forgotten, a strange nature assumed, and the whole soul infused into the spirit of the character to be enacted. The speech must be energetic, and rendered with living expression, impressing every word, thought or action with the semblance of reality.

The actor should bear in mind that if he change his tones too quickly, or speak in too low or too high a key, he will fall into a sing-song style, or on the other hand he may be monotonous.

A third evil is a mean between the two, a clerical tone.

When a word requires emphatic utterance care should be taken not to break off abruptly in a calm passage, and to pronounce the particular word with vehemence and resume the quiet tone, but to prepare the way by laying proper stress on the preceding words, carefully modulating the voice until arriving at the emphatic word, thus preserving a fullness and roundness of expression through the sentence. An actor is at liberty to choose his own punctuation as long as he does not destroy the true sense.

It is thus readily seen what incessant labor and time is involved to succeed in this difficult art.

Not only rudimentary, but in general practice, it is advisable for an actor to declaim in as deep a tone as possible. By it he will acquire a wide range and flexibility of voice. If he use too high a key, he will lose from habit that manly depth of voice so necessary to a correct expression of all that is great and spiritual. And what success can be expected with a limited voice ? The possession of a strong and powerful voice, however, assures the actor's ability to fulfill every requirement.

Attitude and Movement.

Acting is not merely an imitation but an ideal representation of nature, and should therefore combine the true and the beautiful.

Every portion of the body should be under control, so that every limb can be freely used with grace and harmony with the desired expression.

The carriage should be erect, the chest projected, the upper half of the arm held close to the body, and the head slightly turned towards the person addressed, with three-quarters of the face towards the audience.

The actor is for the audience. Hence he should never act with the mistaken naturalness that no third party is not present. The profile face or the back of the actor should be very rarely turned to the audience and if necessary it should be done with grace. It should especially be observed not to speak into the theatre but to the audience. The actor must divide his attention between his situation and the audience. Before turning the head the eyes should indicate the movement. It is proper for the actor who is speaking to move a little backward and the one who is addressed a little forward. If wisely observed a fine effect is thus produced. When two persons are speaking to each other the one on the left should not approach too closely. The respected person usually stands to the right ; women, elders and superiors. A respectful distance is to be observed. The one at the right should generally stand nearer the centre and not allow himself to be driven near the wings.

The Hands and Arms.

The hand should not be doubled into a fist, nor rest flat at the side, but the fingers should be partially bent, partially straight and not held stiffly.

The two middle fingers should remain together ; the thumb, fore, and little finger slightly bent. This is the natural poise and adaptable to all gestures.

The upper half of the arm should be held at the sides, and moved in narrower limits than the forearm, which should be

allowed the greatest freedom. The greater effects when the arm is entirely uplifted. It is by gradation from the limited to the fullest use that the greatest expression is produced.

The hands should not resume their natural position, after completing a gesture, until the whole passage has been rendered, and then only gradually with the ending of the speech.

In movements of the arm the action should be divided. First lift the hand, then the elbow, and thus the whole arm. The arm should never be wholly lifted without so doing, or the gesture will appear stiff and ungraceful.

For a young actor it is well to accustom himself in holding his elbows at his sides as closely as possible, to acquire complete control of them. He should keep up the practice in ordinary life and keep the arms bent backwards, and when alone, almost as if tied together.

In walking or other accustomed movements, the arms should hang loosely, the fingers not pressed together, but in motion. Descriptive gestures should seldom be made. If the gesture refers to one's own body, do not point to the part. The pointing of the hand to the breast, to designate one's self, should occur only when the sense strictly requires it.

In order to render this gesture well the elbow should be detached from the body, and then the arm raised. Then within narrower compass lift the hand to the bosom, not resting the whole palm on the chest, but touching it only with the thumb and fourth finger, the others not standing out stiffly, but held slightly curved over the breast.

In moving the hands every possible care should be taken not to cover the face or hide any part of the body.

If it is necessary to offer the hand, and the right is not expressly required, the left will answer. Care should be taken not to make any awkward posture. If the right hand must be used, and the position is such that it must be given across the body, it is better to recede a little and extend it at the same time, still facing the audience.

The actor should observe on which side of the stage he is and make his gestures in keeping. On the right side use the left hand, and reversely, so that the bosom shall be covered as

little as possible by the arm. Even when both arms are used these points are to be observed. To this end also it is well for the one on the right to advance his left foot, and reversely better to have the body to the audience.

Gesticulation.—Rules.

Stand before a mirror, and only *think* the words ; thus the faculties will not be absorbed in the speech, but every false gesture can be detected, as well as the beautiful and correct ones chosen, and the whole action will show an analogy to the sense of the words.

It is presupposed that the character is understood and the conception formed ; without this the acting is impossible.

It is well to perform one's part in pantomime before another person, for one is then obliged to use the most appropriate gestures.

Rehearsals.

To acquire easy, graceful movements, care should be taken as to the covering even of the feet. Slippers or something similar, should be worn especially by those who are to represent youthful parts. The good results will soon be obvious.

During rehearsal nothing should be done that is not consistent with the play.

An actor should not rehearse in a cloak, but have his arms free. A cloak not only hinders motions but leads to assumption of false gestures which may be unconsciously repeated.

The actor should only make gestures appropriate to his part. All bad habits of gesture are to be avoided.

Rules of Ordinary Life.

An actor should avoid allowing himself peculiar gestures in ordinary life, as they are likely to obtrude in acting. It is necessary for the actor to free himself from mannerisms, so that the mind can be entirely in the character and not one's daily habits.

It is important that the actor should conduct his carriage, his deportment, all his actions in such a manner as shall keep

him continually in practice. This will be an advantage in every stage of the art.

Pathetic parts will be greatly enhanced if everything is spoken with a certain correctness in intonation and pronunciation, as also is observed a certain art in all the actions.

Acting should not only be truthful but beautiful, and the actor should constantly strive even when off the stage to assume pleasing positions. He should always imagine an audience before him.

While studying his part the actor should always imagine the scene as before him. Even in taking meals, little points of manners, habits should be observed, forming a mind-picture as it were of what is represented on the stage, always aiming at the beautiful.

Attitude and Grouping.

The theatre is a picture with living figures which are represented by the actors. Therefore one should never act too near the wings. It is a great error also to approach the proscenium. When alone on the stage the actor completes the picture and all attention is riveted on him.

In a soliloquy, crossing from one side of the stage to the other, it is well to move in a diagonal towards the opposite proscenium. It is more pleasing in appearance. In quitting the stage it is frequently best to pronounce the last words near the place of exit.

Rehearsals—In acting.—A great mistake is to *mutter* over “*parts*” and keep *in* voices to preserve them. Strengthen by use; to warm, to dephlegm, and clarify by fullest power, to remove hesitation and to tune voice by continual exercise, into habitual mellowness, ease of compass and inflection.

One should rehearse with nearly the same earnestness, for the practice, as a preparation for the night. It proves the effect of the performance. “’Tis easy said, but oh, how hardly tried!” If you *cannot* do it in the morning, you will not be as likely to do it at night.

Private conversation is inadequate for the public. The

artist's success is won by *seeming* to be *natural*, while being artistic. Delicate exaggeration is the first necessity.

Acting.

Enjoyments of rare occurrence are best prized : a proper value cannot be set on pleasures tasted every day.

In idea, personally become *thé* character. In every place, one's room, the street, under all circumstances labor to stamp the whole play if possible upon the mind.

A pleasing figure, a sonorous voice, a feeling heart.

Is there any creature in the world whose morsel of bread is attended with such vexation, uncertainty, and toil? What things to be endured from the envy of rivals, from the partiality of managers, and from the ever-altering caprices of the public.

In some it is not condition but self wherein lies the mean impediment over which they cannot gain the mastery. It must be an inward calling or his situation is miserable. But he who is born with capacities, finds in execution the fairest portion of his being. It is secret impulse within ; it is the love and delight felt, that helps to conquer obstacles, to overleap the bounds of that narrow circle in which others poorly toil. For *many* the stage is but a few boards ; the parts assigned are but a task to a schoolboy. They do not feel the co-operating, co-inspiring whole, which the mind alone can invent, comprehend and complete. In man there lives a spark of purer fire, which, when it is not fed, not fanned, gets covered by the ashes of indifference and daily wants ; yet not till late, perhaps never, can be altogether quenched. There must be strength in one's soul to fan this spark into flame, riches in the heart to feed it when aroused. The vocation which proceeds from within must diffuse itself over all the frame ; and the tones of the voice, the words of the mouth be delightful to hear ; and must make one feel one's own being sufficient for one's self.

The art is like living rightly, and like all arts ; the capacity is born with us ; it must be learned, and practiced with incessant care. One must love his talents for their own sake or renounce them.

A good actor makes us very soon forget the awkwardness

and meanness of paltry decorations ; but a splendid theatre is the very thing which first makes us truly feel the want of proper actors.

Some are not without culture, but woefully defective in soul and spirit. They declaim not badly, and keep declaiming constantly ; but their performances are little more than recitations of words. They labor at detached passages, but can never express the feeling of the whole. Withal, however, they are seldom disagreeable to any one. On the contrary they may be pleasing and even have ascribed to them a fine understanding from their chameleon-like ability of taking on different characters.

Actors, to be properly trained, should not be satisfied with the mere words, gestures, looks, exclamations, even to the mute and half-mute play of the dialogue, but their very bodies should be taught to think and feel. Such by their silence, their delays, their looks, their slight graceful movements, can prepare the audience for a speech, and by a pleasant sort of pantomime combine the pauses of the dialogue with the general whole. Such a practice as this, co-operating with a happy natural turn, and training it to compete with the author, is far from being as habitual as might be desired. If such a course be not followed many things will still be wanting to an artist, if instruction have not previously made that of him which he was meant to be.

At all times do the best, as if before the largest audience.

In learning to act uninstructedly it seems necessary, in part at least, to feign, and to arrive by degrees to playing naturally and with true feeling. To seem transported, yet lie in wait for effects. If too violent it soon forces one to proceed with a certain moderation ; and thus partly by constraint, partly by instinct, one begins to learn what so few players understand—*frugality of voice and gesture*.

A person of slender but corrected understanding may produce more agreeable effect on others than a perplexed and unpurified genius, and seem to possess a wonderful extent of power.

Rhythm—Grace.

A well-pronounced rhythm awakens in the soul a sense of

the greatest charms of poetry, and one should study, by all methods, to nourish in his mind the faculty of feeling these things.

Men are so inclined to content themselves with what is commonest; the spirit and the senses so easily grow dead to the impressions of the beautiful and perfect. But no man can bear to be entirely deprived of such enjoyments; it is only because they are not used to taste of what is excellent, that the generality of people take delight in silly and insipid things, provided they be *new*. For this reason one ought every day to hear or read a fine poem, to see a fine picture, or some work of art.

A certain stately grace in common things, a sort of gay elegance in earnest and important ones, becomes him well, for it shows him to be everywhere in equilibrium. He is a public person, and the more cultivated his movements, the more sonorous his voice, the more staid and measured his whole being, the more perfect. If to high and low he continues the same, nothing can be said against him, none may wish him otherwise. His coldness must be reckoned clearness of head. If he can rule himself externally at every moment of his life no one has aught more to demand of him.

None that have not personally been upon the stage can form the slightest notion of it. How utterly unacquainted actors are with themselves, how thoughtlessly they carry on their trade, how boundless their pretensions. Each not only would be first but sole; each wishes to exclude the rest, and does not see that even with them he can scarcely accomplish anything. Each thinks himself a man of marvelous originality; yet with a ravening appetite for novelty, he cannot walk a footstep from the beaten track. How vehemently they counterwork each other. It is only the pitifulest self-love, the narrowest views of interest, that unite them. Of reciprocal accommodation they have no idea; backbiting and hidden spitefulness maintain a constant jealousy among them.

We should pardon in the actor faults that spring from self-deception and the desire to please. If he seem not something to himself and others, he is nothing. To seem is his vocation;

he must prize his moment of applause, for it is his only recompense ; he must try to glitter, he is there to do so. We should pardon all the faults of the man in the player ; no fault of the player in the man.

Without the utmost truth, it seems merely ridiculous to see people on the stage, pretending, in other clothes, to pass for something else than they are ; for peasants, princes, or counts and kings. To try to make one think they are sad or happy, that they are indifferent or in love, liberal or avaricious, when one feels to the contrary.

Imitation is born with us ; what should be imitated is not easy to discover. The excellent is rarely found, more rarely valued. The height charms us, the steps to it do not ; with the summit in our eye, we love to walk along the plain. It is but a part of art that can be taught ; the artist needs it all. The best is not to be explained by words. The spirit in which we act is the highest matter. Action can be understood and again represented by the spirit alone. Of wrong we are always conscious. Whoever works with symbols only is a pedant, a bungler. Obstinate mediocrity vexes even the best.

Instruction from the true artist opens the mind ; where words fail him, deeds speak. The true scholar learns from the known to unfold the unknown, and approaches more and more to being a master.

Woe to every sort of culture which destroys the most effectual means of all true culture, and directs us to the end, instead of rendering us happy on the way !

True art constrains us in the most delightful way to recognize the measure by which, and up to which, our inward nature has been shaped by culture.

What chiefly vindicates the practice of strict requisitions, of decided laws, is that genius, that native talent, is the readiest to seize and yield them willing obedience. It is only the half-gifted that would wish to put his own contracted singularity in the place of the unconditional whole, and justify his false attempts under cover of an unconstrainable originality and independence.

Genius is animated by that good spirit of quickly recogniz-

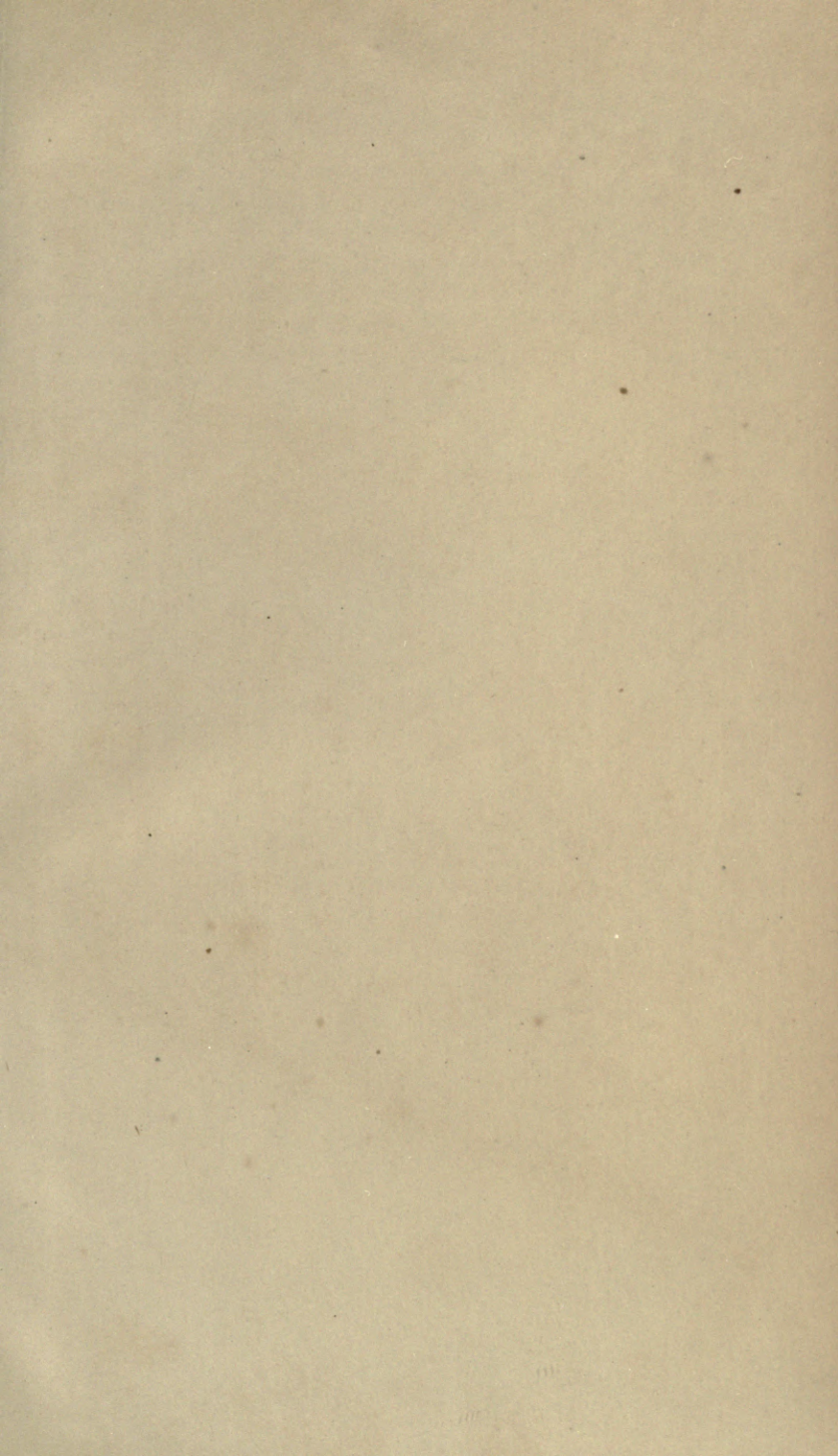
ing what is profitable for it. Genius understands that Art is called Art, because it is *not* Nature. Genius bends itself to respect even towards what may be termed conventional; for what is this but agreeing, as the most distinguished have agreed, to regard the unalterable, the indispensable, as the best? And such submission always turns to good account.

The actor, ever shrouded in himself, must cultivate his inmost being so that he may turn it outwards. The sense of the eye he may not flatter. The eye easily corrupts the judgment of the ear, and allures the spirit from the inward to the outward. It is by meditation continually and alone, that this is to be effected. It is not by groping and experiment that we must satisfy ourselves for critical, but practical trial.

The theatre must obey the intrinsic exigencies of art, and the nerve and power of the writer; whereas it is absurd that art and genius should be submitted to the arbitrary rules of the theatre.

The stage is a place where genius is sure to come upon its legs in a generation or two. And now, never in the history of the stage were such magnificent rewards within the easy grasp of talent; never were there such multitudes to welcome good acting. The dramatic instinct is ineradicable; the delight in mimic representation is primal and indestructible. Let an actor appear who is at all above the line, and the people flock to the theatre as they never flocked before. The public will rush to see him, because the mob wish to see any one about whom the world is talking, and the intelligent, because always ready to welcome genius. His art furnishes truly one of the most elegant and refined entertainments of mankind.

THE END.





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